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THOUGHTS ON THE NEW YEAR

NINETEEN-FIFTEEN! In twenty centuries this is the most desperate New Year! This is the pinnacle to which our slow ascent has led. Since the very beginnings of history, men have believed that the fullness of time held some solution for the curse of war. The Romans sought to bring to birth by conquest a world held in place by universal law; but the god Terminus marked a last bound to conquest. The Holy Roman Empire aspired to a world united through common fealty to a single suzerain, until the vassals proved stronger than the master. The universal church dreamed a nobler dream, of faith, infinite and indivisible, locking the nations into one; but spiritual ties snapped at the clash of interests, and the credits of Heaven were discounted for cash. As the centuries went by and the world doubled, trebled, and quadrupled in size and diversity, the idea of some all-embracing principle, relating the parts each to each, grew ever vaguer and still more vague, until the staging of the Napoleonic drama gave the peoples of Europe some new sense of a world-federation. When the curtain was rung down on that great play one hundred years ago, disunion and new war were once again organized by Metternich and his fellow architects.

For a time that chaos seemed absolute. Then, from a new quarter, light broke. The most materialistic of the

centuries offered a new solution, and what neither conquest nor federation nor yet religion could accomplish seemed possible through transportation, industry, and trade. It is hard for us to realize that on that yesterday, shortly before Victoria mounted the British throne, Sir Robert Peel, summoned post-haste from Rome, found that the journey took him as many days as it had taken Labienus eighteen hundred years before. Then, of a sudden, distances were annihilated by steam, and time was cut in fractions. People traveled in their neighbors' countries, learned their neighbors' languages, read their neighbors' books. Machinery increased a thousandfold the possibilities of manufacture, and the workers, driven by the machines which they themselves had built, thinking to control them, toiled ever more steadily, turning out mightier masses of goods for delivery to other nations, satisfying old wants and creating new ones never dreamed of before. Step by step with well-being, comfort, and luxury, marched the dependence of one nation upon another. The new science of political economy set itself up as priest and prophet of the Age of Enlightenment.

As the century wore on, men — in the Anglo-Saxon world at least — persuaded themselves that at length a generation had arisen which looked actualities in the face, which could be neither

obsessed by idealism nor misled by sentiment, which treated mysticism with deserved contempt, and, rating self-interest at its proper value, interpreted that interest in material terms. It was plain enough to the intelligent why earlier attempts to tie the world together had failed. Conquest, law, and religion could not bind it, but rent, interest, and profits were stronger than they; and, in a world close knit by business, trade, and manufacture, a world wherein the welfare of one country is part and parcel of the prosperity of all, wars must become commercially unprofitable, and, like all bad business, they must die.

Then came our own generation. Our heads were not so hard and our hearts were softer. The pendulum of materialism had swung too far. We distrusted many of the arguments of our fathers. We saw that the economic theories of thirty years before were working ill, and we were suspicious that the hopes built upon them were no better than their foundation. We began to rewrite our books on political economy. The atmosphere grew charged with misty substitutes for religion, with windy humanitarianism and wraiths of international benevolence. We welcomed the idea of a brotherhood of nations, held together by bonds of friendship. The parliament of man was no longer a trope: it was fast becoming a political platform.

Now it all sounds like a sardonic jest, but, at the time, it seemed a glorious reality. And the amazing part of it was that behind the vision there was a fabric. The characteristic forces of our civilization were actually ranged in support of the comity of nations. The most distinctive of them, Socialism, in its every Protean phase, proclaimed unalterable hostility to war. In the creed of the orthodox Socialists the war on war was no less fundamental a tenet than the war on capital. Herr Bebel

was not the only leader of European eminence to proclaim that the power of international Socialism had already rendered war impossible without its consent; while among more moderate members of the party and radicals of socialistic tendencies, the belief was widespread that internationalism marked the grave of war. At the other pole of society, opinion was not far different. Capitalists are timid by profession, but the great bankers of every country made common cause against a common enemy. The power of the money-changers of London, Paris, and Frankfort grew yearly more self-conscious. It was the veto of credit in 1911 which forbade a world-war over Morocco, and the dealers in exchange meant to make that veto perpetual. Finally, betwixt socialist and capitalist, the vast mass of well-intentioned men hailed pacificism as the very capstone of the temple of social reform wherein they were accustomed to worship. Peace societies wove their spiders' webs over the whole Western world. The bells were set ringing to usher in a thousand years of peace.

Then came the 28th of June. A man and woman were struck down in a hill town of Bosnia. It was the pistol-shot which started the race to Hell. Events tumbled one another down like ninepins, and, in the opening days of August, men by the million were marched to slaughter. The swiftness of it was paralyzing. An avalanche starts slowly. This world-destruction was an explosion. The solid earth had been mined. We had watched the sappers at work as children watch the stage, and thought that they were acting.

Since then life has been unreal — made up of legends and of nightmares. There is nothing to hold on to. Not only have the bonds of the nations snapped, but the material of which those bonds were forged is gone. Pub-

lic law, common friendship, commerce, the international struggle against poverty, crime and disease, all, all are gone. The whole common denominator of civilization has been swept away. We are all involved. Every possession of the intellect and spirit seems powerless to aid. Philosophy, which insulates her lovers from the world's passion; literature, breaker of barriers and sovereign relief from prejudice; science, servant of all mankind; Christianity, the religion of universal love, are impotent. Eucken, Bergson, Haeckel, Frederic Harrison, idealists and materialists, alike preach war and hate. Maeterlinck, Hauptmann, Anatole France, Wells, join the pack. Science is divided against itself, and in the churches of seven nations the same God is petitioned by his children to destroy their brethren.

Whichever way we look, all seems in dissolution, and, to each one of us, the most disrupting thought, I think, is not that war to the death exists on a scale undreamed of in human history, but rather the revelation of our own hearts and spirits as we feel the innermost fibres of our being throb like the strings of a violin to the music of battle. A few of us, more imaginative or more neurotic than the rest, see the blood and sicken at the stench; but the great majority, earnestly as we deprecate, keenly as we detest the cruelty of it, still hear within ourselves a half-formed, unuttered response to this supreme trial of human nature. Some primal instinct, elder brother of the soul, untaught by love or pity, goes thrilling through us. Neither reason nor habit can prevail against it. In spite of ourselves, we begin to feel a pricking distrust of our former ideals. The world is changing. We wonder if the goal of the world is changing too.

This is the revelation of the war. The ideals of peace permeated our whole

thought. They were the foundation of all our plans for the upbuilding of society. Without them Christianity is a distorted thing. We have our easy thinkers who find no difficulty in divorcing their religion from their lives, and our optimists whose Christianity, absorbing opposite ideas as hospitably as the Roman Pantheon welcomed alien gods, lets them quote a disconnected phrase or two from their Testaments to prove to their own satisfaction that war and the Christian religion are readily reconciled. But the whole tenor of Christ's thoughts, his indifference to patriotism, his unconcern with public matters, his passionate individualism, his intense preoccupation with spiritual things, give us proof absolute; and few candid Christians will seek reconciliation between hate, which is the spirit of war, and love, which is the spirit of Christ. Rather they will take comfort in the blandishment of a faith which vaguely whispers that, as love increases, one day wars will cease. Yet as these search their hearts to-day, they find that virtues they did not know as Christian are slipping almost insensibly into their ideals.

Here in America the overwhelming majority of us thank God that England did not fail to join the war. She went in to help Belgium, to be sure, and that holy cause soothes her misgivings; but behind the occasion it was, as we all know, the solemn urge of self-preservation which drove her to battle. Who is there, think you, but the fanatic or the fool, who would maintain that Belgium is not right in taking arms rather than in suffering wrong? Here is a contrast set upon a hill. Christ's command is to suffer all, rather than do injury to another. And here in Belgium every consideration of comfort, peace, and prosperity, every argument of material well-being, bade this Catholic people follow his injunction. For once,

Christianity and worldly wisdom gave the same counsel. But what Christian or worldly-wise man is there who does not know that Belgium's answer is Belgium's glory? What stranger will ever step upon her shores again without a tightening at the throat and the sense of warm blood rushing to his heart?

Let me be candid. I will not say in the practice, for in any real sense we do not practice Christianity, but in that ideal of Christianity which some saints and many sinners pray that we may some day approximate, that ideal presenting the happiest possibilities which ever made the stuff of human dreams, there is the bread of life, but not its wine. That heady potion which makes us forget all peace, all charity, all love for our fellow men in a blinding, passionate eagerness to test the strength of our own souls, is presented to us by neither church nor creed. This is the cup which war holds out. It is the only utter renunciation offered to multitudes in the world to-day. With all its brutality, all its horror, with all the hideous nightmares in its train, war alone demands the uttermost, the last breath of effort, the last pang of suffering. The very sweep and rush of it prevent men from counting the cost. It kills thrift and prudence. It slaughters care and happiness. It destroys all rights. It acknowledges only duty. In the ages of Faith and Ignorance, when the religion of Christ was most passionately preached, the final instinct of human nature metamorphosed Christianity into War.

The dear remembrance of his dying Lord gave to each Crusader his perfect opportunity. The instinct was just, however perverse its application, and as civilization advanced and the crudities of faith were sloughed off one by one, Christianity was robbed of its intensest passion. And now, as we look about us in this world-welter, gripped by the

most piercing emotions of our lives, we are conscious that these agonizing nations find in the very extremity of their anguish some sense of the mighty fulfilling of destiny, some dazzling illumination of the value of unworldly things.

An argument not unrelated to the matter I speak of has grown notorious in recent days. Foreshadowed by Herder and by Fichte, armed with the barbed apothegms of Nietzsche, Treitschke and his school have formulated for the Germanic nations a new gospel, strong in its appeal wherein Christianity is weakest. Doctrines which a year ago would have seemed to us Americans monstrous beyond belief, we now debate with the fascination which children feel for fire. In the relentless rationalism of Delbrück and Bernhardi they are still repellent enough, but as we read them in the eloquent pleading of Professor Cramb's remarkable book¹ and realize how they may be applied to the development of a people for whom we feel affection and kinship, they seem to lose their horror. The amorphous Teutonic conception of a state which lives apart from the men and women who make it, seems to us a rather preposterous fiction; and the perversion of the fundamental Christian idea of self-sacrifice for something nobler than one's self into the naked theory that, since the state is the highest human conception, to it all citizens must sacrifice their individuality and collective happiness, while the state itself, being superior to all moral considerations, need follow but its own interest, is still to most of us a Devil's lie. But the nobler idea that patriotism offers to its

¹ *Germany and England*, by the late Professor Cramb, has been mistakenly advertised as a reply to Bernhardi. As careful readers must realize, the author's views are not unsympathetic with Bernhardi's, although their application is the reverse of that made by the philosophic Chief of the General Staff. — THE AUTHOR.

lovers a Religion of Valor, which promises nothing but demands all, strikes a lofty chord in spite of its pagan ring. To call this a religion may yet seem a travesty of sacred things, but is the organ peal of the Christian Church more thrilling than its exultant trumpet-call?

Long since the prophet of our American generation declared that war would not be suffered to go unless we found some moral equivalent to take its place. Dare we not add that Christianity itself must go unless some spiritual equivalent of war lend it new edge and weight and power? The passing centuries have bestowed on man's existence nothing which can overbalance the monstrous growth of materialism. If life means anything, it means a struggle to make the spiritual more real than the actual; to-day the very stuff of life is actuality. Only some huge catastrophe like war makes the world about us seem unreal. Then as in a vision the solid earth dissolves. Beyond it we catch some glimpse of what is and must be permanent.

The truth is that modern life and modern thought have compassed an unnatural evolution. We have sought to invert ancient ideals, and the minds of men revolt. Look freshly at the contrast. Peace calls men to comfort and refreshment, to freedom from danger, and rest from fear. War points the way to toil and suffering, to strange new gropings in the mysterious paths of pain, to struggle, and victory, and death. The more toilsome the way, the more difficult the goal, the stronger the lure must be to ardent spirits. It is the desperate alternative which grips mind and heart and spirit.

Must it be ever so? Are our civilization and our religion, bound inextricably as they are with all the things which make life dear to us, to be deprived forever of life's last incentive? Christianity may so believe to-day, but Christ did not. Violence He hated. It is transitory and must fail, but the passive unresistance of the body, while the emancipated mind and spirit pursue their undeviating course, against this He knew no earthly power can prevail; and his chiefest saints, St. Francis, George Fox, and their unconquerable train, have never ceased to preach and to believe it. Complete self-sacrifice has been their perfect victory.

But turn to the complete example. How supreme the contrast between his bodily meekness and the triumphing valor of his martial spirit. For Christ, the war of the soul was no figure of speech. Agony and bloody sweat came over Him, not because He feared Gethsemane, but because He wrestled with temptation. No virile feeling which ever roused warrior or patriot was absent from his soul. He fought, and He died fighting. When the street preacher of the Salvation Army calls up the Devil, horned and hoofed, into his presence, and then attacks him with clenched fists and shouts of battle, he is making to his audience the supreme appeal. Cannot we, to whom such illusion is but childishness, spiritualize that recourse, and, when need calls, spend, like the race of conquerors, the last reserve of our soul's energy? Only thus can we meet the final argument of war. Only thus can we win the last desire of the brave and good — Peace with Honor.

E. S.

CHRISTIANITY AND WAR

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

THE two amazing things about the attitude of Americans toward the ruthless war which has been waged in Europe for the past four months are the flabbiness of our peace talk, — talk which starts from no premises and reaches no conclusions, — and the mournful forebodings of pious Christians who lament the failure of Christianity to reconcile the irreconcilable, to preserve the long-threatened security of nations.

When, at the request of President Wilson, the first Sunday of October was set aside as a day of prayer for peace, — a day of many sermons and of many speeches, — prayers and sermons and speeches all alluded to the war as though it were the cholera or the plague, something simple of issue, the abatement of which would mean people getting better, the cure of which would mean people getting well. The possibility of a peace shameful to justice and disastrous to civilization was carefully ignored. The truth that death is better than a surrender of all that makes life morally worth the living was never spoken. This may be what neutrality implies. We address the Almighty in guarded language lest He should misunderstand our position. We listen respectfully when Secretary Bryan tells us that 'our first duty is to use what influence we may have to hasten the return of peace,' without asking him to be more explicit, to say what on earth he would have us do,

and how — without moving hand or foot — he would have us do it.

Meanwhile, men of little faith are sighing that religion is eclipsed, that Gospel law lacks the substance of a dream, that Christian principles are bankrupt in the hour of need, that the only God now worshiped in Europe is the tribal God who fights for his own people, and that the structure of love and duty reared by centuries of Christianity has toppled into ruin. To quote Professor Cramb's classic phrase, 'Corsica has conquered Galilee.' Some of these sad-minded prophets had fathers or grandfathers who fought in the Civil War, and they seem in no wise troubled by this distressful fact. Some of them had great-grandfathers who fought in the Revolutionary War, and *they* join high-sounding societies out of unjustifiable pride. Yet the colonists who defended their freedom and their new-born national life were not more justified in shedding blood than are the French and Belgians fighting for their invaded countries and their shattered homes.

When Mr. Carnegie landed in New York some months ago, he thanked God piously that he lived in a brotherhood of nations, — 'forty-eight nations in one Union.' But these forty-eight nations, or at least thirty-eight of them, were not always a brotherhood. Nor was the family tie preserved by moral suasion. What we of the North did was to beat our brothers over the head until they consented to be brotherly. And some three hundred thousand of them

died of grievous wounds and fevers rather than love us as they should.

This was termed preserving the Union. The abiding gain is visible to all men, and it is not our habit to question the methods employed for its preservation. No one called or calls the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' a cry to a tribal God, although it very plainly tells the Lord that his place is with the Federal, and not with the Confederate lines. And when the unhappy Belgians crowded the Cathedral of St. Gudule, asking Heaven's help for defenseless Brussels, imploring the intercession of our Lady of Deliverance (pitiful words that wring the heart!), was this a cry to a tribal God, or the natural appeal of humanity to a power higher and more merciful than man? Americans returning from Europe in the autumn spoke unctuously of their country as 'God's own land,' by which they meant a land where their luggage was unmolested. But it is possible that nations fighting with their backs to the wall for all they hold sacred and dear are as justified in the sight of God as a nation smugly content with its own safety, dividing its interest between the carnage in Europe and the baseball season at home, and balancing its financial annoyances with the possibilities of increasing trade.

What influence has been at work since the close of the Franco-Prussian War, shutting our eyes to the certainty of that war's final issue, and debauching our minds with sentiment which had no truth to rest on? We knew that the taxes of Europe were spent on armaments, and we talked about International Arbitration. We knew that science was devotedly creating ruthless instruments of destruction, and we turned our pleased attention to the beautiful ceremonies with which the Peace Palace at The Hague—now for rent—was dedicated. We knew, or we

might have known, that the strategic railway built by Germany to carry troops to the Belgian frontier was commenced in 1904, and that the memorandum of General Schlieffen was sanctioned by the Emperor (there was no pretense of secrecy) in 1909. Yet we thought—in common with the rest of the world—that a 'scrap of paper' and a plighted word would constitute protection. We knew that Germany's repeated answer to England's proposals for a mutual reduction of navies was an increase of estimates, and a double number of dreadnoughts. Did we suppose these dreadnoughts were playthings for the Imperial nurseries?

'A pretty toy,' quoth she, 'the Thunderer's bolt!
My urchins play with it.'

When in 1911 President Taft's 'message' was hailed as a prophecy of peace, Germany's reply was spoken by Bethmann-Hollweg: 'The vital strength of a nation is the only measure of a nation's armaments.'

And now the good people who have been saying that war is archaic, are reproaching Christianity for not making it impossible. Did not the 'American Association for International Conciliation' issue comforting pamphlets entitled 'The Irrationality of War,' and 'War Practically Preventable'? That ought to have settled the matter forever. Did we not appoint a 'Peace Day' for our schools, and a 'Peace Sunday' for churches and Sunday schools? Did not Mr. Carnegie pay ten millions down for international peace,—and get a very poor article for his money? There were some beautiful papers read to the Peace Congress at The Hague, just twelve months before Europe was in flames, and there is the report of a commission of inquiry which the 'World Peace Foundation,' formerly the 'International School of Peace,' informed us only a year ago was 'a great

advance toward assured peaceful relations between nations.'

With this sea of sentiment billowing about us, and with Nobel prizes dropping like gentle rain from Heaven upon thirsty peace-lovers, how should we read the signs of war, written in the language of artillery? It is true that President Nicholas Murray Butler, speaking in behalf of the Carnegie Peace Foundation, observed musingly in November, 1913, that there was no visible interest displayed by any foreign government, or by any responsible foreign statesman, in the preparations for the Third Hague Conference, scheduled for 1915; but this was not a matter for concern. It was more interesting to read about the photographs of 'educated and humane men and women,' which the 'World Conferences for Promoting Concord between all Divisions of Mankind' (a title that leaves nothing, save grammar, to be desired) proposed collecting in a vast and honored album for the edification of the peaceful earth.

II

And all this time England — England, with her life at stake — shared our serene composure. Lord Salisbury, indeed, and Lord Roberts cherished no illusions concerning Germany's growing power and ultimate intentions. But then, Lord Roberts was a soldier; and Lord Salisbury, though outwitted in the matter of Heligoland, had that quality of mistrust which is always so painful in a statesman. The English press preferred, on the whole, to reflect the opinions of Lord Haldane. They were amiable and soothing. Lord Haldane knew the Kaiser, and deemed him a friendly man. Had he not cried harder than anybody else at Queen Victoria's funeral? Lord Haldane had translated Schopenhauer, and could afford

to ignore Treitschke. None of the German professors with whom he was on familiar terms were of the Treitschke mind. They were all friendly men. It is true that Germany, far from talking platitudes about peace, has for years past defined with amazing lucidity and candor her doctrine that might is right. She is strong, brave, needy, she has what is called in urbane language 'the instinct for empire,' and she follows implicitly

The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they should take, who have the power,
And they should keep, who can.

It was forlornly amusing to see a month or two ago our book-shops filled with cheap copies of General von Bernhardt's war-inspiring volume; to open a newspaper, and find column upon column of quotation from it; to read a magazine, and hear all the critics discussing it. That book was published in 1911, and the world (outside of Germany, which took its text to heart) remained 'more than usual calm.' Its forcible and closely knit argument is defined and condensed in one pregnant sentence: 'The notion that a weak nation has the same right to live as a powerful nation is a presumptuous encroachment on the natural law of development.'

This is something different from the babbling of peace-day orators; and — being now on the safe side of prophecy — we wag our heads over the amazing exactitude with which General von Bernhardt outlined Germany's impending war. But there was at least one English student and observer, Professor J. A. Cramb of Queen's College, London, who gave clear and unheeded warning of the fast-deepening peril, and of the life-or-death struggle which England would be compelled to face. Step by step he traced the expansion of German nationalism, which since 1870 has never swerved from its stern mili-

tary ideals. A reading people, the Germans. Yes, and in a single year they published seven hundred books dealing with war as a science, — not one of them written for a prize! If the weakness of Germany lies in her assumption that there is no such thing as honor or integrity in international relations, her strength lies in her reliance on her own unaided and carefully measured efficiency. Her contempt for other nations has kept pace with the distrust she inspires.

The graceful remark of a Prussian official to Matthew Arnold, 'It is not so much that we dislike England, as that we think little of her,' was the expression of a genuine Teutonic sentiment. So, too, is General von Bernhardi's characteristic sneer at the 'child-like' confidence reposed by Mr. Elihu Root and his friends in the Hague High Court of International Justice, with public opinion at its back. Of what worth, he asks, is law that cannot be converted by force into government? What is the weight of opinion, unsupported by the glint of arms? Professor Cramb, seeing in Bernhardi, and in his great master, Treitschke, the inspiration of their country's high ambition, told England in the plainest words he could command that just as the old German Imperialism began with the destruction of Rome, so would the new German Imperialism begin with the destruction of England; and that if Englishmen dreamed of security from attack, they were destined to a terrible and bloody awakening. Happily for himself, — since he was a man too old and ill to fight, — he died nine months before the fulfillment of his prophecy.

Now that the inevitable has come to pass, now that the armaments are being put to the use for which they were always intended, and the tale of battle is too terrible to be told, press and pul-

pit are calling Christianity to account for its failure to preserve peace. Ethical societies are reminding us, with something which sounds like elation, that they have long pointed out 'the relaxed hold of doctrine on the minds of the educated classes.' How they love that phrase, 'educated classes,' and what, one wonders, do they mean by it? A Jewish rabbi, speaking in Carnegie hall, laments, or rejoices, — it is hard to tell which, — that Christian Churches are not taken, and do not take themselves, seriously. Able editors comment in military language upon the inability of religious forces to 'mobilize' rapidly and effectively in the interests of peace; and turn out neat phrases like 'anti-Christian Christendom,' which are very effective in editorials. Popular preachers, too broad-minded to submit to clerical authority, deliver 'syndicated sermons,' denouncing the 'creeds of the Dark Ages,' which still, in these electricity-lighted days, pander to war. Worse than all, troubled men, seeing the world suddenly bereft of justice and of mercy, lose courage, and whisper in the silence of their own sad hearts, 'There is no God.'

Meanwhile, the assaulted churches take, as is natural, somewhat conflicting views of the situation. Roman Catholics seem disposed to think that the persecutions of the Church in France are bearing bitter fruit; and at least one American Cardinal has spoken of the war as God's punishment for this offence. But if the Almighty appointed Belgium to be the whipping boy for the sins of France, we shall have to revise our notions of divine justice and beneficence. Belgium is the most Catholic country in Europe. Hundreds of the priests and nuns expelled from France found shelter within its frontiers. But if it were as stoutly Lutheran or Calvinistic, it would be none the

less innocent of France's misdemeanors. Moreover, it is worthy of note that French priests, far from moralizing over the situation, have rallied to their country's call. The bugbear, 'clerical peril,' has dropped out of sight. In its place are confidence on the one side, and unstinted devotion on the other. Exiled monks have returned to fight in the French army. Abbés have served as sergeants and ensigns, dying as cheerfully as other men in the monotonous carnage on the Aisne. Wounded priests have shrived their wounded comrades on the battlefield. Everywhere the clergy are playing manly and patriotic parts, forgetting what wrong was done them, remembering what name they bear.

England, with more precision, outlined her views in the manifesto issued September 29, and designed as a reply to those German theologians who had asked English 'Evangelical Christians' to hold back their hands from bloodshed. The manifesto was signed by Bishops and Archbishops of the Church of England, and by leading Nonconformists, all of whom found themselves for once in heartfelt amity. It is a plain-spoken document, declaring that truth and honor (it might have added safety) are better things than peace; and that Christian England endorses without reservation the rightness of the war. One of the signers, the Bishop of London, is chaplain to the London Rifle Brigade. No doubt about *his* sentiments. The words of another, the Archbishop of York, are simple, sincere, and pleasantly free from patronage of the Almighty. 'I dare to say that we can carry this cause without shame or misgiving into the presence of Him who is the Judge of the whole earth, and ask Him to bless it.'

As for Germany, it may be, as some enthusiasts assert, that her 'creative power in religion,' keeping pace with

her 'genius for empire,' will turn her out a brand-new faith, the 'world-faith' foreseen by Treitschke, a religion of valor and of unceasing effort. Or it may be that the God of her fathers will content her, seeing that she leaves Him so little to do. Like Cromwell, who was a religious man (his thanksgiving for the massacre at Drogheda was as heartfelt as any offered by the Kaiser, or by the Kaiser's grandfather), Germany keeps her powder dry.

Christianity and war have walked together down the centuries. How could it be otherwise? We have to reckon with humanity, and humanity is not made over every hundred years. Science has multiplied instruments of destruction, but the heart of the soldier is the same. It is an anachronism, this human heart, just as war is an anachronism, but it still beats. Nothing sacred and dear could have survived upon the earth had men not fought for their women, their homes, their individual honor, and their national life. And while men stay men, they must give up their lives when the hour strikes. How shall they believe that, dying on the frontiers of their invaded countries, or at the gates of their besieged towns, they sin against the law of Christ?

Heroism is good for the soul, and it bears as much practical fruit as law-making. It goes further in moulding and developing the stuff of which a great nation is made. 'There is a flower of honor, there is a flower of chivalry, there is a flower of religion.' So Sainte-Beuve equips the spirit of man; and the soldier, no less than the civilian, cherishes this threefold bloom. Because he 'lives dangerously,' he feels the need of God. Because his life is forfeit, there is about him the dignity of sacrifice. Anna Robeson Burr, in her volume on *The Autobiography*, quotes an illustrative passage from the Commentaries of

that magnificent fighter and admirable commentator, Blaise de Monluc, maréchal de France. 'Que je me trouve, en voyant les ennemis, en telle peur que je sentoie le cœur et les membres s'affoiblir et trembler. Puis, ayant dit mes petites prières latines, je sentoie tout-à-coup venir un chaleur au cœur et aux membres.'

'Petites prières latines!' A monkish patter. And this was a man belonging to the 'educated classes,' and a citizen of the world. Sully in his memoirs tells us that at the siege of Montmélián, a cannon shot struck the ground close to the spot where he and the king were standing, showering upon them earth and little flint stones; whereupon Henry swiftly and unconsciously made the sign of the cross. 'Now I know,' said the delighted Sully, — himself an unswerving Protestant. — 'now I know that you are a good Catholic.'

We must always reckon with humanity, unless, indeed, we are orators, living in a world of words, and marshaling unconquerable theories against unconquered facts. The French priest at Soissons who distributed to the Turcos little medals of the Blessed Virgin may not have been an advanced thinker, but he displayed a pleasant acquaintance with mankind. There was no time to explain to these unbelievers the peculiar efficacy of the medals; for that he trusted to Our Lady; but their presentation was a link between the Catholic soldier and the Moslem, who were fighting side by side for France. Perhaps this priest remembered that close at hand, in the hamlet of St. Médard, lie the relics of Saint Sebastian, Christian gentleman and martyr, who was an officer in the imperial bodyguard of Diocletian, rendering to Cæsar the service that was Cæsar's, until the hour came for him to render to God the life that was always God's.

It is a common saying that the New

Testament affords no vindication of war, which is natural enough, not being penned as a manual for nations. But Catholic theology, having been called on very early to pronounce judgment upon this recurrent incident of life, has defined with absolute exactitude what, in the eyes of the Church, justifies, and what necessitates, war. From a mass of minute detail, — laws laid down by Saint Thomas Aquinas and other doctors of the Church, — I venture to quote two salient points, the first dealing with the nature of a right, the second with the nature of a title.

'Every perfect right, that is, every right involving in others an obligation in justice of deference thereto, if it is to be an efficacious, and not an illusory power, carries with it as a last appeal the subsidiary right of coercion. A perfect right, then, implies the right of physical force to defend itself against infringement, to recover the subject-matter of right unjustly withheld, or to exact its equivalent, and to inflict damage in the exercise of this coercion, wherever coercion cannot be exercised without such damage.'

'The primary title of a state to go to war is, first, the fact that the state's rights are menaced by foreign aggression not otherwise to be prevented than by war; second, the fact of actual violation of right not otherwise reparable; third, the need of punishing the threatening or invading power for the security of the future. From the nature of the proved right, those three facts are necessarily just titles, and the state whose rights are in jeopardy is itself the judge thereof.'

I am aware that theology is not popular, save with theologians; but after reading Treitschke and Bernhardt on the one hand, and the addresses delivered at 'peace demonstrations' on the other, it is inexpressibly refreshing to follow straight thought instead of

crooked thought, or words that hold no thought at all. I am also aware that Catholic wars have not always been waged along the lines laid down by Catholic theology; but this is beside the point. The Mosaic law was not the less binding upon the Jews because they were always breaking it. Nor are we prepared to say that they would have been as sound morally without a law so constantly infringed. It is well to know that, even in the spirit, there is such a thing as justice and admitted right.

To prate about the wickedness of war without drawing a clear line of demarcation between aggressive and defensive warfare, between violating a treaty and upholding it, is to lose our mental balance, to substitute sentiment for truth. The very wrongness of the one implies logically the rightness of the other. And whatever is morally right is in accord with Christianity. To speak loosely of war as unchristian is to ignore not only the Christian right, but the Christian duty, which rests with every nation and with every man to protect that of which nation and man are lawful protectors. Even aggressive warfare is not necessarily a denial of the Christianity it affronts. Crooked thinking comes naturally to men, and the power of self-deception is without bounds. God is not deceived; but the instinctive desire of the creature to hoodwink the Creator, to induce Him — for a consideration — to compound a felony, is revealed in every page of history, and under every aspect of civilization. The necessity which man has always felt of being on speaking terms with his own conscience built churches and abbeys in the days of faith, and endows educational institutions in this day of enlightenment; but it very imperfectly controlled, or controls, the actions of men or of nations. If our confidence in the future were not

based upon ignorance of the past, we should better understand, and more courageously face, the harsh realities of life.

III

Two lessons taught by the war are easily learned. There is no safety in talk, and there is no assurance that the world's heritage of beauty, its triumphs of art and of architecture, will descend to our children and our grandchildren. We never reckoned on this loss of our common inheritance. We never thought that the gracious gifts made by the far past to the dim future could be so gleefully destroyed, and that a single day would suffice to impoverish all coming generations. What can the pedantry, the 'culture,' of the twentieth century give to compensate us for the loss of Rheims Cathedral? The deficit is too heavy to be counted. Not France alone, but the civilized world, has been robbed beyond measure and beyond retrieval. Life is less good to all of us, and will be less good to those who come after us, because this great sacrilege has been committed. As for culture, — the careful destruction of the University of Louvain proves once and forever that scholarship is no more sacred than art or than religion when the tide of invasion breaks upon a doomed and helpless land.

This affords food for thought. Italy, for example, is the treasure-house of the world. She is the guardian of the beauty she created, and to her shrine goes all mankind in pilgrimage. How long would her cathedrals, her palaces, her galleries, survive assault? What would be left of Venice after a week's bombardment? What of Florence, or of Rome? Nor can Italy dare to hope for protection in neutrality, — that neutrality which is in itself an offense. Attacked, she must either make craven

terms for peace, or see the destruction of all that she and the world hold dear. And is there one of us who would not be a partner in her loss?

And the United States? 'God's own land'? Are we forever secure? True, we have little to fear in the destruction of our public monuments, which are rather like the public monuments of Prussia, the ornate edifices and ramping statues of Hamburg and Berlin. It might be a pious duty to let them go. But we have homes, which are as precious to us as were once the devastated homes of Belgium to happy men and women; and we confide their safety to treaties, to scraps of paper, like the one which made Belgium inviolate. If we are in search of life's ironies, let us note that a Roman Catholic Peace Conference was to have convened in Liège last August. So deep-rooted is sentiment in our souls, so averse are we to facing facts, that to-day a 'Peace Meeting' will pack any convention hall in this country. Thousands of Philadelphians assembled to hear Mr. Bryan tell them that 'the brotherhood of man is the only basis for enduring peace among the nations'; and not one of the thousands demanded ways and means. Mr. Carnegie is even now laying down plans for a 'World Peace League,' which shall establish a 'World Peace Commission,' exercising 'undisputed authority,' merging, controlling and operating the fleets of nations 'under such management as the League may from time to time direct.' It is amazingly simple and easy. — on paper. Mr. La Follette struck a popular note, and endeared himself to the hearts of his countrymen, when, upholding the neutrality of the United States, he said, 'The accumulated and increasing horrors of the European wars are creating a great tidal wave of public opinion that sweeps aside all specious reasoning, and admits of but one simple,

common-sense, humane conclusion, — a demand for peace and disarmament among civilized nations.'

To this God knows we all cry Amen. But who is to bell the cat? Neither Mr. Carnegie nor Mr. La Follette has a word to say (perhaps it would be a breach of neutrality) concerning this delicate operation. Who is to 'demand' peace, of whom is it to be demanded, and when is the demand to be made? Why cannot public opinion, which is going to work such wonders in the future, do anything at all to-day? The Hague Conference of 1907 laid down definite rules of warfare, rules to which the nations of Christendom subscribed with pleasant unanimity. They forbade pillage, the levying of indemnities, the seizure of funds belonging to local authorities, collective penalties for individual acts, the conveying of troops or munitions across the territory of a neutral power, and all terrorization of a country by harshness to its civilian population. The object of these rules, every one of which has been broken in Belgium, was to keep war within the limits set by what Mr. Henry James calls the 'high decency' of Christian civilization. Public opinion does not, and cannot, enforce the least of these rules to-day. How shall we hope that it will control the world to-morrow?

If the Allies emerge triumphantly from the war, and England demands the reduction of armaments, then this good result will have been gained by desperate fighting, not by noble sentiments. We, whose sentiments are of the noblest, shall have had no real share in the work. If Germany conquers, and stands alone, a great military world-power, filled with a sense of her exalted destiny, rich with the spoils of Europe, and holding in her mailed hands the means to enforce her will, is it at all likely that our excellent arguments will

prevail upon her to reverse her policy, and enfeeble herself for our safety? A successful aggressive war does not pave the way to a lasting and honorable peace. This is one of the truths which history will teach us if we read it.

For years we have chosen to believe that arbitration would secure for the world a maximum of comfort at a minimum of cost, and that the religion of humanity would achieve what the religion of Christ has never achieved, — the brotherhood of man. From this dream we have been rudely awakened; but, being awake, let us clearly recog-

nize that simple and great quality which makes every man the defender of his home, the guardian of his rights, the avenger of his shameful wrongs.

We, too, have fought bravely in our day. We, too, have known what it is to do all that man can do, and to bear all that man must bear; and it was not in the hour of our trial that we talked about bankrupt Christianity. When Belgium with incredible courage defended her own honor and the safety of France, she stood upright in the sight of God and man, and laid down her life for her friends.

A MOTH OF PEACE

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

ANNE MARMONT, of old the pupil of the nuns, had told her about Andecy: an ancient place, half-manor, half-farm, in the Marne valley, whence you could walk over a wind-swept plain to the battlefields of the Hundred Days.

'The nuns, being exiled, of course can't keep it up any longer, and no one wants to buy. I remember it as a place of heavenly peace — though in my day they used to make the oldest and cross-est nun in the order superior at Andecy. However, Madame Françoise de Paule is dead now, and there are n't any nuns anyhow. Do take it, dear. If you want quiet' — Anne Marmont swept her arms out as if to embrace illimitable horizons. 'Nothing but a church-spire or a clump of trees to be seen from edge to edge of the plain. The unstable ocean is nothing to it. And if you want variety, you can walk

over to Champaubert and look at the house where Napoleon stayed, the night before the battle. Riddled with bullet-holes it is. There used to be a foolish ancient there who remembered the Hundred Days. He's dead now, I suppose — but then, so is Madame Françoise de Paule, thank Heaven, and her cane, too. I hope they buried the cane. Do take it, darling. It's dirt cheap, and my dear nuns would be so pleased. They'd probably send the money to the new Nicaragua convent.'

And Miss Stanley had gone to Andecy, had been conquered by the insuperable peace of the plain, and had set up her little household. No place that she had ever seen seemed so good to wait in. When Edmund Laye came back from the Argentine to marry her, she would submit to London; but al-

ready she had hopes of enticing him to Andecy for the honeymoon. The chill of the slow spring warmed her northern blood; she liked the reluctance of the season's green, the roaring fire that met her in the *salon*, the sharp cold click of her boots on the brick-paved corridor.

She was well cared for: a Protestant and a foreigner, who was, none the less, a mysterious well-wisher of 'ces dames,' she found a shy allegiance springing up about her steps as she traversed the plain. There was always a hot *galette* for her at 'la vieille Andecy,' an obsequious curtsy at Congy château from the housekeeper who showed with mumbling pride the bed where Henri Quatre had slept; and a welcoming smile from St. Eloi, that holy humorist, in the Champaubert chapel. She sat until twilight, often, on the sinister shore of l'Etang des Loups. Even the legended 'Croix Jeanne,' leaning against its pine thicket, seemed glad of her awkward Protestant dip. It was a good place — and all for the price of a second-rate hotel splotted with Baedekers.

Loneliness, in the sense of removal from the social scene, did not afflict her. She who shrank almost morbidly from human encounters, had no fear of the peasants. Slim, shy, timorous, she felt safe here. Her terrors were all of people and what people could do to her. The plain ignored her self-distrust. Letters came from Edmund, regularly, if you granted the delay of driving to Sézanne to fetch them. The months rounded slowly, punctually, to winter and her marriage. So might a châtelaine have waited, powerless but trusting.

Then, in full summer-time, the lightning struck, choosing again the Montmirail plain, after a hundred years' respite. The first rumors were vague and vivid — all detail and no substance,

like news in the Middle Ages. There was war, and she scarcely knew more. Jacques or Etienne turned over night into a reservist, and departed; but had it not been for that, she would hardly have known. The two maid-servants she had brought with her clamored for Paris; she gave them money and had them driven to Sézanne. After the mobilization they must have got through, for she never heard again. It did not occur to her to strike out, herself, for the capital; for her common sense told her she was better off where she was until Paris had cleared the decks for action. Besides, Paris frightened her. She hated being jostled in streets; she resented even a curious stare.

Old Marie and her husband, with their grandchild, came up from their cottage to the manor to sleep; and with the son and nephew gone, there was nothing for them to do but potter about rheumatically in her behalf. For many days, the click of the rosary was never stilled among the corridors of Andecy.

And still the rumors grew, terror capping terror, until it seemed that even at Andecy blood might rain down at any moment from the arched heaven. At first Miss Stanley forced herself to drive the fat donkey into Sézanne for news — a half-day's trip with only more terror at the end. The feeble crowds beset the bulletins posted outside the *mairie*, and scattered, murmuring their own comments on the laconic messages. Sometimes crones and half-grown children on the edge of the crowd got her to report to them, as she emerged from the denser group in front of the *mairie* wall. She did so as gently as she could, for they were all involved: fathers, husbands, sweethearts, brothers, sons, were facing the enemy at some point or other that only the War Office knew. If some creatures had had

nothing to give, it was only because the Prussians had taken all they had, in '70.

There was no insane terror; the people were strangely calm; yet they and theirs had been, of all time, the peculiar food of the enemy, and there was pessimism afloat. The plain was as defenseless as they: its mild crops as foreordained to mutilation by feet and hoofs and wheels as they to splintering shells.

Miss Stanley, who was so shy of unfamiliar action, felt Sézanne too much for her. She stopped going, after a week, and resigned herself to not knowing. She chafed under the censorship, though she knew that Edmund Laye would tell her that it was well done of the 'Powers that Were' to stanch the leakage of news as you would stanch blood from an artery. The General Staff was better off not drained of its vital facts. To be sure, Miss Stanley never read newspapers. Even less, did she subscribe to them. But she longed now for a neutral America, where the extras came hot and hot, where experts of every kind fought out the battles on the front page, and good journalese stimulated the lax imagination.

Her determination to go no more to Sézanne led her for exercise to other quarters of the plain. She would walk quickly, tensely, for an hour, her eyes fixed on a clump of trees or a church-spire far ahead of her at the end of the unswerving road, until the clump and the spire rose up to match her height and she came to the first whitewashed cottage. Champaubert church was never empty, these days, of worshipers who gazed up at gaudy St. Eloi as if he could help. The crops that waved on the old Montmirail battlefield were thinly harvested by women and an impeding fry of children. The steep little streets of Congy were dirtier than ever, and the ducks and the infants

plashed about more indiscriminately in the common mud-puddles. No more galettes at 'la vieille Andecy': the old woman was prostrated by the loss of her reservist grandson.

Finally she gave up the plain too, and withdrew into Andecy itself, waiting, always waiting, for word of Edmund Laye. There had been a touch of loyalty to him in her staying on without plan of escape. News of him would reach her here sooner than elsewhere. If she left, she would be lost in a maelstrom, and might lose some precious word. Until she heard from Edmund of his sailing, or of a change of plan, she would stay where he thought of her as being. When she heard, she would go.

Some atavistic sense in Miss Stanley caused her to look, all through early August, to the provisioning of the manor — some dim instinct to hoard food, that might have sprung from the heart of a colonial ancestress behind a stockade of logs: premonition against death and savages. She sent old Marie to buy thriftily, making it clear that her fortress was not for herself alone, but for all who might be in need. Together, she and Marie and the granddaughter piled provisions in the empty rooms and the dark cellars; and they lived frugally on milk and eggs and *soupe aux choux*.

Sometimes she wondered whether the danger was not a mere fixed idea of the foolish peasants who had all been touched in the wits by '70. True, the able-bodied men were gone, but the reports these people brought her made no sense. Their quality verged on folk-lore. Something gigantic was going on, somewhere, but it had nothing to do with Edmund Laye in the Argentine, or with her at Andecy. Paris in danger? Perhaps: but how to take it on their word? Belgium flowing with blood? Just what did it mean?

An aeroplane over Sézanne at dawn? It must often have happened, *allez!* The air was never free, nowadays. The Germans in France? They had been seeing Germans behind every bush for forty years. So she talked with old Marie, scarcely sure whether she or old Marie were the fool.

Since the household no longer drove the fat donkey to Sézanne, none of them knew even what the War Office said — unless what old Séraphine from the next farm reported that her granddaughter had heard in Champaubert from a woman whose married daughter had been to Sézanne two days before, could be called a War Office report. And never, from the first, on the plain of Andecy, had anyone understood *why*. According to the plain, all things were to be believed of the German Emperor, who was usually drunk; but, on the other hand, who could trust an atheist government? The soil of the Hundred Days had never recovered from Bonapartist tendencies, Miss Stanley had often noted; and even old Marie would sometimes mix up '15 and '70. The White Paper — which Miss Stanley had never heard of — would have been wasted on Champaubert and Montmirail.

Wonder stirred at last even in old Marie's fatalistic mind at the lack of panic in this shy young foreigner — who could not chaffer, who could not bully, who could not endure even the mimic urbanity of Sézanne. Strange that she should be willing to stay quietly pacing up and down the cobbled courtyard of Andecy for sole exercise! Past mid-August, Marie put a vague question.

'When I hear from him, I shall go, Marie,' Miss Stanley answered. 'But I leave everything here to you and Théophile. The British fleet holds the sea, they say, and I shall be better off in England. I shall surely come back

when the war is over, and perhaps I shall bring my husband with me.'

Some dim muscular effort deepened the wrinkles in the old woman's face. It was as if a knife had cut them in the living flesh.

'I hope so — if Théophile and I are here. To be sure, you must go where it is your duty. We will keep such of the provisions as can be kept —'

'Keep nothing. It is all for you who have been so kind to me — you and yours. Not a child, not a creature, for a dozen miles about that I would not wish to share with, as you know. But — listen, Marie.' Miss Stanley blushed faintly as she bent her head nearer Marie's good ear.

'It is my duty. My first duty, that is, must be to my future husband. When he returns from America' (she had long ago learned the futility of distinguishing, for Marie, between 'l'Amérique du nord' and 'l'Amérique du sud'; and was patient with her belief that New York was a suburb of Cayenne) 'he will wish me there. He was to have sailed last month. A letter — a telegram — must have gone astray in the confusion. When I hear, he will doubtless be in England. And when he reached England, I was to go to my friends and be married to him. My heart bleeds for France; but I am not French, and my duty is not here. I am American, you see, dear Marie, and my *fiancé* is English.'

'Ah!' Marie shook her head. 'My old head is turned with all they tell me, and the buzzing in my bad ear is like cannon. But I had thought that the English, for some reason I do not understand, were fighting with us. They have been telling us for ten years that we do not hate the English — that we love them. And Théophile thought that an English army was against the Germans. But perhaps I am wrong. *Monsieur votre fiancé* will not have to

fight, then? I congratulate you, made-moiselle.'

'The English are fighting with the French, Marie. But all Englishmen are not soldiers. Monsieur Laye is not a soldier. He is an engineer.'

'He is perhaps past the age.'

'There is no conscription in England, Marie. No man is a soldier unless he chooses.'

'No service to make?'

'None.'

'*C'est beau, ça!* All Frenchmen must fight. So England may go to war, and still have men to till the fields. But where do their armies come from?'

'Any man who wishes may go. But none are compelled — except the soldiers by profession. There will be enough, never fear. England will not desert France.'

The old woman nodded. 'I am not afraid of that. And you are not afraid that *monsieur le fiancé* will fight? I do not understand these things. As Théophile says, what I comprehend I do not hear, and what I hear I do not comprehend. I go to fetch mademoiselle's soup. They are lucky, all the same, to get the crops in, in time of war.' She clattered from the room.

Miss Stanley felt her heart grow heavy, she did not know precisely why. If only word would come! Perhaps she was a fool to stay. There must be trains through to Paris now. Anything to get nearer Edmund, away from this historic, war-bound plain! She crouched by the window to eat her *soupe aux choux* and stale bread. If only some boy would come riding into the courtyard with a letter for her! She had bribed half the urchins who loitered by the mairie in Sézanne to rush to her hot-foot with anything that came.

The lightning that had struck once at Champaubert and Montmirail was to strike again before she heard from Edmund Laye. Suddenly, with no

warning, the heavens opened with that reiterant flash. Frightened stragglers over the plain, refugees from the north pushing on from beyond Sézanne in a blind stumbling dash to the southward; rumors that sprang up out of the ground so that she had but to stand still to hear the world move; indescribable distant noises, commotions less seen than sensed, on the far horizon; a casual smudge of aeroplanes on the great blue round of heaven; an earth, for no visible reason, tumultuously vibrating beneath her, — and then, at last, one hot noon, a frightened boy falling exhausted at her feet. She gave him the piece of gold that for many days had been waiting for him in her pocket, and bade him rest where he lay until he was ready for food. Marie and Théophile crouched beside him, listening to his winded babbling.

Armies, armies, fighting, men riding on horses, guns and wounded — like '15, like '70, like Hell. People like themselves leaving their cottages and farms, making, with such portable treasures as they had (food, relics, poultry, babes in arms), for the shelter of a town. No town could avail them, for in the towns sat the officers, and the marketplace offered only a bigger, a more organized destruction. But the hope of shelter would take them far afield. Anything was better than to see sabres splintering your walls, and a greasy flame replacing all that had been ancestral and intimate. Better to die in the open with friends — not smoked out of your own cellar to fall on a bayonet. They knew the secular ways of war: the dwellers on the plain were the foredoomed type of the refugee, the world over. Once in so often men fought, and poor people were homeless. And now none of the '*vieux de la vieille*' were there to guard.

These were the visions that assembled in Miss Stanley's brain while Ma-

rie, her lean fists clenched, reported the boy's wild talk. The lumps of fat hardened on her congealing soup; and still her mind went painfully, shuttle-wise, back and forth from her telegram — infinitely delayed, but clearly authentic — to the apocalyptic events surrounding her. Like most Americans perpetually defended by two oceans, Miss Stanley had no conception of invasion as a reality. The insult of an enemy on your own ground was one she had never steeled herself to meet. There was no weapon in her little arsenal for a literal foe. Her knees trembled under her as she rose to look out of the window, after Marie, spent with eloquence, had left her.

Edmund Laye, by this, was with his regiment — even she might not know where. No point in trying to break through to London: his telegram, dated the day of his arrival in England, was already too old. The letter he promised her would go the way of all the letters he must have written, that she had never had. And she herself was caught: she had waited too long on that predestined plain. The noises she heard seemed rumblings of the earth and cracklings of the inflamed sky. Andecy manor had not yet seen one soldier, unless you reckoned the pilots of those soaring monoplanes. But their hours were numbered: soon — any moment, now — all that hidden rumor would break forth into visible fruit of fighting men — men with rifles, men with lances, men with mitrailleuses or howitzers. She was trapped. To try, even with no luggage, to make the miles to Sézanne, would be not so much to take her life in her hands as to kick it from her. Caught; and her nervous nostrils feigned for her a subtle odor of smoke. She turned from the window and went to the quiet room that had once been the chapel. Out of those windows she could not look, thank Heaven! The

life of the Virgin, in villainous stained glass, barred her vision.

She was absolutely alone. Old Marie and Théophile were not people: they were strangers, creatures, animals — what not. She scarcely knew. 'Allies' meant nothing to her at the moment but marching men. Even Edmund — who would be killed, because all beautiful things were killed unless they hid in caves and let their beauty rot in the dark. Fool that she had been not to go to England while there was time! Fool that she had been to forget that Edmund Laye, landing in England, would be first of all a Territorial — one of the thousands of slim reeds on which Kitchener was so heavily leaning. She had been obsessed with peace: sure that war could not touch her or what was privately, supremely, hers. She was a creature of peace; a little doctrinaire who supposed that, in the inverted moral world in which she walked, right made might. There was a deal of most logical self-pity in her tears. How did any of it concern her, that she should be cooped in a country manor to await horrors from unknown people? Why should Edmund Laye, who had chosen an antipodal career, be dragged back to present himself as a mark for some Prussian shell? The senselessness of it angered her. Nations meant little to her; the cosmos nothing. Alone in the chapel, she treated herself to a vivid personal rage. And still the strange tumult, that was more than half made of vibrations too slow for sound-waves, beat upon her nerves like an injury to the internal ear.

By twilight, the physical need of action came to her. She felt, in the subtler fibres of her mind, that if she stayed longer there half prone in her worm-eaten arm-chair, groveling mentally in this welter of concrete alarms, she should sink into a pit whence reason could not rescue her. She had been

so calm in her folly, so lulled by the sense of her sacred detachment from this bloody business, so sure that neutrality protected you from fire and steel even in the thickest *mêlée* — she could not have been more ridiculous if she had worn a dress cut out of the Stars and Stripes. Now, some obscure inhibition told her, she must act. She must move her hands and feet, limber her cramped muscles, set the blood flowing properly in her veins, make herself physically normal, or her worthless mind would let her go mad. She must not think of death or outrage or torture.

She must forget the things she had heard those first days in Sézanne. She must forget the gossip of Marie and Théophile and Séraphine, inventing, inventing, with a mediæval prolixity and a racial gift for the *macabre*, on chill evenings by the fire. They had no need of news. They dug up out of the bloody deeps of the past things the like of which she had never expected to hear. She must forget — shut her staring mouth and forget. Whatever visited itself on Andecy must not find a gibbering mistress there. Perhaps if she pretended that Edmund knew, moment by moment, what she was doing, she could master her faltering flesh and her undisciplined mind. She had lost him forever, but she would try to be some of the things he thought her. Edmund Laye had called her flower-like. Well: flowers were broken, but they did not go mad. She must be — decent.

Her brisk pacing of the chapel did not allay her fears, but it brought back to her a sense of decorum. Her body had never lent itself to an immodest gesture: what — she caught at the notion — could be more immodest than visible fear? So gradually, by artificial means, she brought herself back into some dignity; scolding and shaking herself into a trooper's demeanor. She could not

trust her mind, but perhaps she could get her instincts into fighting form. Cautiously she tried them — as you try a crazy foothold to see if it will bear your weight. Her muscles seemed to respond: suppleness, strength, coördination, were reported satisfactory. She thought she could promise not to fall a-shivering again. The noise in her ears faded; the vibrations ceased to rock her nerves. Miss Stanley flung open the chapel door, and walked firmly, ignoring echoes, down the brick-paved corridor to the kitchen.

Marie, Théophile, and little Jeanne watched, in a kind of apathy, the pot on the fire. In the dim corners of the big kitchen, Miss Stanley thought she saw strange figures. Inspection revealed a few frightened women and children from farms that had once been dependencies of Andecy. Here was something to do — more blessed exercise for hands and feet.

'You, Françoise? and the little ones? And you, Mathilde? and the girl? Good! It is time the children had food and went to bed. We must economize candles, so we will all eat here. The dining-room, in half an hour, will be a dormitory. Jeanne shall sleep in my room. Milk and gruel for the little ones, Marie, and *soupe aux choux* for the rest of us. Milk we will use while we have it. Eggs also. We cannot expect to keep the livestock forever. Bread we have not — until I bake it in my own fashion. It may come to that. Jeanne, you will eat with us older ones. Come and help me make beds for the children. Luckily, there are cots for a whole community. In half an hour' — she took out her watch — 'the babies sup and say their prayers. To-morrow, I prepare the chapel and the pupils' old dormitory for wounded. Wounded there will be, if what we hear from Sézanne — though they are all fools in Sézanne, from the fat mayor down —

be true. My fiancé is at the front. We wait here for our men, hein?' And she beckoned to Jeanne.

She had made her speech blindly, recklessly planning as she spoke, thinking that if she could convince her hearers she could perhaps convince herself. She looked for the effect on them when she had done. The speech had worked. If it worked for them, it must work for her, too. It could not be madness, if it had lighted up those sodden faces. And as she looked from one to another, she saw a flicker of pride, of patriotism, reflected in their eyes. Reflected from what? From her, without doubt. There must have been pride in her voice and glance when she spoke of Edmund Laye. Good! That was the line to take. There should be a brave show: she would work her muscles to death to keep it going. Every due emotion should be cultivated in each limb and feature; every surface inch of skin should play its part. The drum and fife should play all the more bravely because her heart was hollow. Perhaps, if she got a fair start, a fine physical impetus toward courage, she could keep it up to the end.

'Come, Jeanne.' She beckoned the child.

The women stirred, and the children huddled against their skirts crept out upon the floor.

'Théophile, is the great gate locked?'

The old man shook his head vaguely. He had gone near to losing his few wits with the rumors from Sézanne which his ears had drunk up so greedily. His shaken mind was wandering windily about in reminiscences of '70 and legends of '15.

'It had best be locked at once. The lantern, Jeanne. Come.'

The child looked at her piteously.

'Oh, very well!' Miss Stanley pushed her gently aside. 'I shall not need it. There is still light enough. Fetch the

bowls for the babies, Jeanne. We must all get to bed, and be up with the dawn.'

Alone, she left the house and crossed the innumerable cobblestones of the huge courtyard to the outer gate. She knew the way of the heavy bolts and bars, for she had often escorted Théophile on his rounds before the official *coucher* of the household; but her shaking fingers tapped the rusty iron ineffectually. She loathed her fingers: insubordinate little beasts! She struck her right hand smartly with her left, her left with her right, to punish them with real pain. The fingers steadied; she drove the foolish, antiquated bolts home.

Something white fluttered about her feet in the twilight: the hens had not been shut up. Miss Stanley was very angry, for a moment, with Théophile; then angry with herself for her anger. Théophile was frightened because he *knew*. '70 had been the moment of his prime. She did not know; she had no right to be frightened. Tales of the Civil War, she remembered now, had always bored her; she had never listened to them. Her duty now was to secure the poultry. They must have eggs while they could, and chicken broth for the children. Mathilde's little girl was a weakling. So she ran hither and yon, trying to drive the silly handful toward the little grange where they were kept. With traditional idiocy, they resisted; and the last stragglers she lifted and imprisoned ruthlessly in her skirt. She hated the creatures; to touch them made her flesh crawl; but at last she got them all in, squawking, and fastened the door upon them. How like the stupid things to make extra trouble because there was a war! Her anger against them was quite serious, and sank into proper insignificance only when her task was done.

A stone wall, continuing the house

wall all the way round, bounded the courtyard; but through the grille she could see rocket-like sputters of flame far off on the horizon, and here and there a patch of light in the sky which meant fires burning steadily beneath. The pounding vibrations had ceased. There was trouble, a mighty trouble, upon them all; and with the dawn, perhaps, all the things those chattering fools by the fire had spent their phrases on.

Strangest of all to her was the sudden thought that Edmund, separated from her now by the innumerable leagues of destiny, might be, as the crow flies, not so far away. A few fatal miles might be replacing, even now, the friendly, familiar ocean whose division of the lovers had been a mere coquetry of Time. On that thought she must not dwell; besides — irony returned to her at last — did she not gather from those idiots within that all soldiers one ever saw were Germans? One's own armies were routed somewhere; but one encountered, one's self, only the victors, ever. Then the jealous captain to whom she had given the command reminded her that such reflections meant mutiny.

Slim, straight, hollowed out with fear, but walking delicately ahead, she went back to the house and superintended the babies' supper. Then the grown-ups ate — standing about the table as at the Passover, faces half-averted toward the door — and she marshaled them all to their appointed sleeping-places. Marie and Théophile abdicated their dominion with an uncouth relief. If made-moiselle, so shy, so small, could be so sure of what they ought to do — doubtless hers was a great brain in a frail form. After prayers, in which Miss Stanley herself joined, borrowing a *chapelet*, they went off to snore peacefully in the guardianship of that great brain so opportunely discovered.

'You have not an American flag?' old Marie asked, as she shuffled off.

Théophile, past any coherent reflections, was mumbling over the dying fire.

'No, nothing of the sort. I am sorry. I should use it if I had.'

'You could not make one?'

'Impossible, to-night. To-morrow I will see.'

Marie apologetically offered a last suggestion to the great brain. 'A white flag? It would do no harm to have it ready. Françoise swears they are in Sézanne to-night.'

'I will see. *Allez vous coucher.*' And Miss Stanley turned on her heel and sought the little room where Jeanne was already restlessly dreaming.

Save the babies, Andecy found no deep sleep that night. The old people napped and woke and napped again, according to their habit. The mothers rose and walked beside their children's cots, then fell limply back and dozed. Miss Stanley slept from sheer exhaustion until an hour before dawn. Then she rose and dressed herself, and, when dressed, sent Jeanne to wake her grandparents. Whatever the day might bring, it should not find them either asleep or fasting. They would eat, if it was to be their last meal.

Alone in her room, by candle-light, Miss Stanley made a white flag out of a linen skirt. She sewed hastily but firmly, that it might be no flimsier than she could help. By the first streaks of daylight, she groped for and found, in a lumber-room, a long stick to fasten it to — probably, it flashed across her, Madame Françoise de Paule's cane, never buried, as Anne Marmont had hoped. When the flag was finished, she loathed it: loathed its symbolism, loathed its uselessness. No: whatever happened, she would have nothing to do with that. What could be more humiliating than to hold up a white flag

in vain? Another idea came to her; and while breakfast was preparing and the children were being dressed, she carried it swiftly into execution. Slashing a great cross out of a scarlet cape, she sewed it firmly to the white ground. *That* she might hang to the dove-cot, after breakfasting.

She carried it martially with her into the great kitchen, and placed it in a corner. The sun itself was hardly up, but the children brought the flag out into the firelight and old Marie was jubilant. The wonderful idea! The great brain of mademoiselle! She fussed almost happily over the simmering skillet of milk. But the great brain was pondering apart in the lessening shadows. Better the American flag, if she could manage it. She would beg an old blue smock of Théophile's, for she had nothing herself. Those wretched stars! It would take her a long morning; and she felt convinced that this day's sun would not rise peacefully to the zenith. This thing she had made was a lie. Incalculable harm could be done by assuming a badge you had no right to — incalculable harm to those who had the right. She was mortally afraid; but she would not do anything in pure panic. That would make it worse for every one in the end.

An American flag: it must be made. How many states were there? She had no notion, but she fancied they were as the sands of the sea. It would take a woman all day to cut out those stars and sew them to a blue field hacked out of Théophile's smock. And what a make-shift banner, in the end! Even if the enemy politely waited for her to finish it, would they not detect it at once? Was not that the kind of thing every German knew better than she — how many little silly stars there were, safe and far away, sending senators to Washington? A sullen tide of mirth was let loose in her far below the surface. Here

she was, quivering with terror, with a lot of foolish livestock on her hands — livestock that she could not give up to slaughter as if they had been the sheep that they really were.

Miss Stanley caught up one of the children to her lap and fed it great spoonfuls of warm milk — choking it hopelessly. Luckily the mother was too apathetic to reproach her. She could not even feed a child without wetting it all over! Disgusted, she put the child down again. It whimpered, and the mother, roused, moved over to it. Miss Stanley looked at her cup. Chocolate — no coffee, for the coffee was gone. Coffee might have cleared her brain, but this mess would do nothing for her. Still, she drank it. And gradually, as their hunger was appeased, they crept about her. Even those who did not move their chairs turned and faced her. She could not meet so many eyes. She had nothing to do with them — these tellers of old wives' tales, who expected her to deliver them from the horrors their own lips had fabricated. Why did they stare at her as if she might have an idol's power over events? Whispering, almost inaudibly, their strung and beaded prayers, yet blasphemously looking to her!

The shadows still lessened in the great kitchen. The sun lay in level streaks on the centre of the stone floor, and even the twilight in the corners was big with noon. The women sat in a helpless huddle, not knowing how to go about the abnormal tasks of the abnormal day. The far-off thunders of the plain began again: vibrations as of earthquake first, then explicit sounds, unmistakable and portentous. To-day, you could distinguish among those clamors. Miss Stanley, with the first sounds, expected to have a tiny mob to quell; but their apathy did not leave them. Even the children turned that steady, hypnotized stare on her. And

then Jeanne — how could she not have missed Jeanne from the assembly? — ran down the corridor with a sharp clatter.

‘They are there! Soldiers — on horseback — at the gate!’

And indeed now, in the sudden tragic hush, Miss Stanley could hear the faint metallic thrill and tinkle of iron bars, at a distance, struck sharply. Old Théophile roused himself as if by unconscious antediluvian habit, but Marie plucked him back and ran for the flag with the scarlet cloth cross. This she thrust into the American girl’s hand. No one else moved, except that Mathilde flung her heavy skirt over her little girl’s head.

For one moment, Miss Stanley stood irresolute. She had never dreamed of such a tyranny of irrelevant fact. She must, for life or death, — for honor, at all events, — respond to a situation for which nothing, since her birth, had prepared her. Peace had been to her as air and sunlight — the natural condition of life. This was like being flung into a vacuum; it was death to her whole organism. Yet, somehow, she was still alive.

Irony took her by the throat; and then the thought of Edmund Laye — linked, himself, with events like these, riding or marching beneath just such skies, on just such a planet, under just such a law. Never had there been,

really, immunity like that which she had fancied to be the very condition of human existence. It was all human, with a wild inclusiveness that took her breath. And, whatever happened, paralysis like that which even now crept slowly up her limbs, was of the devil. Against that last ignominy she braced herself.

Her muscles responded miraculously to her call for help, and she felt her feet moving across the floor. If feet could move, hands could. She rolled up the little banner and threw it in the very centre of the fire. It occurred to her as a last insult that she did not know enough German even to proclaim her nationality; but she did not falter again. Some residuum of human courage out of the past kept her body loyal, — some archaic fashion of the flesh that dominated the newness of the mind. Past generations squared her shoulders for her, and gave her lips a phrase to practise.

As she passed down the corridor, she flung each door wide open. She paused, a mere fraction of an instant, in the big front door of the house; but from there she could see only a confusion of helmets, and horses nosing at the grille. Almost immediately she passed through the door and walked, hatless, her arms hanging stiffly at her sides, across the innumerable cobblestones, to the gate.

AN ENDOWMENT FOR THE STATE

BY ALVIN S. JOHNSON

I

THE American people display a remarkable aversion to thought on matters pertaining to the income and outgo of the public treasury. Customs and internal revenue, income and corporation taxes, are types of the subjects we prefer to have discussed out of our hearing. It is enough that we must pay the taxes. Among the immunities and privileges guaranteed to us by the Constitution are surely to be found freedom from the din of financial debate, and the right of ignorance concerning public ways and means.

It is true that at various periods in our history great popular interest has been aroused by proposed reforms which were essentially financial. Such interest was excited by Alexander Hamilton's project for a revenue system upon which national unity might be based; by Henry Clay's plan of a tariff that would establish the economic independence of the nation; by Henry George's scheme for extirpating poverty and privilege at a single stroke. It was not, however, the financial logic with which these plans were wrought out that commanded the popular attention. When have we ever heard of popular enthusiasm for that most logical of all financial projects, a 'tariff for revenue only'? Hamilton and Clay and George wrought their miracles through a common device: the translation of their proposals into moral terms. And we may be assured that no financial programme of the future will excite

great zeal in the American people unless it is subject to moral translation. However practical we may be in our private lives, in our public concerns we require the support of an ideal.

To the casual observer the present financial situation in the United States appears to be ethically colorless. One who reads the signs of the times must, however, foresee that the subject of public revenue will, in the near future, assume the vestments of a moral issue. The spirit of social justice is abroad. At present, to be sure, this spirit concerns itself with ends, not with means. The children of the poor must be fed and clothed and trained for life and work; the sick and the maimed must be nursed and solaced; and the aged must be restored to the serene dignity of old time, when gray hairs and pauperism were not, as now, substance and shadow. Such claims upon society were indeed made generations ago, but only by isolated reformers and philanthropists, whose sanity was questioned by their contemporaries. To-day they are presented by legions of men, among whom are numbered those who are accounted the sanest and most practical of us all.

The social demands upon government have already found partial recognition in the legislation of almost all the countries of Europe: Germany, France, England, the lesser nations, and even Russia, are taking up their social burdens one by one; and there is no record of such obligations as repudiated, after they have once been assumed. We are

not more cynical than the nations of Europe; if we lag behind at present, we shall none the less, in another generation, be found in the forefront of the movement.

Social justice, however, is not to be had without cost. We have never attempted to number our destitute children, the sick and the wounded in our industrial army, our aged workingmen and workingwomen who, after a life of toil and sacrifice, are forced to eat the gritty bread of charity. If we did number them — and did no more — a curse of God would perhaps fall upon us, and deservedly. But when once we realize the gravity of the problem, we shall not be slow to assume the moral obligations which rest upon us. What the financial burden of these obligations will be we do not know, but it is a cautious surmise that it may overbalance all the other costs of our federal government combined. Within a third of a century, then, the nation will probably be confronted with the task of doubling its revenues.

It is not an easy matter, even at present, to procure adequate public revenues. Until recently the federal government appeared to enjoy inexhaustible financial resources. But four years ago we found it necessary to supplement the customs and excises with the somewhat onerous corporation tax; and now we have a still more onerous income tax. Further development of federal taxation is likely to impair, in some measure, the sources of state and local revenues.

The local governments are in worse case; many of them are now levying taxes very nearly up to the limit of tolerance of the tax-paying public. By readjustment of burdens, to be sure, some increase in the tax revenues of the local governments is possible, but it is doubtful whether by such readjustment we can do much more than make

provision for the expansion of ordinary governmental expenditures. Legally, the power of taxation is unlimited; but practically its limits are very narrow indeed. This is why every one who anticipates a great development of expenditures for the purposes of social welfare, is seeking new sources of public revenue. And such a search must inevitably result in a criticism of our system of distribution, from a moral as well as from an economic point of view.

II

In periods of serious and unfavorable environmental changes, every organism tends to revert to an ancestral type. To this rule, human institutions are not exceptions. The hardships of early-nineteenth-century industrialism aroused in the minds of men an eager zeal for the establishment of communal institutions resembling the social organization of primitive man. Similarly the growing burden of taxation has resulted in a sentiment in favor of the creation of revenue sources practically identical with those of the mediæval state.

The mediæval financial system, it is well known, was based upon the revenues from landed domains. The royal estates provided for the private expenditures of the prince and his household, including many of the high officers of the state; the landed domains of the vassals of the prince supported the expense of the military organization and the administration of justice; other landed revenues were assigned to the Church and to public charity, to universities and hospitals. In Russia the public domain is still an important element of finance; but west of Russia only vestiges of it remain, in the national forests and wastes, and in various communal landed holdings. Such holdings are insignificant as elements in the

financial system of progressive states; but under the pressure of the growing burden of taxation they are beginning to exert a powerful influence upon the popular imagination. They seem to point to a solution of our problems. Let us revert to the mediæval financial order and reconstitute our public domain. This is the impulse which, in last analysis, gives strength to the movement for land nationalization.

Such tendencies to reversion are a natural accompaniment of the spontaneous efforts of the organism toward a new adjustment. They never can be fully realized, but they can aid in shaping the new order. The nineteenth-century experiments in communism were failures; primitive communism will never return to the world. But they helped to deliver humanity from the moral doctrine of *laissez-faire*, a doctrine branded ages ago as the philosophy of Cain.

The assumption by the group of responsibility for the welfare of its members is approaching realization, but in a way not dreamed of by the Communists. There are excellent reasons for believing that a state with its revenue system based upon a landed domain would be a failure. It does not, however, follow that a policy of state endowment is fundamentally unsound. What does follow is that the modern state, in seeking an endowment, must choose from among the numerous current sources of income those which are most appropriate to its purposes.

III

One of the most remarkable tendencies in modern economic life is the segregation of productive property into two classes: that which yields a fixed income, and that which gives claim to an income that is uncertain, contingent. Thus the property right in a piece of

land is often divided between the mortgagee and the owner of the equity. The mortgagee receives his income, whatever the ups and downs of the enterprise, while the owner of the equity must content himself with an income that is dependent upon the success of the year's operations. Where real estate is let under long leases to persons who are financially responsible, the rent assumes a stability not unlike the income of the mortgagee, and the tenant's interest in the property assimilates itself, economically, to that of the owner of a real-estate equity. The distinction appears most clearly of all in the division of income rights in corporate earnings into interest on bonds and dividends on stocks. Even the rights to the public revenue are divided between the state and the holder of public obligations. The sovereign state itself is forced to bestow upon its creditors the most certain part of its income, and content itself with income that is in some measure contingent.

This process of differentiating a productive property into its kernel of certain income and a husk of contingent income is of comparatively recent origin. In the late Middle Ages there were certain money charges settled upon land, but their volume was insignificant. The process first gained head with the formation of public debts, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Since that time the differentiation has proceeded apace. In some fields of enterprise, the tendency is held in check by law, as in banking; in other fields, by reactionary traditions and the survival of cumbersome institutions of an earlier epoch, as in agriculture. In spite of all restrictions, however, the mass of rights to certain income appears to gain steadily upon the mass of rights to contingent income.

It would be difficult to estimate the

volume of rights to fixed income now existing in the United States. This volume cannot, however, be less than one tenth of all our capital values, that is, between twelve and fourteen billions. By devices well known to practical financiers, such, for example, as the creation of investment institutions holding so wide a range of uncertain securities that unanticipated losses are balanced by unanticipated gains, the volume of fixed income rights could easily be increased to twenty-five or thirty billions, representing an annual income falling between one thousand and fifteen hundred millions.

IV

Rights to contingent income are usually what we have in mind when we defend private property against socialistic attacks. Private ownership, we say, increases the productivity of wealth. This is not necessarily true of private property in government consols, in corporation bonds, in long-term mortgages, or in leased estates. The owners of such property are relieved of practically all concern in the management of productive operations. It is the tendency of modern financial institutions, seconded by governmental regulation, to remove whatever insecurity still attaches to such investments, and thus to render still more remote the interest of the investor in the course of wealth production.

For the protection of contingent property incomes, on the other hand, there is need of the watchful eye of private interest. One whose fortune consists in the equity in a bonded enterprise must be constantly on the alert lest his income be lost through mismanagement. He it is whose interest requires him to make the enterprise as fruitful as possible, and thus to serve the public well.

Again, the interest in private property exercises, under our system, the important function of distributing the industrial resources of the country to the several industries. This distribution of resources, however, is the result of an endless series of experiments; and the fruits of the successful experiment are all enjoyed by the claimant of contingent income, as the costs of experiments that fail are borne by him. If the United States Steel Corporation develops a new branch of export trade, it is the stockholder who will gain the profits or bear the losses from the venture. The bondholder will neither gain nor lose.

The income from private property is often defended as a reward of enterprise. Enterprise obviously exists only where the exercise of discretion is required. Very little discretion is demanded from the holder of the title to certain income. New York City bonds yield up their fruits with equal readiness to men who work and to men who play; to shrewd men of affairs and to ladies of a sheltered life; to persons who reside in New York and to persons who reside on the Riviera. Not so with the fruits of a factory or a shop or a farm. Let the owner's eye blink, and some of these fruits are gone.

In short, were we not already accustomed to it, we should find ground for astonishment in the fact that the rights to fixed incomes are still in private hands. We have not nationalized stores and factories, mines and railways, and for the excellent reason that most of us believe that such properties are better managed in private hands. Why have we not nationalized consols and bonds and realty loans? There is no question as to the competence of the public authorities to manage such forms of property. And that these are the natural elements from which to constitute a new public domain is at-

tested by the fact that there is, even now, an unmistakable drift of such property toward quasi-public institutions — hospitals, universities, insurance reserves, and the like, paralleling the mediæval drift of landed property toward the Church. There is not the least complaint that such properties are mismanaged, although their control is commonly lodged with disinterested trustees. And even where the trustees have not been wholly disinterested, as in the case of the life-insurance companies a decade ago, mismanagement of property has not developed into a serious evil.

V

The same economic forces that have rendered the life of the worker insecure, and hence have imposed upon society the duty of succoring him, have also segregated from the mass of productive property a fund of wealth yielding a fixed and certain income. The income yielded by this fund would be abundantly adequate to the support of the social obligations that the state must assume. Of this fund it may be said that its essential function is distributive, rather than productive; and therefore it is more appropriately destined for public than for private uses. It is, however, still in private hands, and the practical question which arises is, how can it be transferred to the possession of the public?

Men with socialistic leanings will find a simple solution for this problem: expropriate the private owners, on the ground that all property is robbery. Men who have been trained to the Single-Taxer's mode of reasoning will hardly hesitate in accepting the same solution. Much of this property — and indeed a considerable share of every form of property — has originated in privilege, if not in force and fraud. The fact that all productive operations

would go on without disturbance if the income from this fund were covered into the public treasury, instead of enriching private purses, should be decisive from the point of view of Single-Tax logic.

But confiscation of property, unless it is universal, as the Socialists would have it, is properly reserved to itself by the state as a penalty for unlawful acts; and it would be absurd to say that illegality attaches to any form of property which has been established by the state and recognized by it. It would be equally absurd to say that the moral claims of the holders of one class of property are inferior to those of the holders of property of another class, since all property is acquired with a sole view to private gain, not to public service.

In the course of history the sphere of private property alternately expands and contracts. In Russia a reform required by the times is the alienation of the public landed domain; and this reform, manifestly, should be effected through sale at a fair price to private persons. A reform that will no doubt be required by the industrial state of to-morrow will be the absorption by the public of a large share of the sources of fixed income. And this can be effected only through purchase at a fair price from private persons.

If, however, it is granted that the state may not acquire its endowment through confiscation, does it not become impracticable for the State to acquire an endowment at all? That this is a common belief is indicated by the contemptuous rejection by land-nationalists of the proposal of compensation to private owners. Our present revenue systems are barely adequate to current need. How then are we to stretch them sufficiently to provide means for the acquisition of a vast fund of income-yielding property?

VI

There is one element in our modern revenue systems which is still capable of great development, but for which an appropriate use has not yet been found. This is the inheritance tax. Inheritance taxes are levied in almost all the countries of Europe, and in many of the states of our own Union. The revenue from such taxes, like that derived from other imposts, is applied to the current needs of the state. There appear, however, to be good reasons why the inheritance tax should not be used as a means of meeting current expenditures. Other taxes are, for the most part, paid out of the annual income of society; the inheritance tax is paid out of its capital.

Moralists have universally condemned the private heir who squanders his inheritance instead of keeping it intact, to yield a permanent income. But when the state constitutes itself a co-heir, as is the case when it levies a tax on inheritances, it follows the example of the unthrifty heir. This waste of capital may seem to be an altogether negligible matter in a country where accumulation is rapid. Our national wealth is increasing now at the rate of \$5,000,000,000 yearly, while the estates which pass through the probate courts can hardly amount to much more than \$4,000,000,000. Even a heavy tax on such estates could not check the progress of accumulation, however wastefully the proceeds of the tax might be employed. In a country in which the volume of wealth increases slowly, if at all, as in France, the wasteful use of a heavy inheritance tax might easily result in a progressive decrease in the national capital. And every modern country will eventually reach a point where the tendencies toward accumulation are evenly balanced by the tendencies toward a higher standard of

living. When this point has been reached, any tax which dissipates the national capital will work manifest injury to society.

It has indeed been urged that the levy of an inheritance tax makes possible an equivalent relief from other forms of taxation, and hence gives opportunity for new savings to counterbalance the old savings dissipated by the tax. But this argument will not appear cogent to those who realize that the accumulation of capital is chiefly the work of the few, not of the many, and that relief from the taxes which fall upon the many, leads not to increased savings, but to a rise in the standard of living. We are justified in regarding sums collected through inheritance taxes and appropriated to current expenditures as practically a net deduction from the national capital. And a reduction in capital means deterioration of the whole mechanical equipment of society, with consequent loss in efficiency and general impoverishment. Even a slight slackening in the rate of accumulation is to be accepted only if there is no way of avoiding it.

VII

In spite of its unthrifty character, the inheritance tax recommends itself so strongly to the sense of justice that it is making steady progress throughout the civilized world. Beginning with trifling burdens on legacies to strangers and inheritances of heirs remote in kin, it gains in popularity, and places its burdens upon nearer heirs, and finally upon direct heirs, retaining, however, discriminations in rates against the remote. Then it borrows the spirit of the democratic movement of the age and devises heavier burdens for the large estates than the ordinary estate could well bear. In the German Empire the state appropriates one fourth of a very

large estate inherited by a distant relative or bequeathed to a stranger; in Italy, over one fifth; in France, almost a fifth; in some of our own states, as much as an eighth. It would be idle to suppose that the inheritance tax has anywhere reached the limit of its development; in the United States it is only at the inception of its course. That the progress of the tax lags behind the spirit of the times is attested by the hundreds of millions in bequests to public and semi-public institutions — an inheritance tax self-imposed in default of a law imposing it.

The inheritance taxes now levied in Great Britain, ranging from nominal rates on moderate fortunes falling to direct heirs, to heavy rates on large fortunes falling to remote heirs, take for the public about six per cent of the wealth passing by death. Similar rates levied in the United States would probably represent as high a percentage, since the aggregation of wealth in large estates appears to be as marked here as in England, and since the American family is certainly not more stable than the British, and hence direct heirs are not more certain. Six per cent on \$4,000,000,000 would yield a revenue of \$240,000,000. Suppose that we allow \$40,000,000 for the inheritance taxes now levied by the States: we shall still have \$200,000,000 added to our ordinary federal revenues. There is, furthermore, no reason why we should not develop the tax to a point where it will yield twice this revenue, provided that we can liberate it from the vice of capital-wasting.

Twenty years ago, Spahr estimated that one half the wealth of the United States consisted of fortunes of over \$50,000. This estimate was regarded as radical at the time, but would be accepted as very conservative now. We may assume that the same proportions hold for estates passing by death,

although there are reasons why this assumption should be regarded as excessively conservative. Now a graduated tax averaging five per cent on estates under \$50,000 would work hardship to no one. It would yield \$100,000,000. A graduated tax averaging 15 per cent on estates above \$50,000, would be entirely reasonable, and would yield \$300,000,000. It is unnecessary to dwell longer upon this phase of the question, as there are few who would deny that a revenue of \$400,000,000 could easily be raised in the United States by a federal inheritance tax, if this were regarded as socially desirable.

Let us assume, then, that the United States levies an inheritance tax yielding \$400,000,000 annually, and invests the proceeds in bonds, mortgages, etc., the annual income of which is applied to the support of gradually developing social services. If the wealth of the country remained stationary, the public endowment would, after thirty years, amount to twelve billions of dollars. At the present rate of increase, the wealth of the country will double in a little over twenty years; and this means that the yield of the inheritance tax would steadily increase. Even if we allow for some slackening in the rate of accumulation, the tax would be twice as productive after thirty years as at present. On this assumption, the public endowment at the end of a generation would be over twenty billions, a sum of wealth capable of yielding an annual revenue of \$800,000,000. Whether this revenue would be adequate to the support of the social needs of the time or not, is of course something that we cannot tell with certainty. A social insurance scheme as liberal as that recently adopted by Great Britain, would cost the United States not more than \$150,000,000 at the present time. If we make all due allowance for increasing liberality of

provision, it appears none the less plausible that all reasonable needs of a generation hence would be covered by \$800,000,000.

The objection may be raised that the sources of fixed income, now in private hands, do to a certain extent subserve a public purpose. As savings-bank investments they represent a stimulus to thrift; as investments of insurance companies, they provide that security without which large classes would be exposed to grave risks from the death or disability of breadwinners. Securities in private hands also are frequently little more than a reserve against untoward chances. Accordingly it would be highly undesirable to assign all such income-sources to the public.

It has already been indicated that we possess means for greatly increasing the volume of fixed-income sources. At present the volume is limited chiefly by the demand; the appearance of a new demand, on the part of a public investment agency, would merely give an impetus to the segregation of fixed from contingent income. There is no reason for fearing that the volume of secure investments will ever fall short of all legitimate needs, private or public. Even if the progress of accumulation should be arrested, and the national endowment should begin to absorb an increasing proportion of the social wealth, the fund of secure investments would probably increase proportionately. For a decline in progress of accumulation is an indication of increasing economic stability, and such a tendency toward stability implies less serious fluctuations in contingent income, or, what amounts to the same thing, a larger proportion of fixed-income sources.

The assumption by the public of the rôle of an investor would nevertheless have a tendency to raise the price of stable investments and hence to reduce

their returns. In so far it would give a motive to all who are capable of taking an active part in business to release their funds from such investments. Thus the fixed investments would be set aside for public purposes, not by the harsh method of prohibition of their private possession, but by an automatic process in the field of investment values prejudicial to the interests of no one. No private person would need to surrender his city or railway bonds; but the condition of the market would make it to his interest to do so, if he had even a moderate capacity for active business affairs.

VIII

Possession by the state of an endowment so vast would doubtless seem to many to involve serious political dangers. At the very outset the state would have funds to invest amounting to \$400,000,000, and these funds would steadily increase. If investments were confined at first to the obligations of the state itself and its various subdivisions, five or six years would suffice for acquiring the entire existing volume of such obligations. The state would be forced to enter upon the field of private investments. In its choice of such investments it is highly probable that the state would not invest its funds with a view to financial return alone, but would use its new powers to influence the course of industrial development. It might, for example, give a preference to agriculture over industry, or to the small enterprise over the large; it might grant loans to workingmen desiring to erect dwellings, while withholding them from men of wealth desiring to erect office-buildings. That such a spirit would be likely to determine governmental distribution of investment funds is not ungrounded surmise. In Germany a large part of the

social-insurance funds is actually invested in such a way as to further social, as well as financial, ends.

Exception might properly be taken to an investment policy partly controlled by social motives, if there were anything sacred in the unmixed financial motive, and if that motive did, as a matter of fact, rule the whole conduct of existing private financial institutions. Every one, however, is familiar with the foreign loan designed to serve a political purpose. In domestic financing productiveness and security are not by any means the sole criteria upon which decision is made to extend support to an enterprise or to withhold it. There is not the least doubt that finance is often a means of industrial control; or that discriminations are frequently made between competing bidders for funds. In private financing, however, discriminations are most likely to favor the large enterprise as against the small, industry as against agriculture, and business construction as against the construction of dwellings. That public financing would have the opposite tendency is accordingly a strong argument in favor of its introduction.

IX

Those who oppose every extension of the powers and activities of the state would naturally regard a public endowment fund as dangerous for another reason: that it would provide the means necessary for ambitious public undertakings, such as nationalization of railways or municipal ownership of public utilities, and hence would trench upon the field of private enterprise. Opposition to public enterprise as such is, however, anachronistic. So long as government was removed from popular control, and, in a sense, alien to the general interest, as under the absolute monarchy, every extension of govern-

mental enterprise was dangerous, since it strengthened the powers of an existing tyranny. With the state subject to democratic control, there can be no valid objection to a policy of public enterprise in itself. Rational opposition to such a policy can be based upon only one ground, the relative inefficiency of public enterprise.

Public industries are indeed frequently mismanaged, and it may be taken for granted that the disinterested character of public management will produce results technically less satisfactory than those of private enterprise at its best. It is, however, not merely technical inefficiency that weighs against public enterprise. Its most serious handicap is the popular doctrine that a public enterprise should not be conducted with a view to profit. This doctrine is unexceptionable if it means that the public may often content itself with an immaterial return, diffused throughout society, such as may be assumed to arise from public sanitation or from general education. The doctrine is vicious when it is extended to services that confer a concrete monetary gain upon limited classes of individuals. A city which should provide rapid transit free of charge for suburban dwellers would not greatly improve the condition of the poorer classes for whose benefit alone such a policy might justly be adopted. The policy would redound rather to the advantage of holders of suburban lands. An irrigation scheme conducted without profit is either a wasteful scheme, or one which benefits particular landholders at the public expense. The capital supply of the world, like the land supply, is limited; hence, unless wastefully employed, it will yield a profit. For the state to remit profit on capital employed by it, is merely to bestow unearned gains upon privileged classes. A system of railway rates designed to

yield no profits would be one of the most fruitful of all devices for robbing the whole public for the benefit of the few. So long as this principle fails to secure general recognition, public ownership is almost certain to be wasteful and destructive to the general interests of society.

With a policy of state endowment systematically carried out, the public would look askance at an unproductive employment of the national capital. Especially would this be the case if the revenue of a public endowment were assigned to a service so widely distributed as social insurance. All those receiving old age and invalidity pensions, all those receiving sickness relief, or expecting to rely upon it in case of need, together with all their relatives and friends, would throw the weight of their influence against a wasteful administration of public endowment funds. And this means practically all the members of the poorer classes — five sixths of the population.

Under these conditions, it is not at all certain that the existence of public funds would give a stimulus to government ownership of industries. Broad and vague considerations of public policy would not be granted undisputed sway in such matters, as at present. A statesman proposing a policy of national ownership of railways would be forced to demonstrate that such a policy would be more productive of revenues, and no more fraught with uncertainty, than investment of the same funds in first mortgage bonds of corporations privately operated. We should obviously have an additional check upon the tendency toward public enterprise at the same time that we should have means of facilitating it. It is impossible to determine whether the net effect would be to strengthen the tendency or to weaken it. Of this, however, we may be certain: the power

of demagogism to plunge us into ill-considered public ventures would be effectively restrained.

x

Upon preliminary examination the plan outlined in the foregoing sections will doubtless appear Utopian. Yet it is nothing but a rational synthesis of tendencies now active in modern political thought and practice. It is proposed to create a public endowment for the support of social service. This is the fundamental idea underlying the powerful land-nationalization movement. It is proposed to bestow upon government a direct control over private finance through the disposition of a public investment fund. Under modern conditions such control must be exercised either by private or by public institutions, and we are already very restive under the control of the great private banking houses. It is proposed to develop in higher degree than heretofore the principle of the inheritance tax. Such a development is inevitable, as is indicated by the steady evolution of modern systems of taxation, as well as by the tendency of private individuals to tax themselves through bequests to public institutions. It is proposed to free such taxes from their unthrifty character, a defect recognized by only a few theorists at present, but widely recognized by the self-taxing benefactors of public institutions, who give willingly, not for current expenditures, but for endowments. It is proposed to draw a line between public property and private property on the principle of certainty of income and ease of administration, on the one hand, and the need for discretion, initiative, enterprise on the other. This, too, is in harmony with great tendencies in current thought.

The individualist sees in private

property an institution which serves to stimulate production; to create an automatic adjustment of industrial resources to social needs; to develop the best energies of men; to create independence of character. This is a true view of some forms of property, but not of all. It is not true of the property which yields its fruits to men who have only to hold forth their hands to receive them. The Socialist sees in pri-

vate property only a device whereby those who are idle may share in the gains of social production. This is a true view of a part of property, but not of that part which requires the constant vigilance and expert skill of the owner. By the plan here proposed, the system of private enterprise would surrender to Cæsar the things which are properly Cæsar's, and would be vastly strengthened thereby.

SELECTIONS FROM THE UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF EMILY DICKINSON TO HER BROTHER'S FAMILY

CHOSEN AND ARRANGED BY HER NIECE

MARTHA DICKINSON BIANCHI

I

'Would you rather I wrote you what I am doing here or who I am loving there?' asked Emily Dickinson in a letter from Washington, where, as a girl, she went with her father during his Congressional term. And we who knew her best wish that she could write us now what she is 'doing there,' confident of her unique fitness to be the scribe of immortality.

Her letters and notes to her brother's family, sacredly hoarded by them and denied publication, contain numberless phrases of universal truth, written as they were a lifetime ago by this shy recluse in her retired New England home, intrenched by lilacs and guarded by bumble-bees.

Though she dwelt only 'a hedge

away,' as she put it, from our own home, with but a grass lawn between, crossed by a ribbon path, 'just wide enough for two who love,' she had the habit of sending her thoughts to us as other people would have spoken them. The gambol of her mind on paper was her pastime. Though never an invalid until the last two years of her life, she did not care to go beyond her own doorway and garden, finding infinity in the horizon of her own soul. But she had her finger on the pulse of events and noted chosen phenomena unerringly for us, with her own comment. Through the medium of these written messages she spoke across the grass to us, entrusting them to a servant, a friend, one of us or one of them, as might happen. Whenever stirred, by whatever cause, she trapped her mood, then

waited for her messenger, as vigilant as any spider.

She never showed to her own family what she wrote. They never dared ask to see. Her timidity awed their love, and New England reserve completed the deadlock. Once and once only my mother published a poem of hers *incognita*, and when she showed it to Aunt Emily, in the darkness of entire privacy, she was terrified for the result of her experiment — the little white moth fluttering helplessly, all a-tremble, ready to die of the experience and be found on the floor next morning a mere hint of winged dust.

She seemed to know the world by intuition, but she shrank from its knowing her; not from any feeling of impotence, not because she was deprived of anything or at any disadvantage, but from a fierce unreasoning instinct like that which sends the soft bright-eyed wild things flying from us in the forest.

Yet her love for humanity was unfaltering, and she speaks for all lovers when she writes, 'Twilight touches Amherst with his yellow glove. Miss me sometimes, dear, not on most occasions but in the seldoms of the mind.' And again when she sums life up in her own terms thus: 'The small heart cannot break. The ecstasy of its penalty solaces the large. Emerging from an abyss and reëntering it, that is Life, dear, is it not?' In the following lines does she not argue herself kin to the Bandit in *Timon of Athens* who claimed 'no time so miserable but a man may be true'? 'To do a magnanimous thing and take one's self by surprise, if one is not in the habit of him, is precisely the finest of joys. Not to do a magnanimous thing, notwithstanding it never be known, notwithstanding it cost us existence, is rapture herself spurn.'

Aunt Emily differed from all the women letter-writers of France and Eng-

land in her scorn of detail, — scarcely hitting the paper long enough to make her communication intelligible. How her fancy would have careened about the feat of wireless telegraphy, it is a revel to surmise! Sometimes her notes were a brief poem, a mere quatrain, like this, —

Opinion is a flitting thing
But truth outlasts the sun,
If then, we cannot own them both,
Possess the oldest one.

Or this one, —

When we have ceased to crave
The gift is given
For which we gave the earth
And mortgaged heaven,
But so declined in worth —
'Tis ignominy now to look upon.

They were written, of course, apropos of universal or neighborhood events in their own epoch, but their application did not stop there. Who has not experienced the overtaking of fate as she has put it in these terse four lines?

It stole along so stealthy,
Suspicion it was done
Was dim as to the wealthy
Beginning not to own!

Life had for her an infinite and increasing fascination. 'Are you sure we are making the most of it?' she wrote on a slip of paper and sent over by hand, just because she was quick with the thrill of another day. Again she sent the following, —

DEAR SUE,

A fresh morning of life and its impregnable chances, and the dew for you!

EMILY.

Again this single exclamation: 'O matchless Earth, we underrate the chance to dwell in thee!'

Her devotion to those she loved was that of a knight for his lady. I quote a few of her letters for their depth of feeling and human appeal.

'To miss you is power. The stimulus of loss makes most possessions mean. To live lasts always, but to love is finer than to live.'

'To the faithful absence is condensed presence. To the others — but there are no others.'

'We remind Sue that we love her. Unimportant fact; though Dante did not think so, or Swift or Mirabeau.'

'Could pathos compete with that simple statement, "Not that we first loved Him, but that He first loved us"?'

Sometimes with the heart,
Seldom with the soul,
Scarcely once with the night —
Few love at all.'

'So busy missing you I have not tasted Spring. Should there be other Aprils we will perhaps dine.

EMILY.'

'I must wait a few days before seeing you. You are too momentous; but remember it is idolatry, not indifference.'

Once when she was deeply troubled and shrank from almost every one, she wrote, —

'Thank you for tenderness. I find that is the only food the Will takes now, — and that, not from general fingers.'

Let me quote just one more, to show her trick of concluding herself in verse: —

'I am glad you go.

'I seek you first in Amherst, then turn my thoughts without a whip, so well they follow you.

'An hour is a sea
Between a few and me.
With them would harbor be!'

II

Her notes to us as children were our keen delight. Who but our Aunt Emily would have written, 'Emily knows a

man who drives a coach like a thimble and turns the wheel all day with his heel. His name is Bumble-bee.'

At the close of a letter to my brother Ned, when away on a visit as a child, she says, 'Dear Ned-bird, it will be good to hear you. Not a voice in the woods is so sweet as yours. The robins have gone, — all but a few infirm ones, — and the Cricket and I keep house for the frost. Good-night, little brother, I would love to stay longer. Vinnie and Grandma and Maggie all give their love, Pussy her striped respects. Ned's most little Aunt Emily.'

Once when he had been badly stung by a wasp she wrote to him, —

DEAR NED,

You know I never did like you in those yellow jackets. EMILY.

Another time she wrote to him, —

DEAR NED,

You know that pie you stole? Well this is that pie's brother. Mother told me, when I was a boy, that I must turn over a new leaf. I call that the foliage admonition. Shall I commend it to you? EMILY.

To me, with a knot of her tenderly guarded flowers from her conservatory, she sent this: —

'I am glad it is your birthday. It is this little bouquet's birthday too. Its Father is a very old man by the name of Nature, whom you never saw. Be sure to live in vain, dear. I wish I had.'

The following communication I give just as she sent it to my mother, after the rescue of a favorite cat by my Aunt Lavinia from my brother Gilbert.

'*Memoirs of Little Boys that Live* —

"'Were n't you chasing Pussy?" said Vinnie to Gilbert.

"'No, she was chasing herself."

"But was n't she running pretty fast?"

"Well, some fast and some slow," said the beguiling Villain.

'Pussy's Nemesis quailed. Talk of hoary reprobates! Your urchin is more antique in wiles than the Egyptian Sphinx. Have you noticed Granville's letter to Lowell?

"Her Majesty has contemplated you and reserved her decision!"

In response to some dainty carried to her by my brother Gilbert, she writes, 'What an Embassy! What an Ambassador! "And pays the heart for what his eyes eat only."'¹ Excuse the bearded pronoun.'

It was but one of many illustrations of her familiarity with Shakespeare that kept us as children in excited research for her context. It was, as Colonel Higginson once remarked to me, 'a pretty rarified atmosphere for children not in their teens'; but we regarded Aunt Emily as a magical creature and were proud to be included among her grown-up friends and treated accordingly. We were brought up on her condensed forms and subtle epigram, her droll humor and stabbing pathos, until we felt a lively contempt for people who 'could not understand' Aunt Emily, when our mother read out sentences or poems of hers to guests who begged to hear something she had written. We felt she was always on our side, a nimble as well as loving ally. She never dulled our sunshine with grown-up apprehensions for our good, or hindered our imagination, but rather flew before us like the steeds of Aurora, — straight out into the ether of the Impossible, — as dear to her as to us.

The following she sent my brother Ned after some reputed indiscretion reported of him by harder hearts: —

¹ *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act II, scene 2.

The cat that in the corner sits
Her martial time forgot —
The rat but a tradition now
Of her desireless lot,
Another class reminds me of —
Who neither please nor play,
But — 'not to make a bit of noise' —
Adjure each little boy!

P.S. — Grandma characteristically hopes Neddy will be good boy. Obtuse ambition of Grandma's!

EMILY.

On returning the photograph of a child in Kate Greenaway costume she wrote, —

'That is the little girl I always meant to be and was n't; the very hat I meant to wear and did n't!'

One verse she sent us which particularly hit our fancy was the following:

The butterfly in honored dust
Assuredly will lie,
But none will pass his catacomb
So chastened as the fly.

Here is one she sent us at Christmas time, with one of her beautifully iced cakes: —

The Saviour must have been
A docile gentleman
To come so far, so cold a night,
For little fellow-men.

The road to Bethlehem —
Since he and I were boys —
Has leveled — but for that 'twould be
A rugged billion miles.

The next one she sent to my brother Gilbert, a child in kindergarten, accompanied by a dead bumble-bee: —

*For Gilbert to carry to his Teacher
from Emily*

THE BUMBLE-BEE'S RELIGION

His little hearse-like figure
Unto itself a dirge,
To a delusive lilac
The vanity divulge
Of industry and morals
And every righteous thing,
For the divine perdition
Of idleness and Spring.

All liars shall have their part.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

And let him that is athirst come.

JESUS.

She furthered our childish love of mystery and innocent intrigue on every occasion. With a box of maple sugar purloined for us from the family supply, she sent these laconic instructions, —

Omit to return box. Omit to know you received box.

BROOKS OF SHEFFIELD.

The drollery of Dickens was congenial to her own taste and she was much fascinated with David Copperfield, published when she was twenty-one; many quotations from it became household words. I have often heard her fling back over her shoulder, as she fled from unwelcome visitors, 'Donkeys, Agnes!' And 'Barkis is willin'' is a message that I have carried from her to my mother, before I was old enough to understand what it meant to them.

Again, with stolen sweets smuggled over to us, she wrote, 'The joys of theft are two: first, theft; second, superiority to detection.' Again, under the same piratical circumstances, 'How inspiring to the clandestine mind those words of scripture, "We thank thee, Lord, that thou hast hid these things!"'

III

She did a deal of brilliant trifling in these notes of hers. Here is her comment on the death of the wife of a local doctor whom she disliked: —

DEAR SUE,

I should think she would rather be the Bride of the Lamb than that old Pill-box!

EMILY.

After meeting a friend she had not seen for some years she wrote, —

I saw that the flake was upon it,
But plotted with Time to dispute,
'Unchanged,' I urged,
With a candor
That cost me my honest heart.
'But you,' she returned, with a valor
Sagacious of my mistake —
'Have altered, —
Accept the pillage
For the progress' sake!'

EMILY.

With a Cape jasmine sent to a guest of our inner circle, she wrote, —

'M — will place this little flower in her friend's hand. Should she ask who sent it, tell her as Desdemona did when they asked who slew her — Nobody — Myself.'

After the death of a strictly dull acquaintance of no vital essence, she wrote, —

'With Variations —

'Now I lay thee down to sleep
I pray the Lord thy dust to keep,
If thou should live before thou wake,
I pray the Lord thy soul to make!'

This scrap is Emily at her most audacious: —

My Maker, let me be
Enamoured most of Thee —
But nearer this
I more should miss!

With the gift of a young chicken from the family poultry yard, she sends, —

Accept this Firstling of my flock,
to whom also the Lastling is due. To broil our benefits perhaps is not the highest way?

EMILY.

In a panic lest some cherished plan fall through, she sends this. 'Boast not myself of to-morrow, for "I knowest" not what a noon may bring forth.'

This too is Emily to the core: 'Cherish power, dear; remember that it stands in the Bible between the kingdom and the glory because it is wilder than either.'

Here is her description of her social life as a girl:—

'We go out very little; once in a month or two we both set sail in silks, touch at the principal points and then put into port again. Vinnie cruises about some to transact commerce, but coming to anchor is most I can do.'

But Aunt Emily's intimacies were not confined to visible friends and family: her books and their authors were a vital part of her everyday life and happiness. On the walls of her own room hung framed portraits of Mrs. Browning, George Eliot, and Carlyle. I well remember the diffident question of an old American retainer assisting in the house at the time of Aunt Emily's death, who asked me, after some hesitation, if those people were 'relatives on the Norcross side,'—adding hastily, 'I knew they could not be *Dickinsons*, for I have seen all of them, and they are all good-looking.'

I was both glad and sorry to assure her that their greatness was beyond us to claim for either branch of our family tree.

One little note to my mother was simply this line: 'Thank you, dear, for the Eliot. She is the lane to the Indies Columbus was trying to find.'

Again: 'Dreamed of your meeting Tennyson at Ticknor and Fields last night. Where the treasure is there the brain is also.'

She was a fond reader of *Ik Marvel*; on receiving a copy of *Dream Life*, she wrote, '*Dream Life* is not nearly so great a book as the *Reveries of a Bachelor*, yet I think it full of the very sweetest fancies, and more exquisite language I defy any man to use. On the whole I enjoyed it very much, but I can't help wishing that he had been translated like Enoch of old, after his bachelor reverie, and chariot of fire and the horsemen thereof were all that had been seen of him ever after.'

When Mr. Howells first appeared in the magazine of which Dr. Holland was then the editor, my mother asked Aunt Emily how it happened, the Hollands being intimate in my grandfather's family. A few nights after, Aunt Emily sent over the following correspondence:—

DOCTOR,

How did you snare Howells?

EMILY.

EMILY,

Case of bribery. Money did it.

HOLLAND.

When the *Life and Letters of Samuel Bowles*, her life-long friend, were all but published in 1885, she wrote, —

DEAR SUE,

I can scarcely believe the wondrous book to be written at last, and it seems like a Memoir of the Sun when the Noon is gone. You remember his swift way of wringing and flinging away a theme, and others picking it up and gazing bewildered after him, and the prance that crossed his eye at such times was unrepeatable. Though the Great Waters sleep, that they are still the Deep we cannot doubt.

Then as if in postscript she adds, —

Unable are the dead to die
For love is immortality,
Nay it is Deity.

IV

The joy of mere words was to Aunt Emily like red and yellow balls to the juggler. The animate verb for the inanimate thing, the ludicrous adjective that turned a sentence mountebank in an instant, the stringing of her meaning like a taut bow with just the economy of verbiage possible, the unusual phrase redeemed from usage by her single selected specimen of her vocabu-

lary, — all this was part of her zestful preoccupation.

These instances are characteristic.

'It was like a breath from Gibraltar to hear your voice again, Sue. Your impregnable syllables need no prop to stand.'

'I dreamed of you last night and send a carnation to endorse it.'

'Sister of Ophir. Ah, Peru! subtle the sum that purchase you.'

'No words ripple like Susan's. Their silver genealogy is very sweet to trace: amalgams are abundant, but the lone student of the mines loves alloyless things.'

'Emily is sorry for Susan's day. To be singular under plural circumstances is a becoming heroism.'

'Susan knows she is a Siren and at a word from her Emily would forfeit righteousness —

' Birthday of but a single pang,
That there are less to come —
Afflictive is the adjective
Though affluent the doom.'

'Your little mental gallantries are sweet as chivalry, — which is to me a shining word though I don't know what it means.'

Here are three of those Nature touches which are to be found in her every note or letter of more than a single phrase: —

'It would be good to see the grass and hear the wind blow that wide way through the orchard. Are the apples ripe? Have the wild geese crossed? And did you save the seed of the pond-lily? Do not cease, dear. Should I turn in my long night I should murmur "Sue."'

'Nothing is gone, dear, or no one that you knew. The forests are at home, the mountains intimate at night and arrogant at noon. A lonesome fluency abroad, like suspended music.'

'To take you away leaves but a lower world, your firmamental quality our more familiar sky. It is not Nature,

dear, but those who stand for Nature. The bird would be a soundless thing without expositor. Come home and see your weather; the hills are full of shawls. We have a new man whose name is "Tim." Father calls him "Timothy" and the barn sounds like the Bible!'

Her passion for brevity deducted relentlessly. She refuses an invitation thus, —

Thank Sue, but not to-night. Further nights. EMILY.

After some flash of pleasure, given her by my mother, she wrote, 'Don't do such things. The *Arabian Nights* unfits the heart for its arithmetic.'

I quote at random a few passages from her notes to us.

'A spell cannot be tattered and mended like a coat.'

'No message is the utmost message, for what we tell is done.'

'Trust is better than contract, for one is still, the other moves.'

'The ignominy to receive is eased by the reflection that interchange of infamies is either's antidote.'

'To lose what we never owned might seem an eccentric bereavement, but Presumption has its own affliction as well as claim.'

'Our own possessions, though our own, 't is well to hoard anew, remembering the dimensions of possibility.'

'The things of which we want the proof are those we know the best.'

'Where we owe but little we pay. Where we owe so much it defies money, we are blandly insolvent.'

'Those that are worthy of life are of miracle, for life is miracle and death is harmless as a bee except to those who run.'

'Has *All* a codicil?'

'Adulation is inexpensive, except to him who accepts it. It costs him Himself.'

'There is no first nor last in Forever. It is Centre there all the time. To believe is enough and the right of supposing.'

'In a life that stopped guessing you and I should not feel at home.'

'Tasting the honey and the sting should have ceased with Eden. Pang is the past of peace.'

My brother Gilbert, idolized by Aunt Emily, died at the age of eight years. After days of stricken silence she sent this message to my mother:—

DEAR SUE,

The vision of immortal life has been fulfilled. How simply at the last the fathom comes! The passenger, and not the sea, we find surprises us. Gilbert rejoiced in secrets. His life was panting with them. With what menace of light he cried, 'Don't tell, Aunt Emily!'

My ascended playmate must instruct me now. Show us, prattling preceptor, but the way to thee! He knew no niggard moment. His life was full of boon. The playthings of Dervish were not so wild as his. No crescent was this creature—he traveled free from the Full. Such soar, but never set. I see him in the star and meet his sweet velocity in everything that flies.

His life was like a bugle
Which winds itself away,
His elegy and echo,
His requiem ecstasy.

Dawn and meridian in one, wherefore should he wait, wronged only of

night which he left for us? Pass to thy *rendez-vous* of Light, pangless except for us who slowly ford the mystery which thou hast leapt across!

EMILY.

During the illness which was to prove her last, when unable to see any one, but still with devotion unabated, she wrote, 'How tenderly I thank you, Sue, for every solace! Beneath the Alps the Danube runs.'

And the last line she sent, not long before her death, in response to an entreaty for assurance of her certainty of our love and continuance of her own, was this: 'Remember, dear, that an unmitigated *Yes* is my only reply to your utmost question.'

After her death my mother wrote of her:—

'A Damascus blade gleaming and glancing in the sun, was her wit;—her swift poetic rapture the long glistening note of the bird one hears in June woods at high noon. Like a magician she caught the shadowy apparitions of her brain and tossed them in startling picturesqueness to her friends. So intimate and passionate was her love of Nature, she seemed herself a part of the high March sky or the midsummer day. To her, Life was all aglow with God and Immortality. With no creed, no formulated faith, hardly knowing the names of dogmas, she walked this life with the gentleness and reverence of old Saints, with the firm step of Martyrs who sing while they suffer.'

THE ROCK-LIGHT

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

AY, he must keep his mind clear — must not think
Of those two lying dead, or he'd go mad.
The glitter on the lenses made him blink;
The brass blazed speckless; work was all he had
To keep his mind clear. He must keep it clear
And free of fancies, now that there was none,
None left but him to light the lantern — near
On fourteen hours yet till that blazing sun
Should drop into that quiet oily sea,
And he must light — though it was not his turn:
'T was Jacob's, — Jacob lying quietly
Upon his bed. . . . And yet the light would burn
And flash across the darkness just as though
Nothing had happened, white and innocent,
As if Jake's hand had lit it. None would know,
No seaman steering by it, what it meant
To him, since he'd seen Jacob. . . .

But that way
Lay madness. He, at least, must keep his wits;
Or there'd be none to tell why those two lay . . .
He must keep working, or he'd go to bits.

Ere sunset he must wind the lantern up.
He'd like to wind it now — but 't would go round,
And he'd be fancying . . . Neither bit nor sup
He'd touched this morning; and the clicking sound
Would set his light head fancying . . . Jacob wound
So madly that last time, before . . . But he,
He must n't think of Jacob. He was bound,

THE ROCK-LIGHT

In duty bound, to keep his own wits free
And clear of fancies.

He would think of home.

That thought would keep him whole, when all else failed —
The green door; and the doorstep, white as foam;
The window that blazed bright the night he sailed
Out of the moonlit harbor, — clean and gay
'T would shine this morning in the sun, with white
Dimity curtains, and a grand display
Of red geraniums, glowing in the light.
He always liked geraniums: such a red —
It put a heart in you. His mother, too,
She liked . . .

And she'd be lying still in bed,
And never dreaming! If she only knew!
But he — he must n't think of them just now —
Must keep off fancies . . .

She'd be lying there,
Sleeping so quietly — her smooth white brow
So calm beneath the wisps of silver hair
Slipped out beneath her mitch-frills. She had pride
In those fine caps, and ironed them herself.
The very morning that his father'd died, —
Drowned in the harbor, — turning to the shelf,
She took her iron down, without a word,
And ironed, with her husband lying dead —
As they were lying now. . . . He never heard
Her speak, or saw her look towards the bed.
She ironed, ironed. He had thought it queer —
The little shivering lad perched in his chair,
And hungry — though he dared not speak for fear
His father'd wake, and with wet streaming hair
Would rise up from the bed. . . .

He'd thought it strange
Then, but he understood now, understood.
You'd got to work, or let your fancies range;

And fancies played the devil when they could.
They got the upper hand, if you loosed grip
A moment. Iron frills, or polish brass
To keep a hold upon yourself, not slip
As Jacob slipt. . . .

A very burning-glass
Those lenses were. He'd have to drop off soon,
And find another job to fill the morn,
And keep him going through the afternoon —
And it was not yet five!

Ay, he was born
In the very bed where still his mother slept,
And where his father'd lain — a cupboard bed
Let in the wall, more like a bunk, and kept
Decent with curtains drawn from foot to head
By day, though why — but 't was the women's way:
They always liked things tidy. They were right —
Better to keep things tidy through the day,
Or there would be the devil's mess by night.
He liked things shipshape, too, himself. He took
After his mother in more ways than one.
He'd say this for her — she could never brook
A sloven; and she'd made a tidy son.

'T was well for him that he was tidy, now
That he was left; or how'd he ever keep
His thoughts in hand? The Lord alone knew how
He'd keep them tidy, till . . .

Yet she could sleep.
And he was glad, ay, glad that she slept sound.
It did him good, to think of her so still.
It kept his thoughts from running round and round
Like Jacob in the lighted lantern, till —
God! They were breaking loose! He must keep hold.

On one side, 'Albert Edward, Prince of Wales,'
Framed in cut cork, painted to look like gold —

THE ROCK-LIGHT

On the other a red frigate, with white sails
 Bellying, and a blue pennon fluttering free,
 Upon a sea dead calm. He could n't think,
 As a wee lad, how ever this could be.
 And when he'd asked, his father with a wink
 Had only answered, laughing: Little chaps
 Might think they knew a lot, and had sharp eyes.
 But only pigs could see the wind. Perhaps
 The painter'd no pig by him to advise.

That was his father's way: he'd always jest,
 And chuckle in his beard, with eyes half-shut
 And twinkling . . . Strange to think of them at rest
 And lightless, those blue eyes, beneath that cut
 Where the jagged rock had gashed his brow — the day
 His wife kept ironing those snowy frills,
 To keep herself from thinking how he lay,
 And would n't jest again. It's that that kills —
 The thinking over. . . .

Jacob jested too,
 He'd always some new game, was full of chaff.
 The very morn before the lantern drew —
 Yesterday morn that was, he heard him laugh . . .

Yesterday morn! And was it just last night
 He'd wakened, startled; and run out, to find
 Jacob within the lantern, round the light
 Fluttering like a moth, naked and blind
 And laughing . . . Peter staring, turned to stone . . .
 The struggle . . . Peter killed . . .

And he must keep
 His mind clear at all costs, himself, alone
 On that gray naked rock of the great deep,
 Full forty mile from shore — where there were men
 Alive and breathing at this moment — ay,
 Men who were deep in slumber even then,

And yet would waken and look on the sky.
 He must keep his mind clear, to light the lamp
 Ere sunset; ay, and clear the long night through
 To tell how they had died. He must n't scamp
 The truth — and yet 'twas little that he knew —
 What had come over Jacob in the night
 To send him mad and stripping himself bare . . .
 And how he'd ever climbed into the light —
 And it revolving — and the heat and glare!
 No wonder he'd gone blind — the lenses burning
 And blazing round him; and in each he'd see
 A little naked self — and turning, turning,
 Till, blinded, scorched, and laughing fiendishly,
 He'd dropped. And Peter — Peter might have known
 The truth, if he had lived to tell the tale —
 But Peter'd tripped — and he was left alone . . .

Just thirty hours till he should see the sail
 Bringing them food and letters — food for them;
 Letters from home for them — and here was he
 Shuddering like a boat from stern to stem
 When a wave takes it broadside suddenly.
 He must keep his mind clear . . .

His mother lay

Peacefully slumbering. And she, poor soul,
 Had kept her mind clear, ironing that day —
 Had kept her wits about her, sound and whole —
 And for his sake. Ay, where would he have been,
 If she had let her fancies have their way
 That morning, having seen what she had seen!
 He'd thought it queer. . . . But it was no child's play
 Keeping the upper hand of your own wits.
 He knew that now. If only for her sake,
 He must n't let his fancies champ their bits
 Until they foamed. . . . He must jam on the brake
 Or he . . .

He must think how his mother slept;
 How, soon, she would be getting out of bed;
 Would dress, and breakfast by the window, kept
 So lively with geraniums blazing red;
 Would open the green door, and wash the stone,
 Foam-white enough already; then, maybe,
 She'd take her iron down, and, all alone,
 Would iron, iron, iron steadily —
 Keeping her fancies quiet, till he came . . .

To-morrow, he'd be home: he'd see the white
 Welcoming threshold, and the window's flame,
 And her grave eyes kindling with kindly light.

CLASS-CONSCIOUSNESS AND THE 'MOVIES'

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

I

MOTION pictures, or the 'movies' as they are popularly called, are a development of the twentieth century. We can all remember when they were unknown; then a considerable period when they were exhibited in the vaudeville houses, always at the end of the programme—the good-night act; then the time, scarcely more than a decade ago, when little theatres began to crop out devoted exclusively to motion pictures, and charging an admission fee of only five or ten cents. At the present time it is almost safe to say that there is not a town of over five thousand inhabitants in the country without its motion-picture theatre, and in many

sections the films are exhibited at least once a week in towns as small as one thousand. Various calculations have been made to determine the number of people who daily attend the movies in the United States, the figures ranging from an inside estimate of four million, to an outside figure of ten million. Even the smaller estimate is sufficiently impressive, but probably, in prosperous times at least, the higher is more nearly correct. Ten per cent of our population, then, are patrons of the motion pictures.

These facts, I am aware, have been stated over and over, to the point of weariness, and various interpretations put upon them, or deductions drawn from them. It has been pointed out,

with truth, that the motion pictures, owing to their cheap price of admission and their extreme mobility, have added an entirely new source of amusement for small communities, where in the old days regular, or even, sometimes, occasional, dramatic entertainment was out of the question. It has also been pointed out that in the larger communities an individual, and more especially a family, can secure an evening of relaxation and entertainment much more frequently than before, because the head of a household, for example, can take his wife and three children to the movies for the price of one gallery seat at a regular playhouse. It has been still further pointed out that not only is the outlay smaller, but the return is more certain, and the sense of disappointment less, also, if the entertainment does not please. At the motion-picture theatre more than one drama is presented — often four or five. At least one of them is bound to please. Paying five times as much admission even to the top gallery, the patron of the spoken drama, in any town except the few large centres, is generally taking chances with an unknown play and unknown players. The smallest town, however, sees the same motion-picture players as the largest — there are no second companies in the film world. John Bunny and Mary Pickford 'star' in a hundred towns at once.

The result has been, so the theatre managers themselves agree, not only the practical extinction of the cheaper melodramas which used to cater to 'the masses,' the 'ten-twenty-thirts,' as they were called, plays which had no literary quality whatever, and were never so well done as film-players do the same sort of thing, but also the practical desertion of the gallery seats for dramas of the better sort. A generation ago it would have been almost inconceivable that a man would build a theatre with-

out any gallery in it. Yet Mr. Ames's Little Theatre in New York has not only no gallery, but no balcony. It is simply a drawing-room with the floor tilted. A second theatre with no balcony is now being erected in New York, and several of the newest houses have no gallery. The day of the gods is over.

Now, just what does all this mean? It means, the optimists will tell you, that the masses of the people are getting at last cheap amusement, on the whole of a good grade. Better and better productions are being made by the motion-picture firms, better actors are appearing on the screens, the Pathé Frères are presenting interesting and truly educational pictures of current events all over the world, a board of censors sees to it that objectionable film-dramas are for the most part eliminated, and the spoken drama is learning to adapt itself successfully to the new conditions. There appear to be just as many regular theatres as ever, and an even greater interest among educated people in the art of the playhouse. Moreover, as the motion pictures improve in quality, these same optimists say, they will 'educate' many of their patrons to a desire for higher things. They will act as a school of appreciation for the spoken drama; they will breed new audiences for the legitimate playhouse.

This is a comforting — and a comfortable — view. It is a view we all wish we could hold. The present writer stuck to it as long as he could. But one does not need to be a Marxian Socialist, it seems to me, to detect, with a little thought and some observation of actual conditions, the economic basis of motion-picture popularity, and to feel that, so long as that economic basis exists, the breach between the film drama and the spoken drama will always exist also. You cannot, of

course, draw any hard-and-fast line which will not be crossed at many points. In Atlanta, Georgia, for example, you may often see automobiles parked two deep along the curb in front of a motion-picture theatre, which hardly suggests an exclusively proletarian patronage. It does, however, suggest that Atlanta has a meagre supply of the higher type of dramatic entertainment. On the other hand, when Sothorn and Marlowe used to play Shakespeare at the old Academy of Music or the Manhattan Opera House in New York, the galleries were always packed with a proletarian audience. Nevertheless it is perfectly safe to say that in the larger towns, where the higher-priced drama coexists with the motion-picture plays, the line of cleavage is sharply drawn in the character of the audience, and this line is the same line which marks the proletariat from the *bourgeoisie* and capitalist class.

In the smaller towns, of course, the line is much less sharply drawn, and in the villages, where 'regular plays' never come, it is hardly drawn at all. But it is just in these villages, also, we must note, where modern industrialism has its least hold, that elder American institutions and social conditions most persist. In the average American village of a few thousand souls, even today, you will not find class-consciousness developed. The proletariat is not aware of itself. The larger the town, the greater the degree of class-consciousness — and the sharper the line of cleavage between the audiences at the spoken drama and at the movies. Indeed, in a certain New England city of thirty-five thousand people, a concerted attempt was made two years ago by several wealthy men to provide good theatrical fare. They purchased the best theatre in the town and installed an excellent stock company. The gal-

lery seats sold for as low as ten cents, thus competing with the movies. But the theatre was on the 'fashionable' side of town, it was looked upon by the six thousand mill operatives and their families (constituting a proletariat which numbered more than fifty per cent of the population) as something that belonged to the other class — and they would not go near it. Consequently the well-meant attempt was a failure, while the movies continued to flourish as the green bay tree.

That is, perhaps, in the present state of things, an extreme example, showing rather how matters are going to be than how they generally are. At present, it is certainly not necessary to find any definite state of feeling to explain the cleavage between the two audiences. The economic explanation is quite sufficient.

Testifying recently before the United States Commission on Industrial Relations, Scott Nearing, of the Economics Department of the University of Pennsylvania, said, 'I believe that half of the adult wage-earners of the United States get less than \$500 a year; I believe that three fourths get less than \$750 a year; and I believe that nine tenths get less than \$1000. A careful survey of all the wage-literature published shows that the wage-worker who gets \$1500 is an extraordinary, a unique, exception.'

Bearing these facts in mind, — and they are hardly to be disputed in their larger aspects, though there may be some exaggeration in the figures, or at any rate some mitigating circumstances which Mr. Nearing does not take into account, — how ridiculous it is to expect the wage-worker in New York, Boston, or Chicago, where even gallery seats (good gallery seats, at any rate) are fifty cents each, and where some theatres have no galleries, to take his wife and family to

enjoy the art of Mrs. Fiske or Forbes-Robertson, to see the productions of Frohman and Belasco, to be uplifted by Shakespeare or cheered by Cohan or made thoughtful by Galsworthy or tickled and provoked by Shaw! If fifty per cent of the wage-workers of these cities receive but \$500 a year, you can figure for yourself, gentle reader, what proportion of a week's pay it would require for the father in this class to take his wife and two children to the theatre. Even supposing that his yearly wages reach the enormous figure of \$1000 a year, so that he is earning \$20 a week, the father of a family would probably think twice before he invested two dollars in seats to 'Hamlet' or 'The Follies of 1914.'

Out on the road, to be sure, the prices are frequently scaled down, and it becomes possible to see a play for twenty-five cents instead of fifty; but even at that rate a wage-earner will think a long time before investing. Moreover, the motion-picture theatre, where he does go for his evening's relaxation, is almost always much nearer to his home, possibly saving him an additional expense in carfare. If he has children, he can take three of them as well as his wife for the price of one gallery seat at the regular theatre — and, what is an important point to consider, he will not be segregated from the rest of the audience, the 'shirt-front' contingent below stairs, the class which employs him by day. He will sit on the ground floor, with his own kind, feeling as it were a kind of proprietorship in the playhouse. Here he is apart from his daytime distinctions of class; he is in an atmosphere of independence. He is paying as much as anybody else, and getting as good a seat. It will require a tremendous deal of 'educating' before you can persuade such a man to invest a dollar and a quarter instead of twenty-five cents, out of a yearly wage of

\$500, on a single evening's entertainment, and to invest it in a theatre where he enters by the back stairs.

No, so long as the economic structure of our society remains as it is, and so long as our theatres are conducted as they are at present, the movies will not be to any appreciable extent a training school for audiences, fitting them for an appreciation of the spoken drama; nor will the movies grow any fewer in the land. Instead, the line of demarcation between theatrical audiences and movie audiences will grow ever sharper, the one representing entirely the *bourgeoisie* and upper classes, and the other the proletariat. The movies will become ever more powerfully a factor in the growth of class-consciousness. Already, as I have indicated, this result may be seen in the legitimate theatres as well as in the movie houses.

When theatres are built without galleries or balconies, when they are decorated like drawing-rooms and no seat is sold for less than two dollars, or even two dollars and a half, what chance is there of a democratic audience? More and more our playhouses are shrinking in size. There has not been a theatre built to house dramas in New York in recent years which could not almost be placed on the stage of the old Boston Theatre. This is said to be a result of the changed conditions of the drama itself, modern realism having dictated an intimate type of playhouse. In part that is true — but only in part. It is almost equally true that in recent years the managers (who would not care a snap about the proper presentation of intimate drama if they could fill the Metropolitan Opera House with it improperly presented, or with something else) found that they could not fill the larger houses. The upper galleries were just so much waste space. Their support came from what they

call 'the two-dollar crowd.' Therefore they built for the two-dollar crowd — they built gilded drawing-rooms. That development continues to-day. So does the development of the movies. Already the spoken drama and the silent drama are far apart. Each is the amusement, the pastime, of a separate and antagonistic class.

II

I do not think that it would be at all difficult to show that this is bound to have a bad effect on the spoken drama, but I am rather less concerned with that phase of the question here than with the effect on the proletariat. It is surely a matter of record that the great periods of the drama have been coincident with periods of national awakening — true of all branches of the arts, perhaps. The Athenian drama and the Athenian state went hand in hand, for instance. The name of Shakespeare and the name of Drake can hardly be separated. Ibsen and modern Norway were a joint growth. The drama in France has always been close to the consciousness of the nation. We have no native opera in America; it is an imported pastime of the capitalist class — as we may call them in this paper, which set out with a title borrowed from the Socialists. But you may hear any Italian laborer digging a ditch or laying a railroad burst into an air from Verdi, because opera is his national speech. To think of Vienna is to think of Johann Strauss. We have as yet no body of American drama worthy of the name. Bronson Howard, James A. Herne, and Clyde Fitch gave us the beginnings of such a drama, and other men still living and active have striven to carry on the work, men especially like Eugene Walter and Augustus Thomas. But of late there has been a disappointing lack of progress.

It is not that dramas are not written

by Americans, or even that they are not well written by Americans. George Cohan's *Seven Keys to Baldpate* was extraordinarily well written — or shall we say well made? Rather it is that they never get down to national fundamentals, that they have no intellectual seriousness (which does not mean tragedy, or even necessarily any lack of comedy, as our present-day audiences seem to suppose). When Clyde Fitch's play, *The Truth*, was revived last winter after nine years, it was almost shocking to see how much more seriously he took his task as a dramatist than our entertainers of the hour. He was tracking down a woman's character; the hunt that thrilled was the hunt for her soul.

To-day the plot is the thing, and just now the dramatist who can give a new and unexpected twist to a 'situation' or tell his story backward is acclaimed as king. Is this not a symptom of sophistication? Is not sophistication bound to come in at the window when the proletariat goes out by the door, even if it is the back door? It is always true, I think, that a person who has never been obliged to earn his own living lacks a certain solidarity of view that neither sympathy nor good intentions nor moral character can supply. Just so the wage-earners of a nation, who have lived perpetually close to the sterner realities, supply an element which the drama needs, which it must have, to achieve the universality and power demanded of any truly national expression in the arts. A theatre without a gallery means a drama without a soul.

No doubt this point could be elaborated upon at considerable length, but after all it less concerns our present discussion than does the effect of the movies upon the proletariat. When we speak of class-consciousness, we do not mean the consciousness of 'class.' Cer-

tain people have always been quite conscious that they were superior beings, even in democracies like our own. There is nothing new about that. But what we mean by class-consciousness, as a revolutionist term, is the consciousness of the proletariat; not that it is socially inferior at present, but that it proposes to be economically equal in the future, and that this result is to be achieved by concerted class-action, whether forcible or parliamentary.

The growth of this idea, of this class-consciousness, is something every revolutionist is working for, and anything which will increase that growth is looked upon as so much gain by many. In 1881, for example, at the time of the Nihilist agitation in Russia, a great and brutal anti-Semitic rising occurred, and there were leaders of the revolutionist movement who looked upon this as a blessing, because those who beat and robbed and murdered the Jewish 'usurers' were mostly Russian peasants, and their concerted action meant that they were achieving class-consciousness. The argument is grotesquely horrible, of course, yet it was seriously made. In like manner the Syndicalists — represented in this country by the I.W.W. — are perfectly willing, in order to strike a blow, however blind, at Capitalism and increase class-consciousness, to encourage *sabotage* with all its demoralizing effect on the moral tone of the workmen themselves. From the Syndicalist's point of view, then, surely, the movies should be regarded as a blessing, as an aid in the growth of class-consciousness, for they are rapidly segregating the theatrical amusement of the proletariat from the theatrical amusement of the master class, and drawing the line of social cleavage more and more sharply.

But any sound Socialist should tell you — what you yourself who are not

a Socialist will readily concur in — that any injury to the capitalists which does not result in a corresponding gain to the working class, is folly; and equally he should tell you — and equally you will concur — that any growth in class-consciousness which is accomplished at the expense of the moral, intellectual or spiritual fibre of the proletariat is a dubious gain if not a distinct backward step. In practically shutting off the proletariat from the spoken drama, as we are doing (our New England city of 35,000 showed a proletariat of at least 20,000 who would not or did not attend the legitimate playhouse), and throwing them back on an exclusive amusement diet of motion pictures, what are we doing to them? Are we helping them or harming them? Should their own leaders rejoice at a gain in class-consciousness, or consider gravely the other side of the balance, — the loss of romance, of poetry, of intellectual stimulation, — all the varied æsthetic appeal of the most universal of the fine arts, the art of the theatre?

I am perfectly well aware that many people will consider this question of but trivial importance. I am also well aware that many others will retort, and retort truly, that very often the movies are an excellent institution, supplying innocent amusement, often educational in value, to people who would otherwise be without resources for amusement. I do not for a moment deny it. In the smaller towns the movies are a boon. I myself would infinitely rather see *Cabiria* on the motion-picture screen, for that matter, than half the melodramas on Broadway. But the small town which never had an amusement centre till the movies came is far from the heart of the problem, and *Cabiria* and its kind are far from the normal motion picture. The question is not between the movies and nothing,

but between the movies, the average five- and ten-cent movies (*Cabiria* was exhibited on Broadway at a dollar a seat) and the spoken drama—in other words, between a semi-mechanical pantomime and a fine art.

Let us put the matter a little differently. In our schools we attempt to teach the best literature, to inculcate ideals of good music and sound art. We open museums and establish free libraries. Why? For the simple reason that we believe, and rightly believe, that a knowledge and love of these better things is a bulwark of our civilization. We do not open museums of fine paintings for one class, and museums of photographic reproductions of poor paintings for the proletariat. That would be inconceivable. We do not establish libraries of the world's choice literature for one class, and, for the proletariat, provide endless editions of dime novels. That, too, would be inconceivable. In our socialistic institution, the school, we give alike to all; in our socialistic institution, the public library, we give alike to all; even in our semi-philanthropic institution, the museum, we give alike to all; and always for the same reason, that our civilization may be bulwarked to its foundation by what we call culture.

But what of the drama, the most universal, the most vividly appealing, the most direct and potent of the arts? Many people read but occasionally. Still more are but slightly reached, if at all, through the medium of pure vision—by painting and sculpture. Yet the drama goes home to everybody, old and young, rich and poor, educated and uneducated. It has ever been so, and will ever be so. It is inherent in our very natures. So instinctive is our response to it that it has almost never been regarded as 'cultural' or 'educational.' It is regarded as amusement. We are all willing to pay for it, within our

means. How can it fail, then, to reach us more surely than any other art? how can it fail, in a deeper, truer sense, to be potentially of the very highest cultural value?

Think for a moment of the place that Shakespeare holds in the culture of the race! Shakespeare was a dramatist, and his plays, conned dully in our schools, live on the stage to move us. Had Shakespeare the dramatist failed Shakespeare the poet would have been forgotten these many years. Your memory and mine, going back over our lives, conjure up recollection after recollection of happy hours in the theatre, when we have wept and laughed with Jefferson, grown sad with Booth till he lifted us up to a never-to-be-forgotten vision of those flights of angels singing him to rest, known the fever and the heartache of romantic love with Miss Marlowe on Juliet's balcony, thrilled to the staccato tones of Mrs. Fiske, or pondered the paradoxes of existence in the provocative plays of G. B. S. Amusement, yes; but how much more! The charm of personality affecting us, the roll of poetry in our ears, the thrill of climax, the rattle of repartee, the spell of romance, the enlivening spectacle of social contrasts worked out under our gaze, the stimulation of intellectual reflection on the concrete facts of life, the glamour of beauty, of lights, of stage pictures—that is the theatre, that and how much else besides! Is it not a part of our cultural equipment, is it not knit in the very fibre of our civilization?

And what have the movies to offer in its place? I want to be fair to them. They offer geographical pictures of educational value, as well as pictures illustrating current events and natural history. Occasionally, a film has some real historical worth, like *Cabiria*, or, like the same film, some real pictorial charm. But when that is said, you have

said nearly all possible. They are capable of expressing more personality than a static photograph, of course; but please try to imagine the princely quality of Forbes-Robertson's Hamlet, that concrete emanation of a lofty ideal, in a motion picture! They have a cruel realism which at once dulls the imagination and destroys the illusive romance of art. They are utterly incapable of intellectual content. That could be deduced had you never seen one. After seeing hundreds and hundreds, as I have done, experience tells you that only the skeleton of narrative is possible, and usually that narrative is utterly banal. All poetry, all music, all flash of wit, all dignity of spoken eloquence, they can never know.

There can be no Shakespeare in the movies, no Shaw, no Booth, no Jefferson, no Gilbert and Sullivan, no Johann Strauss, no Julia Marlowe or Mrs. Fiske. What does it matter if such as these latter players act before the screen? 'Mrs. Fiske in Tess' is announced in the motion-picture houses, but you almost weep when you witness that travesty on her poignant art, that reduction of a soul-gripping play to a poor pantomimic skeleton, like an illustrated report in a Hearst newspaper.

Impersonal — that is the word which perhaps describes the motion picture better than mechanical. You view the dumb actions of human beings as through a glass. We all know how difficult it is, when sitting in a café at the next table to a group of strangers whose talk we overhear, to find anything amusing in the jokes which they enjoy. We are not in contact with them, and our own personality, with all that it implies, is not called forth. In the motion pictures we do not even overhear the talk. There is no talk. We see the actions of puppets, but it has little meaning oftentimes, and to our personality

there is no call whatever. Yet it is the very essence of the value of amusements that in them, because they are spontaneous, our personalities have freest play, and in the life of the child particularly the individual is thus most effectively developed. The coöperation between audience and actor in a fine play is something which baffles analysis, perhaps, but is too real to question; and after such an experience both the actor and the audience feel that some change has occurred within them. But no more change is possible to the audience at a motion picture than if they viewed some far-off action of strangers in dumb show through a window. The soul is not reached.

III

Such is the theatre, such are the movies; 'and never the twain shall meet.' Who can say that a class-consciousness gained by the loss of the former is an advantage, either to the proletariat themselves or to our nation? What is the subtle but incalculable loss to the next generation?

It will doubtless be urged by many that this result, however unfortunate, is inevitable, that it is a natural evolution. What a comfortable answer that always is! It is a natural evolution, yes — of our present system. But it is only inevitable on the supposition that our present system is irrevocable, a supposition which few of us any longer hold. The theatre is now entirely conducted in America under a system of competitive capitalism; but we long ago took our schools away from such management, and our libraries. There is nothing to prevent our doing the same with our theatres, except the weight of public opinion.

We have not yet realized the place of the theatre in the life of a nation. Still Puritans at heart, we do not yet

believe that anything we enjoy so much can be of value to our souls! The democratizing of the drama on the Continent has been accomplished under benevolent despotism — and think of the gains which have resulted to all the allied arts of the theatre! Such a method would be impossible here, no doubt, without the sanction of the popular vote. With that sanction, we should achieve a socialized theatre, and the superbly direct and vivid arts of the playhouse would be open to all, and in them all would feel proprietorship.

Every municipality large enough to support a theatre comfortably should have a municipal playhouse, not of the tiny and 'intimate' type, but large enough to provide many seats competing in price with the movies; and in the trusteeship and management of this theatre the proletariat should have equal share. In the larger centres there should be branch theatres, just as there are branch libraries, for the performance, under the simplest of conditions and at the minimum price, of fine plays close to the homes of the workers. When we think that the plays of Galsworthy were first performed in America at Hull House, we need not fear the lack of proletarian appreciation. That appreciation is essential, indeed, to the dramatist who would grapple with fun-

damental things, and without it no large body of serious national drama is likely ever to be written.

But here is neither the time nor the space to expand a scheme for a civic theatre. My purpose was to show the need therefor, a need which has arisen in our nation just in proportion as a proletariat has arisen, and which is now emphasized and made more insistent by the growth of the movies with the consequent deflection of almost the entire wage-earning population away from the spoken drama to the infinitely inferior and spiritually stultifying mechanical film-play. And with the steady increase of class-consciousness effected by this cleavage, the task of bridging the gulf again will be rendered constantly more difficult, if only because the proletariat will become constantly less susceptible to finer æsthetic appeals.

The problem, if it is ever tackled at all, will perhaps be given up as hopeless by the leaders of our present régime; it will be labeled a Utopian dream. But Utopian dreams are just what the Socialists thrive upon. The civic theatre is hereby commended to them, as a needed propaganda. Thrilling songs may yet be sung and stirring dramas written to the steady tramp of revolution!

RELIGION AND THE SCHOOLS

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN

I

THE place of religion in popular education is not a new problem, but it bids fair to be one of considerable urgency in the near future. In all the more advanced nations the government has assumed the responsibility for the education of the people; and, at the same time, in most of these nations, the government has been gradually withdrawing its hand from the direction of the religious life of the people. As a necessary consequence of both these tendencies the religious element in popular education has been constantly diminishing. In our own country we may say that religious teaching has practically disappeared from the public schools. By many good citizens this fact is greatly deplored. All our Roman Catholic neighbors point to it as a radical defect in our system of popular education, and assert that it is having grave consequences in the godlessness and immorality of the generations thus neglected; and many earnest Protestants substantially agree with them.

The non-Catholic elements in our population are, however, divided in sentiment upon this question, many of them maintaining that this exclusion of religious teaching from the public schools is the only possible policy; that, because of the conflicting views concerning religion, the state can by no means undertake to determine what shall be taught, and that such an attempt would violate the spirit of our Constitution, which forbids the govern-

ment to impose upon its citizens any religious observances. Not only by secularists and agnostics, but by many stanch churchmen is this denial of the right of the political power to prescribe religious instruction or practice of any kind strongly maintained.

II

The Roman Catholics, for their part, carry their objection to the non-religious character of our public schools so far that they have withdrawn a large proportion of their children from the lower grades, and are educating them at their own expense in parochial schools. According to late figures there are now in such schools more than 1,000,000 pupils, under the care of 20,000 teachers, at an annual cost of more than \$15,000,000¹, — the property devoted to this purpose amounting to \$100,000,000. It is a great price that our Roman Catholic brethren are willing to pay, that their children may be religiously educated.

Most of these parochial schools are elementary schools; it is deemed especially important that the younger children be thoroughly instructed in the principles of religion; it is assumed that those thus grounded in the faith will be less likely to be drawn away from it in the later stages of their pupilage. Great efforts are being made, however, by the Catholics to develop their secondary schools. It is also true that the

¹ Other figures taken from the same article make the cost much less. See below.

parochial schools are generally confined to the cities and large towns; in the rural districts the Catholic children attend the common schools. The church authorities strictly require the erection of separate schools wherever possible; but they recognize the difficulty of maintaining them among sparse populations, and in such cases permit their children to make use of the local schools. 'It has been estimated,' says one authority, 'that from one fourth to one third of the number of Catholic children of school age live in country districts. In towns and cities, therefore, where alone it is possible, generally speaking, to build and maintain Catholic schools, it may be said that all but about one fourth to one sixth of the Catholic population attending school is being educated in the parish schools. The number of children in the parish schools is also steadily increasing.'¹

The parochial schools are sometimes 'pay' schools, supported by fees collected from the parents; but more often they are a charge upon the parish, and are made free to the pupils. Most of the teachers belong to religious orders; the average salary of females is from \$200 to \$300, and of males, \$300 to \$400. That is, the salaries are about half as large as those of public-school teachers. 'It has been estimated,' says the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, 'that the average annual per capita cost of parish-school education in the United States is eight dollars.' This would mean that the 1,237,251 pupils in the parish schools during 1909-10 cost approximately for that year \$9,898,008. The education of the same pupils in the public schools for the same year would, according to the estimate referred to, cost approximately \$30,511,000; and if the annual interest on the necessary property investment were added, the total would be upwards of \$34,000,000.

¹ *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, xiii, 579.

The reasons given by the Roman Catholics for this withdrawal of their children are briefly these. Religion is the foundation of character, and the first essential of education. It can no more be separated from education than light can be separated from color. It is the supreme interest in the training of the child. It requires to be made a constant element in all the processes of teaching. Morality cannot be adequately taught apart from religion. It is by no means sufficient to teach religion one day in seven; it must be made an integral part of the life of every day. All the relations of teacher and pupil, and of the pupils with one another, should be hallowed by it. Many of the subjects taught in the school cannot be correctly taught apart from their religious implications. Because the state cannot teach religion, the state cannot adequately conduct the work of educating its youth. For agnostics and for non-Catholics, to whom these interests of religion are not vital, the state may maintain secular schools; but Roman Catholics must not entrust the souls of their children to such defective care.

This puts a considerable burden on the Catholic citizens, who are taxed, of course, to maintain the public schools. They maintain that this is an injustice, and they are asking for relief. It does not seem to be practicable to remit that portion of the tax which is expended on the schools, and the alternative is a plea for the subsidizing of Catholic parish schools from the public treasury. Concerning this we are told that there is not entire unanimity among Catholics; that there are those who object to such subvention on the ground that the schools would thus be in danger of losing their independence, since state aid would necessarily mean some measure of inspection and regulation by the public authorities. Rather than risk

this interference they would continue to bear their present burden. Most of the Catholic leaders, however, appear to be willing to face that peril, and the demand for state aid to parochial schools is likely soon to be articulate and urgent.

III

The Lutherans are also to be reckoned with in this matter of public education. They agree substantially with the Roman Catholics with respect to the primacy of religion among the essentials of education. They hold that a training from which definite religious instruction is omitted is radically defective. This, at least, is true of the Central and Western synods, comprising more than half of the 2,123,245 communicant members. The Eastern synods are less strenuous in this demand. But among the Central and Western congregations of this church there were last year no less than 6085 parochial schools, with 295,581 pupils. Each of these schools is a purely congregational enterprise; it is supported, as the pastor is supported, by the voluntary contributions of the communicants. Fees are charged, however, in some cases.

In some places, as in my own city, the parochial school coöperates with the public-school system. There are several Lutheran churches, but there is only one parochial school, and its course of instruction covers only the seventh and eighth grades. Up to and including the sixth grade, the children attend the public school; then they pass to the parochial school, where the course of study is the same as in the public schools, but there is added thereto 'religious instruction, embracing Bible history, catechism, hymns, and Bible reading'; at the end of the eighth grade the pupils are admitted to the examinations of the public schools and then pass into the high school. In such

cases the Lutherans content themselves with keeping their children separate from the rest for only a portion of the elementary period; with two years of systematic religious instruction they are fain to be satisfied. But in a large majority of the western congregations the curriculum of the parochial schools covers the entire eight elementary grades.

In their attitude toward the state, however, the Lutherans differ widely from the Roman Catholics. With them there is no question as to the entire separation of state and church. They maintain that the state has no right to teach religion, and that there must be no attempt at religious instruction in the public schools. Religion must be left wholly to the family and the church. For this purpose the parochial schools are provided. But the Lutherans refuse all state subventions. The burden of maintaining religious instruction for their children they will bear. They do not decry the public schools; they insist that the state must furnish them, and they gladly bear their share of that expense; but the education of their own children they prefer to keep, so far as possible, in their own hands.

IV

I have tried to state as fairly as possible the position of both these large groups upon the troublesome question. What shall be said about the points raised by these dissentients against our system of public education?

It will be observed that I have quoted no serious charges against the efficiency of the schools as teaching organizations, or against the moral character of the pupils trained in them. Such charges are sometimes made by fervid orators and heated partisans, but in the sober discussions of the principles at issue to which we are confining

ourselves, not much emphasis is laid on these complaints. It is true that various social disturbances and moral irregularities are sometimes pointed to as evidence that society is decadent, and this decadence is laid at the doors of our system of public education. But in the first place it is by no means clear that on the whole the world is growing worse; and in the second place it is far less evident that whatever failure exists is to be charged mainly to defects in our public schools. Other and deeper causes are in plain sight. The trouble is in the homes far more than in the schools. The schools are not doing all that they might do to give us better citizens, but they are doing much, and their service must not be undervalued. My own belief is that, saying nothing about the intellectual gains which the pupils make in the public schools, they come forth, as a rule, from their pupilage with higher ideals, better principles, and greater fitness for the duties of citizenship than they would have had if they had spent all those years in the society of their own parents. This is far from being true of some of them, but I believe that it is true of the great majority.

The attempt to put upon the public schools the blame for whatever defects may be charged upon public morality is not justified by the facts. The public schools are doing much to sustain and invigorate public morals. In many of the institutions in which teachers are trained, careful instruction is given in the teaching of morals. *Religious Education*, the journal of the Religious Education Association, gives, in its numbers for 1910 and 1911, extended and careful reports of the methods used in several states for the systematic instruction of the pupils in the principles of morality. In those states where no such direct instruction is given, the emphasis is laid upon indirect teaching;

the belief being that moral principles are involved in all the relations of the pupils with each other and with their teachers, and that every act and every exercise of the schoolroom comes under moral law.

It may safely be said that many schools in which morals are never taught from textbooks, or by formal exercises, furnish a most stimulating drill in the higher and finer moralities every day. Many of us know teachers, who, without much preaching, convey, in all their intercourse with their pupils, the influences and qualities which purify and invigorate character. A considerable acquaintance with teachers impresses me with the belief that the feeling of their responsibility for the moral welfare of their pupils, and their appreciation of the values of character, are steadily deepening among them. No profession is so sacred that shallow and self-seeking persons do not find a place in it; but I believe that as much seriousness and devotion may be found among the teachers of our common schools as among any other class of persons — the clergy not excepted.

It is not true that the public schools are undermining public morality. Nor is it fair to speak of them as godless, if that phrase connotes impiety. They are un-religious, but they are not irreligious. They do not teach religion, but they are not responsible for the lack of religion, if such a lack can be demonstrated, nor for the ignorance of religious subjects which, it must be confessed, is widespread and deplorable.

It is not the business of the public schools to teach religion. Originally, doubtless, in all Christian lands, it was the primary function of the schools. They were organized and controlled by the churches; they taught the Bible and the creeds and the catechisms: what little instruction they gave in what we call the secular branches was ancillary

to the higher purpose of imparting to the children the knowledge of God which is necessary to salvation. That was even true of the first public schools in New England. The government of Massachusetts was a theocracy; church and state were one; the schools supported by taxation were designed to give religious instruction. But with the separation of the church from the state this ceased to be the function of the public school, and for more than a century religious instruction in the common school has been purely incidental; the responsibility for that has been definitely placed upon the church and the home.

v

When religious society was more homogeneous, in the days which some of us remember, it was possible to have at the opening of the school day some brief devotional exercises — the reading of the Bible, and, in some instances, a prayer by the teacher. Through all my boyhood this was the custom in the common school; and when I began to teach school, in New York and Massachusetts, during the sixth decade of the last century, that duty devolved on me. The impression left on my mind is that the service was rather perfunctory; it did not have, nor was it expected to have, any marked effect upon the life of the school; it was a decency to be observed, that was all.

Certain it is that no valuable knowledge of the Bible was gained from that hasty and desultory reading; nor was there religion enough in that exercise to leaven, to any perceptible extent, the life of the school.

Whether there was more religion in those days than in these may be an open question; of a certain type of pietism there was, no doubt, much more. The type of religious experience has

changed; people have different ways of expressing their faith and hope and love; I should like to believe that there is quite as much of the real thing now as ever there was.

But one thing is undeniable: knowledge of the Bible is far less general now than it was in the days of my childhood. That amazing familiarity with the sacred Book with which John Richard Green credits the people of England in the days of the Commonwealth, had persisted until my boyhood among the sons of the Puritans and the Scotch Irish in New England and in New York State. It was not universal, but it was general. The kind of tests by which college students and students in secondary schools are frequently, in these days, made to display an ignorance of the Bible which is astounding, could have been passed with credit by the majority of country boys and girls sixty or seventy years ago. But this thorough acquaintance of earlier generations with the Bible was not due, to any considerable extent, to the public school. All that we learned about the Bible in school would have added very little to our store of religious knowledge. It was in our churches and our Sunday schools, but chiefly in our homes, that most of us learned what we knew about the Bible.

The great majority of us went to church twice every Sunday, and the preaching was largely Biblical and expository. Sunday school gathered all the children together between the morning and afternoon services; and the Sunday-school class-exercise was occupied almost wholly with the recitation of verses from the Bible, committed to memory by the pupils. Lesson leaves, lesson helps, question books, were unknown in my earliest boyhood; the Bible was the only book used in the Sunday school. Some Biblical book was studied in course, and the task

assigned was the committing to memory of a verse a day, seven verses a week. The teacher simply heard his pupils recite the verses. One by one they rose before him and repeated the words of the lesson. Much was made of accuracy in the recitation; such sacred words must not be haltingly or blunderingly spoken. Many of the teachers asked few or no questions; their function was fulfilled when they had 'heard the verses' and collected the pennies.

It will be seen that it was not even to the Sunday school that the children of an elder day were chiefly indebted for their knowledge of the Bible. The work was practically all done at home. The learning of the Sunday-school lesson was attended to by the parents, usually on Saturday afternoon or Saturday evening.

Recalling my own experience, which was by no means exceptional, I committed to memory and recited in Sunday school, between my seventh year and my sixteenth, the whole of the four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, portions of the Epistles, the story of Joseph, from the thirty-seventh chapter of Genesis to the close of the book (omitting the thirty-eighth chapter), with quite a number of the Psalms; and not one verse of all this did I learn in Sunday school; it was all committed to memory at home. It was not possible that I should forget this task; those who had the care of me made sure that my lesson was ready every Sunday morning.

Family worship, also, in those old times, was not universally, but was quite generally, practiced; morning and evening the whole family assembled and a chapter was read, usually 'verse about,' each child with a Bible taking his turn in the reading. The reading was always in course, and in this way the entire Bible was read through several

times during my boyhood. Ordinarily we skipped the lists of names in the Chronicles, but once we labored through most of them, with some uncertainties of pronunciation — perhaps for the reason which a friend of mine once gave me: 'If I should happen to meet one of those old duffers in heaven, it would be rather awkward to have to confess that I had never heard of him.'

In most of the Puritan families of the early day the Westminster Shorter Catechism was also memorized; and when the children were required to look up the proof texts in the Bible it became necessary to know where Job and Galatians and Hosea and Romans could be found. If a list of a dozen books of the Bible were placed in the hands of pupils of our modern Sunday schools, not one in ten of them would answer correctly the question of the location of these books in the Old or the New Testament. I make that statement on the strength of tests which have been applied to pupils of more than average intelligence. Seventy years ago such ignorance would have been considered astounding.

Another cause that contributed to the popular knowledge of the Scriptures in an earlier generation was the prevalence of sectarian controversy. Many points of doctrine were hotly debated. The mode of baptism was always under discussion; the points at issue between Calvinists and Arminians were never out of sight; the Universalists had to defend themselves constantly against charges of heresy; the Seventh-Day Baptists and Adventists kept the pot boiling. Much of the preaching of those days was controversial. Great debates on doctrinal points drew crowded audiences in city and country. All this controversial discussion was based on the Bible; practically the only appeal was to Scripture; the

innerrancy of the Book was universally assumed; the correct answer to the question, What does the Bible say? was supposed to be the end of controversy. The study of the Bible by laity and clergy, and by old and young, was greatly stimulated by these sectarian debates.

Such were the reasons why the people of the first half of the nineteenth century were so familiar with the Bible. It was not in the public schools that they obtained this knowledge; other influences promoted it, but it was mainly the product of family religion.

VI

If we could put back into the public schools all the Biblical instruction that ever was there it would not lessen to any perceptible extent the ignorance of the Bible which now prevails; and so far as public virtue depends on Biblical knowledge it would not materially improve existing conditions. What we should have to do in order to restore the popular knowledge of the Bible which was common seventy years ago, would be to put the Bible into the place of honor which it then held in the home and to create the interest in Biblical themes which then swayed a large part of the population.

That the perfunctory reading of a few verses from the Bible every morning in school will produce any material improvement in the intelligence of the people upon Biblical subjects, or in public morality, it is not reasonable to expect. For it is evident that such a ceremony would be less effective to-day than it was in the earlier time. Then it was quite in harmony with the prevailing customs, and with the life of the homes; now it would be less welcome to pupils, the great majority of whom come from homes in which there are no such observances.

Moreover it is clear that such a provision would by no means satisfy those who have withdrawn their children from the schools because they wish to give them a religious education. Neither the Roman Catholics nor the Lutherans will be satisfied with anything short of thorough and systematic instruction in the beliefs and tenets of their respective churches, given by their own teachers. Such a *pis aller* as the reading of a few verses of the Bible would not meet their demands.

Nevertheless existing conditions are far from satisfactory. Three facts are greatly to be deplored:—

First, the existing popular ignorance of the Bible. This is a fact, and the reasons for lamenting it are various and obvious.

Second, the weakening of the religious sanctions for morality which the neglect of the Bible indicates, and, in part, explains.

Third, the social separation of our democracy into unsympathetic groups—a separation which is forced by religious differences.

All these are highly undesirable conditions. No good man can confront any one of them without profound regret. Can anything be done to remove them?

The ignorance of the Bible is to be deplored for other than religious reasons. Its cultural value is very great. We have been learning during the last half century that a knowledge of English literature is an indispensable element in public education; that 'in getting to know,' as Matthew Arnold contended, 'the best that has been said and thought in the world,' we broaden our horizon and purify our ideals, and thus prepare ourselves for the duties of citizenship. Our colleges and universities have been enforcing this truth upon us by their requirements for admission.

But if a knowledge of literature is indispensable to the education of a citizen, acquaintance with the English Bible is surely fundamental for that knowledge. All our best English literature is shot through and through with Biblical quotations, maxims, metaphors, characters, allusions; the one book with which a reader needs to have familiar acquaintance is the English Bible. It is ridiculous for any one to undertake to teach English literature who does not know his Bible at least as well as he knows his Shakespeare. On the pages he is undertaking to elucidate he will meet the Bible five times where he will meet Shakespeare once. For purposes of critical exposition, it is certainly quite as necessary for him to understand Jacob as to understand Shylock; familiarity with Job is of greater practical value than familiarity with *Paradise Lost*.

In the interest, therefore, of general intelligence, the exclusion of the Bible from the curriculum of our public schools is a capital pedagogical blunder. It has a value as literature which no other book possesses. The range and variety of the subjects which it treats, the purity and perfection of its English style, make it the best of all possible textbooks in English literature. Some selection and adaptation, of course, is necessary in its treatment, — as in that of most other literary classics; but it is the one book which no master of English can by any possibility ignore.

Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale University has said: 'If I were appointed a committee of one to regulate the much-debated question of college entrance examinations in English, I should . . . erase every list of books that has been thus far suggested, and I should confine the examination wholly to the Authorized Version of the Bible. . . . I would refuse to allow any

candidate to enter a university until he had satisfactorily passed an examination on the Bible. The Bible has within its pages every single kind of literature that any proposed list of English classics contains. It has narrative, descriptive, poetical, dramatic, and oratorical passages. . . . Priests, atheists, skeptics, devotees, agnostics, and evangelists are all agreed that the Bible is the best example of English composition that the world has ever seen. It contains the noblest prose and poetry with the utmost simplicity of diction.'

¹

Colonel C. W. Larned, Professor at West Point, fully endorses Professor Phelps's proposition, and pointedly asks, 'Why is it that, entirely aside from its religious bearings, this book is not found worthy as literature, as history, as philosophy, of a place among those fundamental elements of knowledge which are compulsory in all institutions of learning?'

²

Such testimony can be quoted from scores of the great teachers of English literature. Is it not plain that the banishment from American public schools of a book concerning which such things can be truly said, is a grave mistake? Is there not good reason to demand, in the interest of ordinary intelligence, that the Bible be given a much larger place than has ever yet been accorded to it, in our system of public instruction?

That some incidental moral and religious benefit would result from the study of it as literature, it is natural to hope. The study of any great literature ought to have such an effect. But of course it could not be taught in our public schools as a textbook of religion. It could be taught there only as other literature is taught; the doctrinal implications would have to be ignored. For the religious teaching of

¹ *Religious Education*, vol. v, p. 500.

² *Ibid.*, p. 503.

our children we shall be compelled to make use of other agencies.

Is there any reason to hope that such an employment of the Bible, for purposes mainly cultural, could be introduced into our schools? I am loath to conclude that there is not; I would rather think that the reasonableness of it might appeal to all intelligent persons, and that some way might be found of giving to all our children the fair fruit of this noble literature.

VII

In North Dakota and in Colorado attempts have been made to arrange for Biblical studies to be conducted outside the schools, credit for such studies to be given by the school authorities on the completion of the course. A syllabus of Bible study has been prepared and published by the State School Board of North Dakota, covering the geographical and historical facts of both Testaments, the great narratives and the great characters, with a number of passages to be memorized; this can be studied in Sunday school or at home, and to every high-school student who passes an examination based on this syllabus and conducted by the school authorities, a half-credit is given on his high-school course. The course is elective, but with the active coöperation of ministers and Sunday-school superintendents a goodly number of students might be persuaded to take it. The cultural value of the Bible is not, by this method, greatly emphasized; the intention is rather to make the pupil intelligent upon the main facts included in the Biblical literature.

It is evident, however, that we have not yet in sight any plan by which the segregation of the Roman Catholic and the Lutheran children can be prevented, so long as the people of those communions remain in their present state

of mind. Such cultural study of the Bible as I have advocated would not answer their demands; and such a device as that resorted to in North Dakota would be regarded as wholly inadequate. The Lutheran authorities have, I understand, repudiated the North Dakota plan.

Several attempts have been made to provide a *modus vivendi* by which the church schools should be incorporated in the educational system. In Poughkeepsie and a few other cities and towns in New York the school board leased, for a nominal rent, the Catholic school buildings, agreed to keep them in repair, prescribed the courses of study, retained the nuns in charge as teachers, and paid their salaries out of the public treasury. The instruction required by the public-school board was given; whatever other instruction the teachers wished to give they were at liberty to impart. The arrangement continued for several years and appeared to be satisfactory; but the legality of it was doubtful, and the state Superintendent of Public Instruction finally abrogated it, and his decision was confirmed by the Supreme Court.

A similar arrangement was made by Archbishop Ireland in the cities of Fari-bault and Stillwater, Minnesota; only in these cases it was stipulated that the religious instruction should be given outside the regular school hours. This was not satisfactory to the Catholics, and there was much controversy about it. Pope Leo XIII gave his approval to the plan, under certain limitations, and it is still in operation in various western localities.

It does not, however, appear to be probable that these attempted adjustments will prove satisfactory on any large scale. The Lutherans, for their part, — those of them who are supporting parochial schools, — appear to be entirely satisfied with the existing

situation. They are bearing the burden of elementary education for their children, and they are willing to bear it. They will not agree that the state shall meddle with religion in any way, and they want no aid from the state in maintaining their schools. So far as elementary education is concerned, they are outside the educational life of the community and they prefer to stay outside. Respecting the high schools, they are less rigid; many of their pupils pass from the parochial schools to the high schools; but up to the fourteenth year they endeavor to keep their children apart from the children of their neighbors, during school hours.

The Roman Catholics also relax their inhibition somewhat at the end of the elementary period; many of the parochial pupils pass to the public high schools. But they complain of the injustice of being compelled to maintain the elementary schools at their own expense, and claim a share of the public money. The plan which they urge is substantially that adopted in England, where, in addition to the board schools, provided and wholly controlled by the public authorities, voluntary schools, under denominational control, are also aided by taxation. A considerable amount of supervision of these denominational schools is also exercised by government authorities; the state undertakes to see that the preparation of its young people for citizenship is effectively carried on; but the schools are left free to conduct religious education in their own way. It should be said that in the English schools provided and managed wholly by the state, religion is taught, quite systematically; the curriculum of these schools includes a fair amount of instruction in the Bible, and in the elementary principles of revealed religion. There has been a strong demand in England for a purely secular system of public educa-

tion, but public opinion in that country has, thus far, successfully resisted that demand.

For some such arrangement as that which prevails in England the Roman Catholics of the United States are disposed to contend. But the deep-rooted antagonism to any form of alliance between the church and the state has, hitherto, effectually negated every such proposition. With such a miscellaneous swarm of faiths and cults and creeds as confronts us upon these shores, it does not seem practicable to recognize any as specially entitled to recognition by the state. There are a good many of them who would like to separate themselves from the community and have their tenets taught at the public expense. When once the principle was established, there would be no lack of sects which would make haste to avail themselves of its provision. Where should we draw the line? The log-rolling would be quickly organized and the educational pork-barrel would soon assume dimensions. The practical difficulty of extending assistance to religious denominations for the maintenance of their religious beliefs seems well-nigh insuperable.

VIII

Must we then face the probability of a permanent division of our population upon this most vital interest of our communal life? Are our children, in their school-days, to be separated into unsympathetic and unfriendly groups, suspicious of each other, never singing the national songs together, never feeling the thrill of a common emotion as the great days of old are recalled and the great deeds are recited? Nations whose traditions are feudal, and whose social system rests on caste, may be content to have their youthful populations separated by such lines of divi-

sion; but it is hard to understand how they can be tolerated in a democracy like ours. And it seems deplorable that so many children should grow up among us who owe no debt of gratitude for their education to the land of their birth — to whom such a passionate devotion as that of Mary Antin must always be a thing unknown. Should not good citizens consider well whether or not they ought wholly to sever this tie between the lives of their children and their native land?

For my own part I have always been grateful that my children were permitted to grow up with Catholic and Jewish and Irish and Italian boys and girls, that a Catholic boy was my boy's seat-mate in school and his most intimate friend; that little Catholic girls were playmates of my little girls. My children learned in this way sympathy and toleration; is it not a lesson that all children need to learn? And can we afford to establish and perpetuate an educational system which makes all this impossible? Is there not something here very sacred and precious which we ought to preserve?

I confess that I have no ready-made solution of this problem. I see the difficulties; I believe that I understand, to some extent, the scruples which make these Christian brethren insist on the policy which they have adopted. But I wonder whether it is not possible to find some line of accommodation by which we might, without sacrificing anything essential to faith, strengthen and preserve the spirit of community which these educational divisions threaten to destroy.

Is it not an infinite pity — nay, is it not a burning shame — that our religion, which ought to be the bond of peace, the principle of integration in our social life, should be the wedge that divides us, the force that prevents us from dwelling together in unity? Some-

thing is the matter with the religion of which this is true.

It must be remembered, however, that no arrangement respecting our public schools is possible, by which the problem of religious education can be adequately solved. When we have done the best we can possibly do through the state, the largest part of that work will remain undone. My own belief is that the work of reviving and restoring the agencies of religious education has been seriously retarded by the discussion about replacing the Bible in the public schools. In pushing that agitation the real work to be done has been largely overlooked. For nothing is clearer than that our entire reliance for this work must be placed upon the church and the home.

It is with the home, of course, that the primary responsibility rests, and here we are confronted with the appalling fact that home-life has become almost an impossible thing to a large proportion of our population. The first thing to be sought is such a reordering of our social life as shall permit larger numbers of our people to live in homes wherein family religion can be cultivated.

No doubt the sense of responsibility for the religious education of their children greatly needs to be deepened in the minds of most parents. That burden has in large measure been shunted upon the day school and the Sunday school, and this is the fundamental cause of whatever religious decadence now exists.

The church is responsible for enforcing upon parents this obligation. If the church would but give to this business of developing family life half the time and money and energy which it devotes to sensational evangelisms, we should soon see very different conditions in this country. Much has been done, during the past decade, by the Religious

Education Association, to enforce upon the churches their responsibility for the religious education of the children of the state, but it is still indifferently apprehended by the great majority of

them. To say that this is the one thing which the church of this generation needs would not be true: the church is in crying need of a number of things; but this is one of them.

TO AN ANCIENT HEAD OF APHRODITE

BY KATHARINE BUTLER

SOLITARY as a falling star
 Banished from Kosmos on a summer night,
 Who watched the swift disaster of thy flight,
 Or dreamed — and feared — thy destiny afar?
 Human as the rose-lipped living are
 Thy little, modest, smiling, youthful head;
 Long thou wert in the dark earth closeted
 With youth no years could steal or passion mar.

Though countless noons have crossed thy reverie,
 No noon has dried thy bloom so shadowy.
 Oh, what is Time and the slow march of spheres,
 And exile from the sun and human eyes,
 If thou canst in these latter centuries,
 O Cyprian, stir joy and love and tears!

THE HIDDEN TREASURE OF RISHMEY-YEH

II

BY ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY

[In the first installment of this true story of modern Syria, the author — then a young stonemason — while digging for the foundations of Abu-'Azar's house, found a cave apparently made for buried treasure. A long search having revealed nothing, Abu-'Azar and his family decided to consult a sorcerer. — THE EDITORS.]

I

JUBBUR and I were chosen to undertake the momentous mission to Beyrout, which lies a good seven hours' journey, on foot, from Rishmey-yeh. We were instructed that if the Russed potion cost much more than two *madjidies* (the *madjidy* is the Turkish dollar, about eighty cents), we should not pay the price without further instructions from our comrades. Five *madjidies* were given us for consultation fee and personal expenses.

We started on our journey about the middle of the afternoon, and, notwithstanding the fact that we had worked from early dawn, youth and the allurements of riches gave us quick and elastic steps. Night overtook us when we were still about three hours' journey from the great city. The region in which we found ourselves shortly after nightfall was the borderland between the provinces of Mount Lebanon and Beyrout, and it is usually infested by highway robbers. The darkness, the rough, narrow, crooked footpaths, and our increasing fear of robbers kept all our senses at an uncomfortably high tension.

Shortly after crossing the river El-Ghadir, whose banks are famous as haunts of robbers, a low, deep, harsh voice called from behind a stone wall, 'What men?' — the equivalent in English of 'Who goes there?'

'Friends!' we answered, in rather squeaky accents.

The figure of a tall man emerged from the darkness. Gripping tightly our walking sticks, our only means of defense, we stood in a defiant attitude. As the man came closer we recognized in him a stalwart Turkish soldier, fully armed and wearing the Mount Lebanon uniform. Holding his gun and bayonet at a threatening angle, he ordered us to halt; and this we did, while we asked, 'What is your pleasure, sir?'

'Who are you and where are you going?' asked the soldier of the Sultan.

It was well known to us that the Turkish soldiers, who were presumably 'guarding the roads,' were as dangerous to meet under these circumstances as the highway robbers from whom they were supposed to protect the public. We stood rigid with fear until the man approached and placed his hand on my shoulder, when to my inexpressible relief I recognized him as a very good acquaintance of our family. His wife came from our town, and I had seen him at our house many times in my earlier boyhood.

'Is this Assad Effendi?' I asked.

He leaned forward and tried to see

my face in the faint light of the stars, but could not recognize me. 'Who are you, lad?' he inquired.

After I had told him who I was and had mentioned the name of his wife's family, he was cordial and said to us, 'Go on your way, and if you should be accosted by other soldiers tell them that you saw me near the bridge of El-Ghadir, and they will let you pass unmolested.'

Thanking him and our stars for the unexpected kindness, we resumed our journey.

Upon reaching the carriage road near the 'guard house' known as Fürn-Eshiback, quite close to the outskirts of Beyrout, we were glad to get into a public carriage, which took us into the great metropolis, where we sought lodging, not at an inn as the poor people do, but at a hotel.

The supper we ordered would, under ordinary circumstances, have been beyond our means, but seeing that an opulent era was soon to dawn upon us we deemed it altogether proper, nay, necessary, that we should begin to practice luxurious living. But even then Jubbur declared that when fortune came he would not even look at such a hotel and such a supper as that; to which I rejoined, 'I should say not!'

Although very tired from our journey, sleep seemed to us out of the question. Besides, we had to plan very carefully how to meet the great witch and her associate Mûghreby on the morrow, — a dread undertaking for two youths such as we were. Before leaving home on that day, Abu-'Azar, who for some reason admired my 'mental equipment,' instructed his son to give my ideas the preference in dealing with the object of our mission. The son followed his father's instructions and I felt heavily laden with responsibility.

My plan was that we should make a false statement to the Mûghreby for

the purpose of testing the power of his magic. If he or the great witch could discover the deception, then we might feel assured that they could read the mystery of our treasure. Jubbur agreed to everything I said, partly because of the instructions his father had given and partly because of his strong desire to escape stating the case himself.

But meeting the witch and the Mûghreby was not our only difficult task. They lived in that section of Beyrout known as El-Busta, the chief Mohammedan quarter; and for a Christian to pass through El-Busta without being roughly handled by Mohammedan ruffians was always considered a signal favor of fortune. The murders which occurred in El-Busta were utterly uninteresting to the public: the Christian fool had simply strayed to where he had no business to be, and no one took the trouble to inquire who killed him.

But the witch lived at El-Busta among her kindred, and there we had to seek her. From our physiognomy, attire, and speech, any one could tell that we were Lebanonian Christians. We wore on our heads the old-fashioned tarboosh (which was the ordinary headgear before the small tin-pail-shaped fez of the Turkish army had come into general use), whose top resembled the end of a pumpkin with a large tassel attached to the stem, and a small narrow-folded, wine-colored silk scarf of Damascus make for a turban: a characteristic headgear for Christian youth. We planned to conduct ourselves very circumspectly while at El-Busta. We would not gaze curiously at the Mohammedans, we would walk in a humble attitude, and strictly mind our own business.

It was a great relief when we reached the notorious Mohammedan quarter in the early forenoon of the following day, to find that the cafés were as yet almost empty. The vicious loafers had

not yet come to their revels in the public places along the highway. Now and then we met a man who would eye us in stern and spiteful fashion, making our hearts beat faster than usual, but on the whole we were tranquil.

It was by no means easy to find the abode of the witch in a city where there were no regularly laid out streets and no numbers on the houses. All we knew was that she lived at El-Busta, and as we were anxious to avoid trouble, we dared not ask questions. At last, meeting an elderly man whom we thought reasonably safe, we requested him most respectfully to direct us to the witch's house. Pointing to a mosque not far away, he told us that the house we were seeking was a short distance beyond that shrine, on the road that went to the right of it. Following those instructions we soon reached our destination.

After removing our shoes from our feet just outside the open door, we walked in, to find ourselves in the presence of the great Mûghreby, the witch's associate. We stood near the door in a reverential attitude until we gained his attention, when we saluted him with more regard than discretion. '*Essalamo 'Aleikûm*'—peace be on you—is a salutation exchanged by Mohammedans; but coming from a Christian to a Mohammedan it is considered by the latter very presumptuous. For how can an 'infidel' confer peace upon one of the 'faithful'?

The Mûghreby, possibly for business reasons, appeared not to notice the impropriety of the greeting. He responded by nodding his head slightly in a distressingly dignified manner, and motioned to us to sit down on the matted floor. Lifting our right hands to our breasts, thence to our foreheads, as a mark of honor and gratitude, we sat down.

The Mûghreby was a man of stout

build, and appeared to be about fifty years old. He wore on his head a rather small white turban, more common among the Persian than among the Syrian Mohammedans. His face was round and ruddy, covered with a short, shaggy beard which enhanced the witchery of his dark piercing eyes. Over his typical Mohammedan gown, which was girt at the waist with a green sash, he wore a fine woolen cloak. He sat on a thick cushion spread upon a costly rug of mystic figures and bright oriental colors, and reclined against a *messned* (a hard and heavy pillow) which stood on edge against the wall.

The witch, as we observed, was in an inner chamber, besieged by women suppliants, some seeking potions to make their husbands love them, or to unhinge the mind of a woman rival, some to secure the blessing of child-bearing, or to find some lost article, or ward off the evil eye. Sobs and groans issued from that mysterious chamber, and at short intervals the low, deep, commanding voice of the dread witch would reach our bewildered ears.

Presently the Mûghreby motioned to us to come closer and as we did so he gazed on us in turn with the air of one who says, 'The innermost secrets of your hearts are known to me.'

Within his reach on the cushion lay among other curious objects an egg, which he picked up, in a seemingly pre-occupied state of mind, set it up on its small end in the centre of his extended right palm, and seemed to us to read in it deep mysteries. The feat of making the egg stand up in that manner excited our admiration.

Then, with a faint, quizzical smile, the ally of Beelzebub said to us, 'What may your purpose be?'

My heart beat at full speed. But unmindful of the fact that I was in the presence of one whose magical gaze had searched the depths of a thousand

craniums, I proceeded to carry out our prearranged plan by giving him a false statement of our case.

'Honored hajj,'¹ said I, 'on last Monday, while this my brother and I were working in the field, and in the absence of our mother from home, our house was entered by thieves who carried away from it money and other valuables to the amount of about two thousand *piasters*. Having failed hitherto to apprehend the robbers, we have come to you, O excellent hajj, imploring the aid of your great learning to enable us to know who the culprits are.'

With a look of indignant surprise which caused his beard to quiver slightly, and which seemed to say to me, 'You saucy upstart!' and without the slightest hesitancy, the great magician spoke.

'You are a liar!'

Rallying in a moment from this terrible, though merited, rebuke, I managed with considerable firmness to imitate the attitude of wounded pride and to say to my assailant, 'O excellent hajj, I have not come under your sheltering roof and in your august presence to be called a liar.'

'But such you are,' came the quick answer; 'you are seeking to possess yourself of the wealth of others, and yet you make bold to tell me that you have been robbed.'

Here Jubbur, collapsing inwardly, cast a trembling look at me and seemed about to say, 'If you do not tell the truth at once, I will.'

Whereupon I said to the Mûghreby, 'My lord, if what I have said is to your mysterious learning not the truth, I beg you to condescend and tell us the facts.'

The magician then demanded the

payment of one *madjidy*, as the initial fee for the unsealing of the book, — whatever that meant. We complied with the request instantly. Then, to our indescribable amazement, this man of diabolical learning told us everything. He informed us that we were in pursuit of a hidden treasure; that we had dug for it in a round hole, then in a cave connected with that hole and close to a smooth rock; that the spot was situated below a shrine and above running water.

The expression on our faces must have pleased him immensely, for we felt for the moment that we were in the very presence of Omniscience.

'In digging,' he said again, 'did you find human bones?' The way in which he put the question did not give us the impression that he did not know the answer; rather, in our simplicity we were led to believe that a significant revelation was yet in store for us. To our answer in the negative, he said, 'When the bones appear, look confidently for the fortune you are seeking.' Then, stroking his elevated right knee gently, the wily Mûghreby added, 'But — but beware of the mysterious powers. The treasure is guarded by a powerful Russed with which I am already in touch, and the gold must first be "released" [from the control of the dread spirit] and the Russed driven out into boundless space before the buried wealth can be touched. Be not rash, else you will be blasted, when no earthly power can help.'

Along with all this the Mûghreby bewildered us by mumbling something about 'centre and circumference, light and darkness, east, west, north, south, fire and incense,' all of which inspired us with awe, though it added nothing to our understanding.

'What would be the cost of the "release" of the Russed?' I asked in much agitation.

¹ After having visited Mecca, a Mohammedan is addressed as hajj-pilgrim. The designation, however, is often applied to other than pilgrims, as a mark of honor. — THE AUTHOR.

'One *othmani* [Turkish pound] no more, no less,' replied the wizard.

That was more than five *madjidies* more than we were commissioned to pay, even if we had had the money.

'Your excellency,' said Jubbur, 'this is a very high price.'

'High?' exclaimed the Mûghreby. 'Just be mindful of the wealth which the release of the Russed would bring to you!'

Feeling still inclined to mislead the 'possessed' man I said, 'My brother and I are poor, therefore we cannot pay such a sum; but we promise by the life of God that, if you will release the Russed for us, we will pay you double this price after we find the treasure.'

Reaching for a small polished stick, and with it pushing my tarboosh back from my forehead, the exasperated Mûghreby said, 'This head of yours contains a devil. This youth [Jubbur] is not your brother; three other men and one woman are with you in this secret, and you have been instructed not to pay me my price. Try me no longer!'

O great Mûghreby! Though he made a mistake in saying one woman, instead of two, we were convinced that the treasure was a certainty.

After we had told the magician that it was necessary for us to return to our partners, report what he had told us, and secure the price of the 'release,' he said, 'Yes, go, but you will come back soon; I have you in the hollow of my hand.'

We rose, walked backward to the door as behooved those retiring from the presence of an august oriental personage, put on our shoes, bowed a reverent farewell, and departed.

Certainly we did experience a psychological revolution. We seemed to ourselves to walk on air and to talk by inspiration. We even forgot that we

were in dangerous El-Busta. The prosaic theory of 'mind-reading' had not yet been advanced, at least in that part of the world, and the spell of a superhuman mind rested thick upon us.

II

It was now about noon. We must have dinner and start for home without further delay. But should we make the homeward journey afoot? No; with such a bright future beckoning us there was no need for such privation. We would hire two good strong horses and ride home like gentlemen.

So, after what must have seemed for persons in our circumstances a sumptuous dinner, we mounted and proceeded on our way to Rishmey-yeh, accompanied by a lad who was to take the horses back to their owner.

The road we followed, — the Beyrout-Damascus carriage road, — until within about two and a half hours' journey from Rishmey-yeh, was fully two hours longer than the road we had traveled the day before, but it was better for the horses. At sundown we found ourselves at the then famous inn called Khan-Abu-Dekhan, where we halted for supper, and to rest and feed the horses. Not wishing to reveal our actual circumstances, and still relying upon our opulent future, we ordered liberally, taking even a draught of wine with the repast, and the innkeeper was much impressed by our liberality and charged us accordingly.

It soon grew dark. Large black clouds overspread the heavens, and a rather strong wind began to blow. But we had never been in better spirits. Horses, youth, wine, and the deceitfulness of riches filled us with power and courage. We remounted our horses and rode off singing (with more enthusiasm than melody) vernacular Arabic poetry.

Soon after we left the carriage road,

near the town of Behamdûn, and turned south toward our destination, our boy attendant rushed close to my horse shouting, 'Master, I am afraid! Do you hear that noise?'

Halting a moment I could hear a tremendous rushing sound approaching. My first impulse was to lift the frightened boy on the back of the horse behind me. No sooner did I do that than a terrific hail-storm smote horse and rider, master and servant. It seemed that the celestial 'treasures of the hail' were poured out to the last handful. The horses reared and twisted, now to the right, now to the left, in dangerous confusion. The driving wind and the incessant downpour rendered us almost helpless. The few flickering lights in the town of Behamdûn were the only things we could see, and we pressed toward them. In the little village we left our boy.

Rishmey-yeh was yet more than two hours away, the storm was still on and the darkness palpable. The road passed through my home town, Betater, but as my parents were still completely ignorant of the treasure adventure, and, as I had planned to bring my share of the gold to them as a stunning surprise, we did not stop at our house on that night.

When we arrived, our partners at Rishmey-yeh were still up, eagerly awaiting us. We delivered our report to them in most glowing colors, for the purpose at least of justifying the extravagant expenditure of money on our trip. They stood aghast at the marvelous revelation of the Mûghreby's diabolical knowledge. The women crossed themselves, — especially when we mentioned the fact that the magician read deep mysteries in an ordinary egg, — and implored the Divine protection.

It was unanimously agreed that Jurjus, instead of Jubbur, should re-

turn with me to Beyrout early on the morrow, purchase the 'release' from the Mûghreby on the best possible terms, learn the exact location of the treasure, and return at once. Notwithstanding the bewitching dream of great riches, the sense of economy still had its strong hold on Abu-'Azar. Our allowance, besides the Turkish pound for the Mûghreby, was much smaller than that granted on the previous trip, and we were instructed to return afoot.

In order to avoid arousing the suspicion of the townspeople we slipped out of Rishmey-yeh at early dawn. Reaching Behamdûn we picked up our boy attendant and proceeded to Beyrout with all speed, and very shortly after our arrival in the city called at the Mûghreby's house. With a strangely peculiar smile whose meaning I did not understand then as I do now, the magician remarked, 'I do not marvel' (*la aajab*) 'at your return.'

The various kinds of Russeds are 'released' by different means: some by the sprinkling of enchanted water, others by the burning of incense, others by the repeating of certain mystic words. 'Our' Russed required a powerful dose of strong incense, which the Mûghreby proceeded to prepare for us.

From a bag which contained many strange things, he produced a piece of frankincense about the size of a hazelnut, which, as I remember, looked like spruce-gum. He placed it in the hollow of his hand, looked up, turned his face to the right, then to the left, then in a semi-entranced manner seemed to repeat, inaudibly, a certain formula. After repeating the entire performance three times, he breathed on the lump, wrapped it in a piece of white muslin, and then said, presumably to himself alone, '*Qatih-madhy!*' — decisive!

In the meantime we had become rigid with awe, but were restored to normal tranquillity by his saying to us,

'Now you are safe; wealth and happiness will soon be yours.'

I received the mysterious object from his hand, paid him the price he had asked, and placed the lump securely in my girdle. We were instructed to burn the incense inside the cave in the presence of all the men of our party, and to dig within two cubits from the smooth rock toward the centre of the cave.

After leaving the presence of the Mûghreby, though it was far past the noon hour, Jurjus and I did not halt in Beyrout even long enough to have dinner: we bought some food and ate it while on the march. The darkness of the night overtook us when about halfway to our destination. Our steps grew heavier and heavier as we toiled on up the western slopes of Lebanon. Owing to the fact that I had had but little sleep, and had been on a forced march for practically forty-eight hours, my physical energy reached a very low ebb.

Jurjus, whose vocation was that of a silk-spinner, was even less accustomed to physical exertion than I was; therefore he also began to feel much more strongly inclined to drop by the wayside and go to sleep, than to continue the toilsome journey. As we reached the neighborhood of the town of Alieh, we saw a faint, flickering light in the direction of an old, little-frequented inn called Khan-el-Sheikh. The slight ray seemed to our weary souls so friendly, so compelling, that we concluded to replenish our stores of energy by seeking a few hours of sleep at the old inn.

As we passed under the heavy stone arch into the huge room where the *khanati* and his wife were, it seemed to me the most desolate, most fearfully haunted place on this planet. When we asked the burly, stolid *khanati* if we could have a 'sleeping-place in his hos-

pitable khan, until the rising of the morning star,' he cast a measuring look at us which really frightened me; he then muttered a favorable answer, and after puffing a few times at his cigarette in a gloomily meditative mood, he led us into a repelling enclosure (he called it a room), threw a dilapidated straw mat on the humpy, earthen floor for our bed, and gave us an old blanket of goat's hair to 'cover us with.' That was indeed the 'abomination of desolation,' but we decided to stretch our weary mortal bodies on what was left of that mat, for at least a couple of hours, and then continue our journey. But as soon as the *khanati* left us with his lantern (the only means of illumination he had) and we lay quiet between the mat and the blanket, our sleeping-quarters became strangely alive. Living creatures leaped from the cavernous stone walls and sprang from holes in the floor, even right under our mat, in ferocious gayety.

'Rats!' exclaimed Jurjus. 'One jumped on my tarboosh! They will eat us up.'

'They certainly will do it,' I said. And we decided that we would not be devoured by the rats on the eve of becoming millionaires; so we shook off the goat's-hair blanket and darted out of the room like frightened steeds. When we told our host that we could not stay with him overnight he simply frowned at us and said, '*Rûho*'—Go.

We did go, but it was terribly hard going. Darkness, hunger, fatigue, fear, and the rough stony road made the walking horrid toil. A short distance east of the town of Alieh there lies a deep rocky gorge, through which runs a small river called Bekhishtieh, at whose banks we feared the *djinn* might accost us, for the streams of water were the favorite haunts of those dread spirits. But on that night none of them were out, and we crossed the stream in

safety. Before us as we stood on the eastern bank of the river towered the last chain of hills which we had to cross before our road took its downward course toward Rishmey-yeh. Before beginning our weary climb we sat for a little rest on a rock not far from the stream, in a world of darkness and silence. Presently we heard a jump, followed by a crashing tread among the fig trees near the road. A hyena! We had been taught that the joints of the hyena squeaked as he walked, and certainly we could hear the 'squeaking' and, as it seemed, see the faint outlines of the horrid form.

Without a word or even a whisper, and as by a power not our own, we sprang from our seats on the rock and dashed up the steep hill. Whether in a dream or in reality, whether we followed the road or not, how many times we stumbled and fell and rose again, I never could tell. I only know that when we spoke to one another again we were just below the crest of the hill on its eastern slope, speeding toward Rishmey-yeh, with my hand on the lump of frankincense in my girdle. It was past midnight when, with soiled and torn garments, bruised and exhausted, we reached our destination. Not until late in the afternoon of that day were we awakened and asked to give our report.

VI

The mysterious frankincense — the 'release' — and the simple instruction as to how to burn it in the cave were the alpha and the omega of our report. Indeed, nothing more was needed. Very early on the morrow the five men of our party (the women would not participate in the satanic performance) proceeded to the cave. Around a small charcoal fire we stood in a circle near the smooth rock, and as our venerable

senior, Abu-'Azar, crossed himself and cast the potent incense into the fire, we all made the sign of the holy cross and said, 'God cast thee off!'

As the smoke of the sizzling, gummy substance spread through the cave, Abu-Nezhim asserted that he heard a mysterious moaning just inside the door. Was it not from the vanquished Russed? At any rate the cave appeared to us to have suddenly become friendly, almost habitable, and with the strength and courage which confidence never fails to inspire, we proceeded to dig at the point indicated by the Mûghreby — within two cubits from the smooth rock, toward the centre of the cave.

By taking turns we toiled strenuously the whole day; we changed the location slightly from time to time, packing the dirt in the remote corners; we found an abundance of mortar and broken pottery, but no gold. Not even bones. At the end of the day, disappointed and exhausted, we returned to Abu-'Azar's fireside for a final conference.

The seeming failure of all signs began to sober the enthusiasm and awaken the prudence of the older members of the party. Abu-Nezhim, who had a large family to support, and no source of revenue but his trade, began to waver. The dream of riches began to fade before the glowing satisfaction of actual, though modest, wages, the loss of which he could not endure much longer. Abu-'Azar, the determining factor in our counsel, also seemed to be greatly perplexed. In a gravely meditative manner he stated that, while he had not lost all hope of finding 'something' in the mysterious cave, he was becoming increasingly aware of the very serious risk he was running. While we possessed nothing but our tools, he had his valuable property, which might be seized by the government authorities, if our

secret became known. He said also that his slow progress in building had already been noticed by some of his friends, and that the aged Abbot of St. Elias's convent had asked him why so little was doing under the large fig tree.

Abu-'Azar's final decision was that we suspend our search for the treasure for the time being and proceed with the building. As long as the treasure had been 'released,' he thought we could dig for it at our convenience without inviting suspicion. Any other suggestion he would not countenance. Abu-Nezhim and Jubbur seconded the projected plan, but Jurjus and I dissented. Being in the minority and aware of Abu-'Azar's immovableness, we did not argue long; we simply whispered to each other that we would not suspend the digging.

It was purely the exigency of the hour which forced me into this dual alliance. Jurjus was by no means my favorite of the company. He was a 'busybody in other men's matters,' very insignificant in stature, of meagre features, and had the lamentable habit of coming uncomfortably close to you when he spoke. In short, Jurjus was such a type of man that, looking at him, a Socrates would have wondered whether great riches could really work beneficent changes in him.

On the following day Jurjus and I decided to reveal the secret of the treasure to a man named Faris, with whom we had a very pleasant acquaintance. Faris was the bully of the town, and, externally speaking, a magnificent specimen of manhood. But he was a dangerous idler, suspected of many crimes, and living the life of a defiant outlaw. However, it was just such a fearless man that we wanted in our perilous undertaking; therefore to Faris did we unfold our story.

It electrified him. 'What is there

to fear?' was his ominous remark. 'Neither angels nor devils can prevent us from *finding* the treasure.'

His words were music to our ears; here was a man who did not believe in digging for a treasure on the installment plan.

On the night we had chosen to dig for the treasure under the new management, the rain fell in torrents, which seemed to us a providential favor. Upon reaching the vineyard of St. Elias on our way to the cave, the enigmatic Faris crossed himself, bent his massive frame and kissed the terrace wall. We imitated his pious act. 'They help,' he said to us in a muffled tone. That was what we always believed.

Upon entering the cave our new accomplice made a quick survey of the spot, by the dim light of a tallow candle, and then in a seemingly abstracted manner removed the heavy cloak in which he was wrapped. I shall never forget that moment. With his high leathern gaiters, short *shirwal* (bloomer-like-trousers), a pair of pistols buckled at his waist, a handsome belt-knife held within his girdle, a *yatekan* (short sword with a concave edge) dangling from his shoulder, and a felt cap with a small silk turban on his head, Faris towered before us in the ghastly light of that subterranean cavern like a mythical giant. It seemed to me that the Russed himself could not be more formidable than Faris. 'What could we do with this man,' I asked myself, 'if we found the treasure and he decided to take the whole of it?' Our very lives were in his hands. He removed the weapons from his person, placed them with the cloak in a corner of the cave, and proposed that we proceed to dig hard by the smooth rock.

Our exertion on that memorable night in the damp, stuffy atmosphere of the mysterious cave approached suicide. We streamed with perspiration

and burned with thirst; we toiled incessantly until past midnight, expecting every moment that the pickaxe would crash through the pot of gold; but all was in vain. Our supply of tallow candles being very limited, we did not dare waste much time in resting. When the hope of success seemed all but gone, we decided to take one more turn each at the digging before we abandoned our quest. So I jumped into the deep hole we had already dug, and before I had worked ten minutes the pickaxe brought to the surface several apparently human bones. Surely the treasure was near at hand. Had not the Mûghreby told us 'when the bones appeared to look confidently for the fortune'?

No sooner did I say 'bones!' than Faris jumped into the hole, threw me out, and said, 'It is my turn to dig!'

'It is my turn,' said Jurjus, timidly.

'Stay where you are,' retorted Faris. 'I will see to it that each one of us has his share of the gold.'

Fearful and helpless, Jurjus and I instinctively went and sat close by the weapons. Should it become necessary we would, in self-defense, try to turn the giant's arms against him.

Faris tore the ground up like a steam shovel, while his eyes searched every new shovelful of dirt with microscopic keenness. Suddenly he stopped, and leaning against the rock gazed interestedly into the hole. 'We will dig no more to-night,' he murmured, as he threw out the tools; 'let us go home.'

'Let me work my turn,' said Jurjus.

But for some mysterious reason Faris was determined that we should dig no more on that night, and Jurjus and I could do nothing but yield to his wishes.

Of course it was not to be expected that our treachery could long be hidden from our former partners. On that very night, when Jurjus returned home in

the small hours and stole into bed in the living-room where all the family slept, his father became suspicious of his behavior. When the family arose in the morning, Jurjus's soiled clothes and the weariness which he could not disguise told the story.

Upon this Abu-'Azar started for the cave in grim silence. What he saw there lashed him into fury. To be so betrayed by his own son was more than he could bear. Jurjus must confess all, or be cast out of his father's house and surrendered to the authorities.

Jurjus did make a clean breast of it and asked his enraged father's forgiveness. But Abu-'Azar appeared determined to place Faris and me in the hands of the Turkish officials. Badly frightened, I lost no time in seeking Faris and telling him of the impending danger. The desperado's eyes flashed fire as he said, 'I will manage Abu-'Azar in a short time.'

Later that night Abu-'Azar, responding to a knock, opened his door and found Faris standing outside, armed to the teeth. In a few words and in the manner of the men of his class, the giant told Abu-'Azar that if he made the matter known to the authorities, his whole family would be exterminated.

Two days later, encouraged by the temporary peace which Abu-'Azar felt forced to patch up with us, Jurjus and I visited the cave. In the neighborhood of the spot at which Faris had gazed so interestedly when he had ordered us to cease digging and go home, three days before, we found large pieces of pottery scattered around a small hole where a jar might have been placed. Startled, we sought Faris, but he was nowhere to be found.

Did Faris find the treasure? There was no one who could tell. It was five years later when, through a wheat-mer-

chant, I next heard of him. He was then in the fertile region southeast of Damascus, where my informant found him in an opulent state, having supervision of large tracts of land. Whether Faris owned all that land or not, the wheat-merchant did not know, but to all appearances he did, for he practiced the hospitality of an Arab emir and spent most lavishly. Not long after that I emigrated to America. But while on a visit to Syria, a few years later, I was very curious to know what had become of my friend Faris, and if possible to penetrate in some way the mystery of the treasure.

Abu-'Azar had long been gathered to his fathers. Faris, I was told, returned

to Rishmey-yeh two years before my visit, stricken with a fatal illness. He willed the small house and few mulberry trees that he had inherited from his father to the convent of St. Elias. When he felt the great Destroyer approaching, he called for the parish priest, to whom he unburdened his soul in confession, a duty which he had neglected for many years. Those who kept the last vigil around his bed reported that in his delirious wanderings just before he breathed his last he twice uttered the name of Abu-'Azar.

Thus went Faris the way of all flesh, and the real secret of the treasure remained known only to him, and possibly to his confessor.

(*The End.*)

THE RIVER OF THE MOON

A STAMBOUL NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT

BY H. G. DWIGHT

[*THE DRAGOMAN of the American Embassy narrates.*]

I

YES, it's a very decent old gun. The chasing of silver on the stock could n't be much better. And look at the line of that preposterous old bell mouth. It's a Cesarini — from Milan, you know; sixteenth century. I know a museum or two that would get it from me if they could. But they never will — while I'm alive. I can't bear to sell my things,

however much people offer for them. One has so much fun in getting them, and they become a part of the place — of one's self. I would as soon think of selling my children! And one likes them for all the things that must have happened to them. Whom do you suppose Cesarini made that chap for? And what wars did he fight in? And how did he ever happen to end in the Bazaar of Broussa? Not that he has ended yet. He has had one adventure since he came to live with me. And it was quite worthy of him.

Shall I really tell you? Beware! I have no mercy, once I get started on my yarns. However — the thing happened during the Bulgarian war. It had nothing to do with the war, and yet it could not have happened if the town had been less upset. What a strange time that was! At the outset everybody was perfectly sure that the business could end only in one way. Then, when the bottom was knocked out of everything, we did n't know where we were or what would happen next.

For three weeks, between the battles of Lüleh Bourgass and Chatalja, it looked as if the whole empire would go like a house of cards. At first people were stupefied; then they got scared. How scared they got I don't suppose the Bulgarians ever knew. I regret to say that one or two of the embassies were the worst. One of the dangers of being in the way to get exclusive information is that your information may be a bit too exclusive — of the truth. I have often noticed that diplomats and journalists are the most convinced that the world is going smash, simply because it is their business to be there when it does go smash. However, there was occasion to be cautious. There would be in any capital that was threatened by a conquering host. And I still think that we might have had rather a bad quarter of an hour if a beaten and desperate army had come dashing back from Chatalja. But there was no occasion to increase the general uneasiness, as did the dean of the diplomatic corps, by asking the owners of neighboring houses to let him plant Maxims in their windows, and by ordering his colony on board a steamer in the harbor, one night. Nothing happened — except that one poor old gentleman died of heart-disease in the flurry and was given a first-class funeral to make up for it.

For us foreigners, of course, there

were alleviations of the general gloom. Different kinds of people came together a great deal more than they had before, in the common excitement and in their common sympathy for the sick and wounded. And while none of the usual big parties took place, there was a good deal going on unofficially by reason of the presence of the international squadron in the harbor. Half the girls in Pera ended by getting engaged to naval officers. There was n't much fun for the natives, though, whether Christian or Turk. They were all in a tremendous funk, each side expecting to be cut up by the other, and waiting for the Bulgarians with different kinds of suspense. It must have been rather a new sensation for the Turks. I don't know how many of them I heard of who begged Europeans to take care of their families or their valuables. As for the Palace people, steam was kept up night and day on the imperial yacht, and it was only some very plain speaking in high quarters that kept them from running away to Broussa. But they were all packed and ready. And it was a long time before the treasures of the Seraglio were put in order again, after that hasty boxing up.

Well, the state of affairs was such that I thought nothing when a man came to me one afternoon at the embassy with a small parcel, and asked me if I would keep it for him till the 'troubles' were over. It was a funny little parcel, wrapped up in the Turkish way in a bit of stuff — a figured silk shot with gold thread. As a matter of fact there it is! A pretty bit, is n't it? The man told me the parcel contained his savings and a few trinkets that belonged to his 'family' — otherwise his wife. These people never trust a bank, you know. He was a Turk of thirty or thirty-five, with nothing very distinguishable about him except that he was plainly not an aristocrat. He

seemed to be the sort of man who writes in his hand in the anterooms of ministries. He had a pleasant dark face, on the whole, and of course he was very polite.

I warned him that the embassy would be no safer than his own house if anything really happened. He smilingly disagreed. I therefore consented to take his parcel. But I told him that I would accept no responsibility for it. If there was a general bust-up, or if the house burned down or was broken into, I could n't be held for the value of what his parcel might contain. He was perfectly willing to let it be so. He said that God was great: if any house was spared, mine would be. He merely asked me to put the parcel in some safe place, and to give it to no one except himself. And when I proposed giving him a receipt he would n't have one. He said I did n't know him but he knew me, and he needed no paper.

I was just beginning to expostulate with him, pointing out that something might happen to one or the other of us, when the ambassador came into my room with a secretary of the English embassy. My man took leave at once, and for the moment I put his parcel in a drawer of my desk. My visitors brought me some new and rather startling rumor, and we talked over plans for the safety of the Anglo-American colony, if — There was question of a boat to take refuge on, you know, and patrols to be landed from the men-of-war, and I don't know what. There were a good many details to arrange and sensibilities to consider. We finally walked back with the secretary to his embassy, and then we went on to the Austrian, and the long and the short of it was that I did n't go back to my office that night.

The first thing they told me there the next morning was that my old gun was gone from its place on the wall.

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The servants had missed it when they cleaned the room. I was much put about, and called everybody up to investigate. None of the *cavasses* had seen or heard anything. No lock had been forced either, though there seemed to be a little haziness as to whether all the windows had been fastened. As for the servants themselves, I felt sure that none of them would take the gun. They had all been a long time in the place, like the gun itself. Why should they suddenly walk off with it? Then I thought of my man of the day before. Might he, by any chance, have hung about till he saw me go away and then have managed to get the gun without any one noticing him? Having remembered the man, I bethought me of his parcel, which I had intended to stow in the safe, but which I had put in my desk and completely forgotten.

I then discovered that the parcel was gone too — or the contents of it. The silk cover was still there in the drawer, neatly folded up. I was disgusted enough with myself for having been so careless. And I could n't even let the man know. I had no idea what his name was, or his address, or anything about him. The only possible clue to him was that he had said he knew me, and that he looked like a government clerk. He might be an employee of one of the ministries where I was in the habit of going. His valuables were not likely to be very valuable, it was true, but he would probably be just as sorry to lose them as I was to lose my Cesarini. It was rather funny, though, that the thief should have taken those two things and nothing else.

II

I was inclined to make a fuss about my Cesarini. The police, when they came, inquired very particularly as to my age, and my father's name, and

very carefully wrote down on a large piece of paper my answers to these and other pregnant questions. They also offered to arrest any or all of the servants — several of whom were Montenegrins, and therefore *personæ non gratae*. But they were too much preoccupied with the more immediate questions of the day to take very much interest in an old gun stolen out of the house of a foreigner.

In the afternoon I had occasion to go over to the Sublime Porte. And incidentally I looked over all the clerks I saw, in the hope of finding my man of the parcel. But there was no sign of him. When I was through with my business I drove on to the Bazaars. A good many of the things stolen in Constantinople end there, in the *Bezesten*. You know that murky old centre of the Bazaar, which opens later and closes earlier than the rest. I always like to go there—because of the way the light strikes dustily down from the high windows, and the way silks and rugs and brasses and porcelain and old arms and every imaginable kind of junk are piled pellmell in raised stalls, and the way old gentlemen in gown and turban sit among them as if they did n't care whether you bought or not, but rather preferred to be saved the trouble of bargaining with you. One of them happened to be quite a friend of mine, and is to this day. He makes a specialty of mediæval arms. I told him, over a cup of coffee which I drank sitting cross-legged with him on a rug, that a valuable old Italian gun had been stolen from me and that if he happened to see or hear of any such thing he was to let me know. I also bought an Albanian *yataghan* from him, which I did n't pay for, just to keep on good terms.

After taking leave of Hassan Effendi I told my coachman to drive down to the Bridge and wait for me there. I thought I would walk down, to see how

Stamboul was taking the war. I began my walk, as I am somewhat prone to do, by sitting down in the mosque-yard of Mahmoud Pasha. The time for that mosque-yard is summer rather than winter. But there was still sun in the air, and there were a few leaves on the trees, and people as usual were lounging on rug-covered benches and smoking hubble-bubbles. I ordered one too. It is an old vice of mine.

As I sat there under the trees, adding the bubble of my water-pipe to the bubble that went on around me, listening to the scraps of talk that one hears in such a place, two soldiers came out of the mosque. They stopped a moment in the high old portico to pull on their boots, and then picked their way between the benches to one farther than mine from the main thoroughfare through the yard. One of them was a tall, thin, sullen-looking fellow with a frowzy red moustache and funny eyes. They looked as if they might be yellow. The other, I presently made out, was none other than my friend of the parcel. I watched them give their order and sit down—my man with his back toward me, the red-haired one facing me. He caught me looking. What is more, as soon as I got up and went toward them he slipped away through the nearest of the arched gates of the yard. I don't know how surprised my friend may have looked as he stared at the arch, but he certainly looked not a little surprised when he saw me. It did not strike me that he looked too pleased, either; nor was I delighted at the prospect of what I had to tell him. But I was also rather curious about his friend. And, naturally, I did not forget my gun. However, we exchanged the necessary greetings and I was invited to have a coffee.

'You will not wish to drink a coffee with me,' I told him, 'when you hear that I have lost your parcel.'

I was right. His face changed instantly.

'Lost! How lost?' he asked. 'Was it not in the embassy?'

'I am very sorry,' I said, 'but I was called away yesterday, as you saw. I did not go back till this morning, and then I found it was gone. Some one must have got in during the night.'

I looked at him and he looked at me, each trying to get what he could from the other's face.

'Have — have you looked everywhere?' he stammered at last. 'The servants — do you know them?'

'Better than I know you,' I permitted myself to answer.

'And — have you told the police?'

'Yes. They came, and asked questions, and made a *djournal*, and —' Before I had time to say anything else or tell the man about my own loss, — and see how he would take it, — he was off in turn through the arch by which his friend had vanished. What is more, he neglected to pay his bill, as the coffee-house man reminded me when I started after him. I paid it, and my own too, and felt rather a fool for being so slow. But by that time there was no telling what had become of them, in that tangle of little streets. Besides, I have lived here so long that I have become rather a fatalist myself. If my Cesarini was destined to change hands once more in its long career, I told myself, I could not stop it. And if it was written that the Cesarini should come back, why come back it would — as you see it did! And after all it was rather pleasant to have something to think about besides the eternal politics of the hour.

I don't know whether my friend found his friend. But I did, no later than that night. There was a dinner on board the Angry Cat — as the English sailors amusingly called the French cruiser Henri Quatre. We had a first-

rate dinner of course, and chit-chat afterwards, and it was quite late when the Angry Kitten — otherwise the motor launch of the Angry Cat — started to put us ashore. We had still a good bit to go when shots cracked not far away, in the direction of the Bridge. We veered around to see what was up, for we all felt a certain responsibility. When we arrived on the scene we were hailed rather sternly by a police boat; but they softened down when they saw the French sailors. I spoke to them in Turkish, too, and told them who we were, and asked if we could do anything. The spokesman of the police boat thanked me politely and said no; there was nothing; he would not trouble us to stop. By which he meant he would trouble us to retire as promptly as we might. We accordingly did so. But as we stopped and put about we had time to take in a curious scene.

The patrol boat lay to under the big black stern of a steamer. There was a buoy near by, and a covey of lighters, and the current slapped past them in the stillness. Beside the police boat was another rowboat, one of the *sandals* that ferry you back and forth across the harbor. In the light of an electric spark we saw a patrolman handcuffing the boatman of the *sandal* — a big black Laz who evidently did not like it — and the sprawling legs of a passenger at the stern. Then the light traveled up him and we saw he was lying flat, back across the stern thwart, dead. And I recognized him with a jump as the frowzy red soldier I had seen that afternoon at Mahmoud Pasha's. It gave me something more to think about. I looked for the man of the parcel, but I did n't see him. What I did see was another parcel, a big one, which the patrolman turned his attention to when he had handed the Laz over to his companions. The bundle was done up in canvas, which the

patrolman ripped open with his knife. In the gash appeared something green.

'Smuggling?' I asked, as we started back.

'Eh,' answered the man who had spoken before, 'smuggling, deserting. It is nothing.' And he turned to the man in the *sandal*. 'Never mind now what is in the bundle. We can attend to that when we get back.'

'If you find an old gun,' I shouted, 'let me know. We had a robbery last night.'

The Angry Kitten sputtered away toward Top Haneh. There was talk and speculation of course, and one Turkish soldier more or less made no essential difference to us. But I could n't get the scene out of my head—the stern of the steamer half invisible in the dark, the huddled lighters, the two boats, the stooping figures, and the ghastly soldier with the frowzy red moustache.

III

The next morning a messenger came to me from the Prefect of the Port and asked if I would be good enough to go to his headquarters. Under ordinary circumstances, of course, the Prefect would give himself the pleasure of coming to me; but the circumstances were not quite ordinary, and if I could find it in me to waive ceremony,—and so on. I was only too willing to go if the expedition would result, as I felt sure it would, in the recovery of my Cesarini. Moreover, I wanted to find out more about the affair, and I thought I might be able to contribute a thread or two. I went down at once to the Prefecture of the Port, where I was received with extreme courtesy, taken into an inner sanctum, put into an uncomfortable red arm-chair, and treated to coffee and a catechism on the latest and most fantastic rumors of the war. You may be sure it was with some impatience

that I submitted to it. But I have discovered that it pays a diplomat to be diplomatic. By conforming to the customs of the country, especially in little matters of etiquette, you arrive at matters more essential sooner than by any Anglo-Saxon brusqueness.

Well, when coffee and politics were disposed of at last and cigarettes were well going, the Prefect excused himself a moment and retired to a small inner cupboard of a room. From it he brought back, not my Cesarini, as I expected, but an old dagger, of which the gold haft was tipped with a stupendous emerald. It was so huge that it looked like green glass; but why should anybody take the trouble to set green glass on such a dagger? The gold of the sheath was beautifully wrought with little arabesques and flowers, and in the curved steel of the blade was a gold marquetry inscription—a Persian distich, as I presently made out.

'Is that yours?' inquired the Prefect, politely handing me the dagger.

'Good heavens, no!' I replied. 'I only wish it were! It was a gun I lost. Did n't you find it?'

'Ah!' he said, apparently disappointed. 'Unfortunately not.' And he added, 'We heard it was a weapon. We thought, possibly —'

Tableau! It seemed to me delightfully characteristic of police in general and of Turkish police in particular. What they thought, heaven knows. Did they think that anybody connected with an embassy, and an American, was able to lose such treasures as that dagger? I have always thought, at any rate, that I was an ass not to claim it. But after the first instant of surprise I knew what the thing was and where it came from. It stupefied me that they should not know too.

'It belongs much more to you than to me,' I said. 'It came from the Treasury of the Seraglio.'

'The Treasury!' he smiled. 'Impossible!'

'Everything is possible in this world, my dear sir,' I retorted — 'even that a Turk should not know the dagger of Sultan Selim the First when he sees it. But if you don't believe me, send for Saïd Bey.'

Saïd Bey is the curator of the Seraglio, and a charming old boy. My heart warmed to him from the day I saw him superintending the cutting down of a dead cypress near the library of the palace, in such a way that it should not injure the marble of the kiosque or the smallest twig of neighboring cypresses. And he instantly planted another one in exactly the same place.

The Prefect of the Port sent, not for Saïd Bey but for a colleague, with whom he gravely deliberated. Then they produced for my inspection an enormous piece of embroidery — flowers in colors and gold on white satin. It was the sort of thing you see on good Bulgarian towels, but better than anything I ever saw or dreamed of. It was lined, I noticed, with a thick green silk.

'Ah!' I said. 'Is that what the things were wrapped up in?'

'Yes. Is it from the Treasury, too?'

That particular piece I did n't remember, although I had seen other things like it; but I did remember a certain gold Greek coin that I had often envied, with a galloping quadriga on the reverse. There were a dozen or so fine coins. They also produced an aigrette set in rubies and diamonds, such as the sultans used to wear on the front of their turbans, and a robe or two of magnificent old stuff, and some gold filigree *zarfs* — coffee-cup holders — studded with precious stones, and pieces of porcelain similarly decorated, to say nothing of handfuls of loose jewels. Even if I had not been perfectly sure about the dagger and the coin, the other things would have left me with

not the slightest doubt. They could have come only from the Seraglio — though the merest fraction of a fraction of what is lost in that amazing place.

How they got into a *sandal* in the harbor, however, remained obscure even when the Prefect of the Port and I compared our respective notes on the red-haired man and his dark friend. I only learned that he had been shot by accident, after the police hailed him and he refused to stop. Nor did the Treasury people, when they appeared on the scene, throw much more light on the subject. The red-haired man, whose body they were taken to look at, they knew nothing about. My man sounded like any one of several of their employees who had at different times enlisted or been drafted for the war. They asked me to see if I could identify him among those who remained; but he was not there. The only possible explanation of the robbery was that it had been committed during the hasty packing up of the treasures, against the arrival of General Savoff.

Saïd Bey's astonishment and chagrin were unbounded when he identified the loot at the Prefecture of the Port; but it was nearly the end of him when he eventually found out that the loss was much greater than could be covered by the bundle of the *sandal*. And, worst of all, one of the missing objects was one of the glories of the Treasury — the matchless, the priceless pearl-necklace of the Seraglio, the one picturesquely known as the River of the Moon. The like of it, I suppose, does not exist anywhere else in the world. Modern millionaires may have as much money as ancient emperors, but they have, after all, more conscience and less imagination. And certainly few necklaces have had such a history.

The River of the Moon first came to light in Ispahan, where Shah Abbas the Great collected its seventy-seven

pearls and hung them around the neck of one of his queens. A hundred years later Sultan Mourad IV brought it in triumph to Constantinople among the spoil of his Persian wars. Sultanas wore it and sighed for it in the Seraglio. In our own time Abd-ül-Hamid, that great lover and connoisseur of jewels, took it to Yildiz — with a good many other things he had no personal right to. When his jewels were sent to Paris to be sold, the River of the Moon went with them, by mistake, and a special embassy was sent to bring it back — to the no small disgust of the people in Paris. And now it was gone — no one knew where.

I believe Saïd Bey would have preferred that the empire had gone. He begged me to say nothing till the fullest possible investigation could be made. Of course I told him, too, my part of the story, and showed him my bit of figured silk. He said that it was very good, but did n't come from the Treasury. I could not help wondering, however, if I had been a receiver of stolen goods, and if I had not held in my hand, without knowing it, the River of the Moon.

IV

So I did n't get my Cesarini back that time. That, to me, was the more important loss, though for the rest of them it was of course forgotten in the greater loss of the Treasury. But I did get it in the end, as you see. It was a long time afterwards, when the war was over, and the international squadron had gone and some of the young ladies in Pera were already married to their officers, and the rest of us settled down to the humdrum treadmill of life. I used to go over to the *Bezesten* every now and then and interview my friend Hassan Effendi. He never got wind of my gun. He was indefatigable, however, in trying

to console me with other antiques, of one kind or another. And I can't say that I was always strong-minded enough to resist him.

He told me one day about an 'occasion' he had heard of. There was a refugee woman over in Scutari somewhere who had a few things to sell. They were quite good, he heard — if any of them were left. The lady's husband had been a great man, in his country, in Macedonia, and they had been ruined by the war. If I liked to go with him and see what there was to see, a man he knew would take us.

I jumped at the chance. Some of my friends who did relief work among the refugees picked up very decent things — embroideries chiefly — at ridiculous prices. It was a charity to the poor creatures to take them off their hands! Accordingly I arranged with Hassan Effendi to call his man and take me over on the next Friday, when the *Bezesten* would be closed.

We had quite a time. The house was at the top of the town, near the big cemetery. Our guide made us leave the carriage before we got to it, saying that the street was too narrow and too badly paved to drive through. When we reached the door we knocked an age before any one answered, and then there was discreet calling to know who we were and what we wanted, and much flipflapping of slippers, and finally the door opened six inches and we squeezed into a little court with a well and half a dozen chrysanthemum pots. We took off our shoes and walked up a clean little pair of stairs into a clean little room where there was a divan and a charcoal brazier and a cat — not an angry one. We sat down on the divan and played with the cat, and presently the door opened far enough to admit a tray and three cups of coffee. In the course of time the tray was passed back and parley exchanged

with a preternaturally high voice. Old-fashioned Turkish ladies affect that tone. And after hesitations, and assurances that there was nothing in the house worth looking at, what should I see poked through the crack of the door but my Cesarini!

Hassan Effendi, being nearest the door, took it. As for me, I was so surprised that I had time to remember to hold my tongue. When Hassan Effendi put the gun into my hands I saw that it had been badly used. It was rusty and battered, and there seemed something unfamiliar about it. But there could be no doubt of its being my Cesarini. Before I had finished looking it over, our invisible hostess sidled into the room. She went to the brazier and poked it a bit with those funny little iron tongs they have, and then she flopped down on the floor. If there was to be a bargain I suppose she wanted to have a hand in it. All we saw of her was a pair of rather fine black eyes and a hand with henna'ed nails that held her shabby black *charshaf* in front of her mouth.

'This is rather an interesting old piece of yours, *Hanum*,' I remarked. 'May I ask where you got it?'

'It belonged to my husband,' she answered in her strange high voice. 'He went to the war.' And she jerked her *charshaf* up to her fine eyes, which filled with tears.

They did not soften me too much.

'This does not seem to be Turkish work,' I went on.

'I am a refugee,' came from behind the *charshaf*. 'We lived in Usküb. The work there is different. There are many Albanians.'

'Oh!' I exclaimed. I knew the thing to do was to buy back the gun and go quietly away and call the police, but an irresistible temptation came to me. I got up as if to examine the gun in a better light. I stayed up, in front of the

door. 'Excuse me, *Hanum*,' I began, 'but did your husband have red hair? I think I knew him a little.'

The *charshaf* descended far enough to reveal one of the fine eyes.

'No!' the owner of it, after a moment, very decidedly replied.

'Ah! Then it was your husband who took the parcel to a house in Pera. He did not say he came from Usküb.'

The fine eye regarded me very fixedly, and I regarded the fine eye.

'Perhaps you did not know,' I hazarded, 'that this gun came from the same house, and was taken from it on the same night as the parcel. Perhaps you thought it came from the — place where the other things came from.'

It seemed to me that the fine eye measured the relative distances of itself and myself from the door. At all events it presently disappeared behind the *charshaf* for inward consideration.

'But there are one or two things I don't understand,' I pursued — 'such as how your husband got the gun. For he was not in the boat when the red-haired man — died, and neither was the gun.'

Hassan Effendi and the other man began to show such signs of interest in this somewhat one-sided dialogue that I regretted having started it. As for the fine eye, it still remained in seclusion. But the high voice finally vouchsafed, in defense, —

'That was not the work of my husband. The other man threw it into a lighter just before —'

'Ah!' I exclaimed, a light breaking upon me. 'Then there were two bundles! And that was what happened to the necklace!'

Both eyes emerged from the *charshaf*.

'No, they got that.'

'No, they did n't get that,' I contradicted. 'They are still looking for it.'

The fine eyes stared so indubitably that I wondered if my light had been a false one. Then another light came into them.

‘So he would have lost it after all, the dog-born dog! It was all his work. My husband never would have thought of it without him. And afterwards he watched my husband go to your house, and he stole that too. And then he tried to run away —’

The light in the fine eyes darkened to sudden tears, and this time sobs shook the *charshaf* that covered them. I could see well enough now what had happened — though the woman had not told me all that it might be interesting to know about her husband and the red-haired man, and there were details of the history of the gun during its journey from the lighter to my hands that might be filled out in several ways. But I was an idiot to try the third degree myself — and bungle it; for it would be harder now to get the police, or for them to find out just who our guide might be. He sat there quietly enough while the woman cried on the floor and I stood in front of the door and wondered if the River of the Moon were around her neck all the time, or whether the red-haired man had got rid of it, and what I ought to do. I fingered the gun as I wondered, trying not to look as much of a fool as I felt. Incidentally I found out why the gun had seemed unfamiliar. It was heavier than I remembered it. And then I discovered that it was loaded. At least, some kind of wadding had been rammed into the barrel. I started picking at it, as well as I could from the bell mouth. In the end, you know, it was n’t pure nervousness, it was pure inspiration. When I could n’t get my hand in any farther I took the tongs from the brazier. The last of the stuff was jammed in pretty hard. But those blessed little tongs were just the thing for it. And

finally out rolled a prodigious pearl, and after it rolled a whole river of them — the River of the Moon!

The sudden patter of the pearls on the floor made the woman look up. And what a look it was, as the poor wretch realized what had been in her hands and what she had lost! To be sure she began grabbing up the pearls as fast as she could. And so did Hassan Effendi and the other man. You should have seen the scramble. Even the cat went for them, and thought it great fun. I stopped the patter as soon as I could, and emptied the rest of the pearls into my handkerchief. Hassan Effendi put his there too.

‘And you,’ I said, turning to our guide.

‘Excuse me, *effendim*,’ he began, ‘you bought the gun, not the pearls.’

I gave him a look and an answer.

‘I have bought nothing yet. This is my own gun, which was stolen from my house. And these pearls were stolen too — from the Sultan. And the Sultan’s arm is long. And if you say one word, or refuse to give back one pearl, Hassan Effendi has only to clap his hands and fifty men will break into the house.’

I don’t know whether he believed me or not. But he saw that I knew more than he had thought, and Hassan Effendi had the grace not to look astonished. The man put down his pearls. The woman did likewise.

‘Now tell me,’ I said to her, ‘have you anything else?’

‘No,’ she answered.

‘I suppose you have sold the rest, eh?’

‘No, *vallah*!’ she insisted. ‘If there was anything, the lightermen took it. We heard there was talk among them and we went to them. We knew — And then my husband went away,’ she continued hastily, ‘and they brought me only this gun.’

She covered her face again and began to cry.

There was something queer about it. But I had found my Cesarini, and the River of the Moon, and it seemed to me that the woman was punished enough — and for what very likely was not her fault. Neither she nor her husband, at all events, had stolen my gun. Accordingly I offered her a tip, which she would n't take. So I put it down on the sofa, and patted the cat, and gave our guide a bit of a scare by making him come away with Hassan Effendi and me.

But, really, you know — ! Of course it is a notorious thing that collectors have no consciences, and will rob the fatherless and the widow without turning a hair, if so be they can cheat them over the price — of an old print. I did it myself no later than last week, when I came across some Piranesi at the sale of the goods of a deceased Italian barber, whose family were going home. They were real ones, too, and not the reprints the Italian government has made from Piranesi's plates. Not many other people thought it worth while to go to a barber's sale, and the ones that did thought nothing of some black old pictures of an unfamiliar Rome. Our good Perotes, you know, are not very much up on that sort of thing. So I had the courage to march away with the ten of them at five piasters apiece. But until I looked at those pearls by myself at home I never realized how shallow-rooted a virtue honesty may be. If I had not taken such a high moral tone about them, and, especially, if three people and a cat had n't known I had them, I don't believe I could have given them back.

They were perfectly lovely in themselves, like great drops of crystallized moonlight. And it was so strange to hold them in one's hand, and wonder what divers first brought them

out of the Persian Gulf or the Indian Ocean, and by what extraordinary roads they had come together in Ispahan, and on what soft breasts they had lain, and what splendor and blood and mystery they had seen. Each one of them must have been fatal to some hand that had held it. And each one of them was the equivalent of so much release from struggle and anxiety, the equivalent of so much leisure, so much beauty, so much joy, so much of everything that people really want in this world — each one! While the whole lot of them — It made one's head turn.

When I came to count them I discovered there was one missing. I could n't find it in my pocket, I could n't find it in my gun, I could n't find it anywhere. I finally concluded that it must have rolled under the sofa in Scutari, and I nearly rushed back to get it. But then I remembered how the woman had looked when she saw the pearls dropping out of the gun. I had a fellow feeling for her. I knew in my heart that it was only an accident if I was any better than she was. I decided to give her and the cat the chance of finding it.

The first thing the next morning, I took the River of the Moon back to Saïd Bey. It was not safe with me an instant longer. The old boy nearly went silly when he saw the pearls. He knew every one by its size and weight and some invisible individuality. He was so delighted to get the seventy-six that he made no bones about the seventy-seventh, or my cock-and-bull story of having promised on his behalf that no questions should be asked. I did drop a discreet hint, though, about the guild of the lightermen.

They made quite an international incident of it — not the lightermen, but the Palace people. They gave me a decoration. But I thought the woman in Scutari had the best of the bargain.

RAB AND DAB. III

A WOMAN RICE-PLANTER'S STORY

BY PATIENCE PENNINGTON

I

ABOUT the middle of January I was aware that a bad time was coming. Jonadab began to look sulky and stolid, and Jim, when I told him to watch the boys and see what was going wrong, reported that after they had had their supper, said their prayers, and gone to bed, they waited until everything was quiet in the big house, then jumped out of their back window and went out to the 'street,' where they stayed until nearly morning, playing with the other little darkies around big light-wood fires out of doors, or sitting with the grown people around the cabin fires inside.

Plantation Negroes differ from other working people in that they sit up half the night, nodding by the fire, talking, talking, talking, endlessly; they have the 'gift of gab'; but I did not know until now that they let the children sit up just as long as they want to, and just drop asleep anywhere.

I told the boys this must cease; that when they went to bed they must stay there; and I ordered Jim to go to their room the last thing before he went to bed every night. This he did, and as he always found the children fast asleep, I was satisfied.

One day, however, in February, Elihu came and asked to see me privately. I went out and walked into the park some distance from the house, where

he could speak without fear of being overheard. He stood hat in hand for some time, and scratched his head before he began.

There are great gradations in the speech of the darkies. Jim speaks quite correctly. Jonadab comes next, and occasionally gets a pronoun right. Chloe's is the rice-field dialect, but somewhat tempered by her association with white people as a house servant. When you hear Elihu you hear the genuine gullah of the rice field, which is harder to understand than the dialect of any other section; and those unaccustomed to it cannot understand a word.

At last he began: 'Miss Pashuns, ma'am, yu'se a lady en I don' like fu' worrit yu, bein' yu'se got no one fu' look out fu' yu'; but, Miss Pashuns, dem chillun yu' got yah is oncommon weekit. Dem is de pu'e Satan, Miss Pashuns. Ebery night de Lawd sen' 'bout twelve o'clock, dem cum to my house en set dere till mawnin', en dem cuss eberybody.'

'Why, Elihu, I can scarcely believe this. I have forbidden them to go out at night, and Jim always goes the last thing at night to see that they are in their beds, and he always finds them asleep.'

'Yes, Miss Pashuns, dem shet dey eye en' preten' say dem de sleep, but jes' as soon es Jim shet de do', dem chillun is up en out dat winder. Las' night

I say, "Dab," I say, "ent yo' shame, fu' ak so weekit? I gwine tell Miss Pashuns en 'e'll mek Jim lick yo'." En ma'am, dat boy fu' answer say, "Tell if yu' chuse, en let Jim lick me, en I'll bu'n down de big house, en I'll bu'n down Jim house to-morrer night wen dem de sleep, ef dem lick me." Den Josh bin a set by de fiah, en him jump up, en 'e ketch holt o' Dab en 'e say, "Boy, I'll brek ebery bone in yo' body ef yu say dat wud agen." En de chillun run out de house en cum home. But I tek it on me, Miss Pashuns, to le' yo' kno' 'bout dey wud, en dey gwinin' on. "Tain't de fus' time dat I yere dem tretten to stick fiah to dis house en bu'n ye' en An' Chloe up, en dey is dat weekit I 'f'aid sum night dey'll do um."

'I thank you truly, Elihu. I am glad to know the facts. I have seen that evil thoughts were working in them lately. Poor little creatures, they have to fight a heavier battle with the devil than either you or I, Elihu, and we must try to help them. It was a great thing that Josh spoke so severely to Jonadab for his evil words, and if you will all do that you will help me greatly; but I hear some of the people only laugh at what they say, and encourage them to say worse. I really do not know what to do as long as you receive them into your houses at night and let them stay there and talk and laugh, when you know that it is against my express orders and that they ought to be in their beds. Now, if you will tell all the people in the street that I beg them not to allow the boys to enter their houses after ten o'clock, you will be doing me a favor, and perhaps I shall be able to keep them in their beds. Go round as soon as you get home and tell the head of each house in the street that I require this of them.'

I consulted both Chloe and Jim as to what could be done, but no plan could

be devised, except that which I had proposed — of getting the help of the hands on the place; and for a time it seemed to succeed.

One Sunday morning after breakfast, Chloe called me out to the yard, where, under a large oak, on the topmost limb of which he always roosted, lay the peacock, dead, a tumbled mass of gorgeous colors. I was very much distressed, and still more so when I had heard Chloe's account. The boys had 'chunked' it to death.

She said that when she first got up that morning she heard them laughing very loud and 'chunking' with brick-bats. She went out to see what they were doing, and found that they were throwing things at the peacock, which was on a very high limb. She scolded them and made them stop, and then went into the house to carry fresh water; and when she came down, they had gone to the barnyard. She looked up into the tree and saw the peacock still sitting high up on a limb, and she knew he was afraid to come down. She went on with her duties, and thought no more of it until a few moments ago, when she heard the loud laughing again, and ran out just in time to see the beautiful bird fall to the ground dead; a brick had struck him on the head.

I questioned Jonadab, who was standing by. He said that he never 'chunked' the peacock, that it had eaten too much and dropped dead in the night; and so on and on, telling one lie after another with extraordinary glibness and ingenuity. I turned to Rechab with the same result. I was very angry. I sent for Jim and told him to give them both a good whipping.

Jonadab fought Jim desperately, so that his hands had to be tied, to prevent his scratching Jim's face and tearing his clothes. While Jonadab

was receiving his punishment at the old school-house some distance from the house, I talked to Rechab with all the eloquence that I could command, shaming him for his wickedness and telling him what the end of it all must be, and urging him to tell the truth, which at last he did, and confessed the whole thing.

When Jim brought Jonadab back and took Rechab, I told him to make his punishment lighter as he had made confession. Fortunately, Jonadab's hands were still tied, for as soon as Jim had gone off with Rab he broke out into the most fearful oaths and threats of killing and burning and then running off into the swamp.

I was sorely puzzled to know what to do with him. It was time to start for church, a long drive, and as I could not leave him in this frame of mind, I told Chloe to bring the key to the basement, which used to be the pastry kitchen in former years; it was all of brick, with an immense brick oven and fireplace, and the windows had thick bars instead of shutters; so I had Jonadab put in there until I returned from church.

There was nothing in the basement but some old pieces of furniture and the barrel of kerosene oil, which was always kept there with a locked spigot; so there was nothing for him to destroy. As he continued to threaten to burn and kill, I left his hands bound, examining carefully to see that there was nothing to hurt him.

I found it very difficult to fix my mind on holy things when I got to church, and I did not benefit from the blessed services as much as usual, for the events of the morning had agitated and shaken me, and I felt that I must decide upon some steps at once, to secure better management for Jonadab. I had done my very best for the boys, giving them of my time and

thought, but they had come to a point where they did not improve and I must make some change. They were growing in health and strength and capacity, but morally not at all. For two years we had suffered from disastrous freshets which had destroyed my rice crop, and I had not had a dollar to spend and had bought not a single thing of any kind for myself, but I must manage to do something for Jonadab.

I hurried home as soon as the service was over, without the usual little chat with my kindly friends and neighbors, who live so far apart and lead such busy lives that we rarely meet elsewhere. I told Jim to drive rapidly home, and I hurried to the basement to release Jonadab. I spoke to him most earnestly and solemnly, and making him kneel down, I knelt beside him and made him repeat after me a fervent prayer that God would deliver him from the evil spirit which tempted him, and help him to be a good boy. At last Jonadab seemed to be softened, and to feel some regret for his conduct, and promised to do better; and I went into the house exhausted, but much more cheerful than I had been.

II

That night I wrote three letters; one to Booker Washington, as the wisest of his race, asking him if he could tell me of a place where I could send these orphans, where they would be kindly cared for, and at the same time have the regular, disciplined life which alone could save them from their inherited evil proclivities. Then I wrote to the reverend archdeacon for colored work in our diocese, asking him the same question. Then to the rector of my parish, a man who had devoted himself a great deal to work among the Negroes in former years. I wrote very freely to him, stating the circumstan-

ces and asking if he knew of any institution or any individual to whom I could intrust these children. I told each one that I was prepared to bear their expenses entirely myself, but I hoped they would be moderate, as my means were small.

The next day Chloe came to me in dismay. 'Miss Pashuns, yu' know dis karisene only cum last week, en I git out two gallon, en now de barrel is empty!'

'That is impossible, Chloe; the barrel holds over fifty gallons.'

'I know dat, Miss Pashuns, but I'm tellin' yu' now, de barrel is empty, en de flo' is deep in karisene; look a' my shoe.'

I looked and truly Chloe's shoes were wet with kerosene. I went at once to the basement to examine, and found it was all true: Jonadab had broken the locked spigot with a piece of old iron he found, and when I was talking to him so earnestly the day before, the oil was quietly flowing out of the barrel. The room was dark and I had stood near the door; and I was so engrossed with the effort to impress the child that, though I had been aware of the strong smell of kerosene, I made no investigation, having no suspicion. I had noticed that his hands were free, and when I asked him how he loosed them, he said he went close to the window and Rab had loosed them by putting his hands through the bars. I was pleased that he told me the truth, and did not think it remarkable. I never had been forced to have such a thing done to any child before, and the thought of it had worried me all during service, and when I found that Rab had loosed him I was rather glad than otherwise.

The basement floor being tiled, the oil was still there, and I told Chloe to try to dip some up; but of course it did not amount to anything, and I had

to sit down at once and write to C. for another barrel of vestal oil. It would cost \$9.80 by the time freight was paid, and I should have to wait a week to get it by the next steamer.

I never mentioned the subject to Jonadab, feeling it would do no good, unless I had him punished again, which I was not willing to do. I had done all I could, and I simply ignored this new wickedness.

Meanwhile I watched the mail eagerly for answers to my letters. In due time they came. Booker Washington 'was sorry he knew of no institution where boys so young could be placed. His own were all for larger boys.' The reverend archdeacon answered that he regretted beyond measure the fact that there was no place for just such cases; it was a great need all over the country. My rector gave the same answer, while expressing great interest and sympathy.

Every day some fresh ingenuity of naughtiness on the part of the boys came to light, and I tried to meet it with some fresh idea to divert them from evil.

Their parents had both been Baptists, and as I had a feeling that their poor mother would prefer their being brought up in her own faith, I had never had them baptized into the church; but now I felt that I had been wrong, and I had them both christened in our little chapel for colored people, the bishop, the archdeacon, and the rector all being present. It was a very solemn service and I felt very hopeful of the result, having a blessed faith in the power of the Holy Spirit.

I had often read in the *News and Courier* of the work of a Negro man named Jenkins in the town of Charleston, who had begun by picking up little waifs of his race on the streets, taking them to his own home, and caring for them as if they were his own children,

making them respectable and law-abiding by his excellent management and discipline, so that all the citizens of Charleston had become interested in his work and had given him their help and encouragement; until at last the city had given him the use of a big building, where he now had a large number of children under his training and care.

I wrote to my sister, whose home is in that town, and begged her to visit the Jenkins establishment, and let me know what she thought of it.

While I was waiting for her report, Jim came to me one day with a very serious face, and said, 'Miss Pennington, Jonadab bin in my room, in my top drawer, an' took out all my cartridge, about twenty I had, an' done shot um off in the fire at night to their house! Now w'en he bin into the sto'-room un' took pervision, an' into An' Chloe's trunk an' broke it open an' took her money, I never t'ought nothin' of that, fo' all chillun will do such tings, but w'en it come to that, that Jonadab got sense to go into my drawer an' take cartridge an' shoot dem off in the fire, I t'ink it's time fo' somet'ing to be done.'

I could not help smiling at the fact that in Jim's opinion his own loss was the only serious one, but I said, 'I heartily agree with you, Jim. It is quite time for something to be done, and I am trying my best to find out what it must be. In the meantime keep your eye on Jonadab all the time, for there is no telling what he may do.'

My sister's report of the Jenkins institution was most satisfactory. She had been all through it, had seen the children at work and at play, and Jenkins himself impressed her with confidence.

I wrote at once to him, asking if he would take Jonadab. Very soon came

his reply, — that he did not ordinarily take children outside of the city, as he found so many in it that needed his care; but that I had interested him in the boy, and he would receive him and do the best he could for him.

I had been busy all along making up new clothes for Jonadab, and got a best suit for his Sunday wear from Gregory, so that there was no cause for delay.

I called Jonadab the next morning and told him I was going to take him to school. He was delighted, and when his little valise was packed and he got into the wagon with it, he was bursting with importance and pride. He seemed to feel no shadow of regret in leaving Rechab, but called out in a joyful tone as the wagon drove off, 'Good-bye, Baby.' But poor Rab looked very sad.

I felt considerable anxiety as to how Jonadab would behave on the journey: he had so often threatened to 'run away' that I half feared he might try something of the sort; but I soon saw he was in one of his very best moods. During the fourteen-mile drive to the station, he looked at everything with intense pleasure and asked Jim, by whose side he sat, endless questions.

When we reached the station I got at once into the train and placed Jonadab on the little side seat near the door, with his own little valise and my suitcase by him, and told him to take care of them and not to move till I came for him; and I took my seat at a little distance. There he sat like an ebony statue, not moving a muscle; but his eyes rolled around in the most wonderful way, and saw everything. He had never seen a town, or a car, or a locomotive; he had never seen anything in his life but the sights of the country, the little pine-land settlement called a village, with one store, a post-office, and a church, set down irregularly among

the tall pines; yet there was no expression of surprise or wonder, — just an all-devouring interest.

A stranger who sat behind me leaned over and said, 'Pardon me, but I saw you speak to that little boy; do you know him?'

Of course I answered in the affirmative, and the stranger went on: 'He is a very extraordinary-looking child. He would make his fortune as a minstrel; he is a typical minstrel dorkie.'

We did not reach the city until ten o'clock, and I had to take a carriage in order to reach the Jenkins Industrial Institution, for I had no idea how to get there on the trolley. The nephew who met me at the train urged me to take Jonadab to his mother's for the night, saying that in the morning I could take him to the worthy Jenkins without the expense of a carriage; but I was not to be dissuaded from carrying out my original intention of placing Jonadab in Jenkins's care that night; so, giving the hackman the address, we drove off.

A fair for the benefit of the orphans was in full blast when we arrived and the place looked very gay. There was some delay in finding the principal, but finally he came to the carriage and I had the satisfaction of placing my charge in safe hands. I was pleased, too, with Jenkins's appearance and his manner toward his new responsibility. Knowing that Jonadab had never seen anything like the gorgeousness of the flag-trimmed fair room, I was glad that he should have such a gay impression of his new home, and gave him three nickels to spend as he pleased. I arranged with the principal to go the next day and make the necessary business arrangements, and then I was free to enjoy the meeting with my loved ones.

The next day Jenkins told me that if I gave up all hold on Jonadab, that

is, all control for the future, I need pay nothing, but if I desired still to be responsible for him I must pay a small sum twice a year for his board and clothing, which sum I paid down at once. Then I was taken all over the large establishment, which seemed wonderfully well organized and managed, the children well fed and clothed and happy, and yet all busy.

I felt it necessary to tell Jenkins of Jonadab's propensities, at the same time asking him to appear not to know them, so as to give the child a chance to forget them and make a fresh start, and above all not to let any of his companions know them. The old adage, 'Give a dog a bad name and hang him,' is founded on a knowledge of human nature.

On the train, once, I had asked Dab if he had ever thought what he would like to be when he grew up, — what work he would like to do. He had answered without hesitation, 'Engineer on a steamboat,' and I told Jenkins that.

I was much impressed by the quiet common sense of Jenkins, and by his ability. I asked to see Dab before I left and found him radiantly happy, and I returned home with a quiet mind, feeling that I had found the place where the best part of Jonadab would be developed.

III

When I got back to Cherokee, a very clean, very good little Rechab met me. Chloe had taken him into her hands more than when Jonadab had been at home, and Jim had had him to sleep in his room. Jim, however, was often away, and so I told Chloe I wanted Rab to sleep in one of the small rooms off her room, as I wanted him looked after especially at night, so that there should be no chance of his relapsing into the

habit of nocturnal wandering. To my great surprise Chloe did not seem willing, and at last she said, 'Miss Pashuns, Rab is a bery peepin' chile, en I kyant hab him een dat closet wid de curtin, rite next to me.'

So I sent for Bonaparte and told him to make a door at once and put it up between Chloe's room and the little room, and to put a bolt on the outside so that Chloe could control and defeat Rab's peeping proclivities. Without Jonadab's leading spirit, Rab seemed likely to become a model boy. I took him with me, whenever it was possible, behind the buckboard to open gates and hold the horse when I made visits. I questioned him about things and encouraged him to talk, hoping thus to aid his unconscious development. As a great treat Saturday evening, I let him go to the 'street' to play with the children, but required him to be back at ten o'clock. One day when I was driving I asked him what they talked about in the street the night before, when he went there. He answered promptly, —

'Dem tell me how fu' get money out a bank.'

'What kind of bank, Rab?'

'I don' mean no rice-field bank, Miss Pashuns, I mean a bank w'ere dem keep money.'

'But how is it possible to get money out of that kind of bank, Rab?'

'Fust t'ing, Miss Pashuns, yu' must kill a eagle, en' de eagle got a little stone in 'e hed, en yu' mus' tek out dat stone, en yu' mus' carry um to de bank winder wey de glass dey, en yu' mus' hold um up to de winder, en 'e'll draw de money right out o' dat bank, into yo' pocket.'

I feared that poor little Rab's character was not likely to be elevated by his Saturday evening outings.

After six months I heard that Jonadab was a member of the 'Celebrated

Jenkins Band,' which had played before the crowned heads of Europe, — before Dab entered it, be it added, — and Jim and Chloe were filled with pride at the news, and Rab devoted more time than ever to practice on the mouth-organ.

At the end of the year, when I sent the second payment to Jenkins, asking to know particularly how Jonadab was getting on, I received a most cheering answer. Dab was well and happy, and perfectly satisfactory in every way to the principal. Rechab seemed also to have entered the straight and narrow way, and I felt that my decision to separate the boys had been a wise one, and, I trusted, had come in time to save them both.

I found, however, that Rab had not half the character that Jonadab had evinced in certain things. He was now as old as Jonadab had been when he began to carry the mail, but it was impossible to trust the mail to Rab; he would meet children on the road, and throw the mail-bag down and enter into either a fight or a game, more often the first.

I sent him to school and he fought each child in the school in turn; sometimes he got badly beaten, but he easily forgot that in the many more victories he had. At last Miss Somerville told me that she could do nothing with him; that he kept the schoolroom in such turmoil that order was impossible; that when the children were marching round in their little drill, Rab would skillfully extend one foot and trip up one after another, and a lively fight would ensue.

After listening to this report, I said, 'Then perhaps I had better take Rab away from school'; and Miss Somerville answered, 'I will be very much obliged if you will.'

Then I told Rab that he must bring his books to me every day and I would

teach him; but he has so many ways of skillfully evading, that it is hopeless in the busy life I lead to keep him to it. The worst feature is his insolence to Chloe and Gerty, my housemaid. In speaking to people outside he says, 'I got cook en I got washer. Chloe 'blige to cook fu' me and Gerty 'blige to wash for me.' This he says when I am away. It rouses all the powers of evil in my excellent Chloe, and I see hanging over me the moment when she will say that she 'can't hold out no longer,' and I shall be left alone with Rab. So now I am diligently seeking a place to put him where he will have the proper discipline from one of his own race.

This winter he behaved so outrageously that punishment was necessary. I told Chloe the thing had to be done, even if she had to get help, for alas Jim is no longer with me. So Chloe and Gerty, with the assistance of another 'free male,' as Chloe pronounces it, succeeded in holding down Rab and giving him a whipping. It did him a great deal of good for about ten days, but after that he narrated for the benefit of the street how it took 't'ree woman' to lick him, and then he gave a careful and detailed account of the whole thing, to the hilarious amusement of his audience.

Of course when Chloe heard this, she was most indignant, and vowed that she had done with Rechab and would never speak to him again, — which made things very uncomfortable for a time. But fortunately that phase passed after a while.

This summer after we moved to the pine-land, Rab took to sleeping out, just dropping in for his meals whenever it suited him, in a casual way, with all the airs of a dissipated young man. I tried everything possible to bring him to order, for I found he spent the nights with a man who is a regular thief, and

always on the ragged edge of conviction, — a punishment which he escapes because his wife works and pays off for him; that is, offers the people whose fields have been robbed so much to drop the case. I knew what a valuable tool to such a person Rab would be.

At one time he was gone three days, and I heard he spent all the time with these people. So I drove to the woman's house, and leaving Gerty to hold my buggy in the road, went to the house and knocked. When the woman opened the door, I went in a little way and told her I had come to beg her not to let Rab stay in her house all the time, but always to send him home after he had made her a short visit.

She was very polite and humble in her manner, and assured me that Rab had not been near her; that she had no idea where he stayed, for it was not with her.

I was quite disarmed and went back to the buggy, feeling that I had been misinformed. But as I took my seat I said, 'Gerty, have you been looking around to see if you can see anything of Rab?'

She answered, 'I never haf' to look, ma'am; just as you gone in de do' Rab jump out de winder and run into de woods.'

That afternoon, just as the dark was falling, the dogs began to make a great noise, and I looked up from my book to see a strange man, with about thirty feet of rope wound around his body and arm, walking into the yard holding a small black figure by the shoulder. The scene was most dramatically arranged. It was Rab being led back by the hardened sinner, Bob, whose guest he had been during his three days' absence.

I continued to read until they reached the step; then I looked up and said, 'What is this?'

'De me, Bob, ma'am, I fetch Rab back to you, en I got rope tu' tie um.'

'I don't want Rab,' I said; 'I certainly won't keep any one with me that has to be tied. Take him back with you. I don't want him.'

There was a profound silence, during which I read on; then I looked up again and said, 'Take him back with you,' once more.

Then I heard a subdued snuffle from Rab and a mumbled, 'I won't do so no more, Miss Pashuns.'

'I have heard that too often, Rab. I have struggled with you a long time, and put up with a great deal because I promised your poor mother to take care of you; but when it comes to your running away and having to be brought back by a man with yards of rope wrapped round him, I can't stand it. You must go and find your home elsewhere.'

By this time Rab was weeping openly and said, 'Please, Miss Pashuns, don' sen' me 'way; I wan' fu stay wid you! I don' want to lib no way else; please, ma'am, le' me stay. I wunt run 'way no more.'

So finally I consented to try him a little longer, and dismissed Bob and his dramatic coil of rope.

This was all a great big bluff on my part, and I kept wondering all the time what I should do if Rab cheerfully turned and walked away with Bob, for I could not free myself from the feeling of responsibility for him.

Being almost in despair, I am writing in every direction to find a safe place for Rab. When I took him he was four. He is now eleven. My only consolation is that faith of which I have spoken before, that good must in the end triumph.

That faith seems to have been justified in Jonadab's case, for when I went to the Institute this spring, to see him and inquire as to his conduct, Jenkins was not at home, but the next in control saw me and said, —

'Jonadab is our very best boy. When we have anything hard that we want done, we call on him and he never disappoints us.'

So I struggle on with poor little Rab, hoping that the terrible battle within him will end in victory to the good spirit.

(The End.)

A NEW ERA OF GOOD FEELING

BY L. AMES BROWN

I

'ONE of the chief objects of my administration will be to cultivate the friendship and deserve the confidence of our sister Republics of Central and South America, and to promote in every proper and honorable way the interests which are common to the peoples of the two continents.'

Thus wrote President Woodrow Wilson in an important statement which he issued from the White House eight days after he had taken his oath of office. That he was characteristically in earnest in the matter has been established by many other of his official utterances since that time, as well as by things he has done with the purpose of influencing these 'sister' republics toward a feeling of confidence and friendliness for the United States. How much room there was for attainment in this direction at the time of Mr. Wilson's assumption of office it would be hard to overestimate. Certainly the desired relationship which he described did not then exist, and as lately as the past summer there have been evidences of suspicion and distrust on the part of the Ibero-American peoples. A notable instance is found in the anti-American outbreak near the American legation at Montevideo a day or two after the seizure of Vera Cruz by our naval forces, — an outbreak which was inspired by the belief on the part of Uruguayan students that the United States had entered upon a war of conquest against the Mexican Republic. The President

was careful in this instance, as in every other where a similar attitude on the part of Latin Americans has been encountered, to do everything possible to ameliorate the difficulty. Secretary of State Bryan was immediately ordered to cable to the principal diplomatic and consular representatives of the United States in South America copies of the President's address to Congress on April 20, disclaiming any thought of gaining an additional foot of territory in South America through intervention in Mexico. He was gratified to learn a few days later that the persons responsible for the threatened outbreak had expressed their regret at having misunderstood the motives of the United States; and he was assured that the publication of his address had rectified this misunderstanding.

It is my purpose in this paper to give an adequate report of the things Mr. Wilson has said and done in pursuance of this 'chief object' of his administration, and to show by somewhat critical comment the general results that may be expected from them.

II

In the past several months political students in this country and in South America have expressed themselves repeatedly on the subject of the Latin-American attitude toward this government. The article of Professor Hiram Bingham in the *Atlantic* of June, 1913, embodying a somewhat radical description of the unwholesome conditions

he had studied, had the very desirable effect of helping to awaken American statesmen and political thinkers to the necessity for constructive work in the field of Latin-American sentiment. Professor Bingham vigorously described the Monroe Doctrine as an 'Obsolete Shibboleth,' and supported the belief that abolition of this doctrine as enunciated in the past two decades is necessary to a happy adjustment of our international relations in this hemisphere.

Professor Bingham set forth in detail his reasons for the statement that 'from the Latin-American point of view, the continuance of the Monroe Doctrine is insulting, and is bound to involve us in serious difficulties with our neighbors.' He declared that it is necessary that we abandon 'our present policy, . . . to act as international policeman, or at least as an elder-brother-with-a-big-stick, whenever the little fellows get too fresh.'

A less temperate attack on the Monroe Doctrine was made by Dr. Roque Saenz Peña, President of the Argentine Republic, in a book that he published at Buenos Aires last summer. Dr. Peña concludes with the question, —

'What then is the actual, real, positive meaning to-day of the famous Monroe Doctrine? Simply this: North-American domination instead of European domination.'

The Argentine writer declares that the true inwardness of the 'unselfishness' of the United States has been its desire to keep the hands of Europe off the western continent solely that the United States might have no competitor in the mercantile and political field of the southern part of the western world.

I have been informed, however, that Dr. Peña's book created somewhat less of a sensation among thoughtful persons in the Argentine than in the United States. A compatriot of his

expressed the opinion some time after its publication, that it was regarded as a political utterance designed to strengthen the President with an element of his own electorate whose suffrage might best be won by inveighing against the United States.

Perhaps a more valuable recent discussion of our relations with the Latin-American republics and of their attitude toward us is to be found in the book of General Rafael Reyes, a former vice-president of Colombia, called 'The Two Americas'; it was written with the avowed purpose of promoting good feeling and closer union between the Northern and Southern continents. General Reyes's description of conditions existing until a year ago — when his book was published — is scarcely brighter than that by the President of Argentina; but the undoubted friendliness of the Colombian author and explorer toward the United States, as evidenced by the fact that his two sons are being educated in this country, gives the impartial student greater confidence in his frank statements than one may have in the politically colored attack of President Peña. In his introduction, he says: —

'There are many factors operating as a bar to friendly relations and mutual confidence between the Latin-American republics and the United States; but, while the fundamental cause of much of the unfriendly feeling now unfortunately existing in the greater part of Latin America may be traced back to the protracted disturbances in the political conditions of the smaller republics, the United States is very largely responsible for the uneasiness and apprehensions which appear to inspire the Latin countries in their dealings with the great Republic of the North.'

General Reyes joins with Professor Bingham in regarding as one reason for the present situation 'the popular mis-

conception in the United States of the significance and objects of the Monroe Doctrine, which in many quarters is looked upon as a kind of international police regulation, to be administered for the better preservation of law and order in the somewhat extensive "municipal area" of Latin America'; but he does not declare the abolition of this policy necessary to the readjustment which he desires in order that 'all the countries of the western hemisphere may labor side by side, to their collective and individual advantage, for the glorification of America as a whole.'

Justice impelled the South American writer to say that 'credit for the greatest and most fruitful conquest of modern times is due to the United States of America — that is to say, the conquest of the tropical regions by the means of sanitation.' In speaking of the methods by which the Canal Zone was acquired, he at the outset of the Wilson Administration expressed the belief that 'Mr. Wilson's Administration, in the fulfillment of its undoubtedly sincere profession of those high principles which create respect for the countries which enforce them, will remove that blot from the national escutcheon.' He held out high hopes for the evolution of a new attitude on the part of his blood-kin as a result of the disclosure by the Wilson Administration of higher motives than those on which 'dollar diplomacy' was believed by the Latin Americans to be grounded.

III

That the Monroe Doctrine is at the heart of our relations with Latin America is evident from the fact that no writer on this subject can long restrain himself from discussing the opinions of our sister republics with respect to it, and from arguing in defense of the opinions which he himself has formed. It

is axiomatic therefore that the vital element in whatever general policy President Wilson may have formulated for our Latin-American relations should be his interpretation of this declaration of President James Monroe in 1823.

I have heard nearly all of the public speeches of President Wilson, and have been present at most of the semi-public occasions on which he discussed political affairs with newspaper correspondents, public men, and visitors; and I have heard him mention the Monroe Doctrine only once. That was in the early days of his administration, when a correspondent, at one of the regular White House newspaper interviews, asked, without great finesse, the question whether Mr. Wilson favored the abrogation of the Monroe Doctrine? The President made it quite clear by his answer that he had never seriously thought of any such action.

It is not surprising, however, that Mr. Wilson has refrained from discussing this doctrine as such, when the excellent precedents for such restraint are recalled. It is noteworthy, as Professor Bingham has pointed out, that from the enunciation of what he terms 'this shibboleth,' until the second administration of Mr. Cleveland in 1895, — a space of sixty-two years, — direct mention of the Monroe Doctrine seldom found its way into a State paper.

It was to be expected of such a thoughtful student as Mr. Wilson that he would have exceedingly positive ideas on this subject, and that he would not be long in disclosing them after he became President. It was just eight days after he assumed the control of the executive affairs of the government that he issued a statement of the principles which would animate his administration's activities in Latin-American affairs. The chief news-value of the statement lay in its immediate application to the Mexican imbroglio. After

setting forth that one of his chief objects would be to promote 'the most cordial understanding and coöperation between the peoples and leaders of America,' the President proceeded to set himself irrevocably against revolutionary governments formed to serve the personal ambitions of political adventurers, such as he quite clearly considered that of Señor Victoriano Huerta at Mexico City. This statement, which forms the first chapter in the Wilson pronouncements upon the Monroe Doctrine, was in part as follows:—

'Coöperation is possible only when supported at every turn by the orderly processes of just government based upon law, not upon arbitrary or irregular force. We hold, as I am sure all thoughtful leaders of republican government everywhere hold, that just government rests always upon the consent of the governed, and that there can be no freedom without order based upon law and upon the public conscience and approval. We shall look to make these principles the basis of mutual intercourse, respect, and helpfulness between our sister republics and ourselves. We shall lend our influence of every kind to the realization of these principles in fact and practice, knowing that disorder, personal intrigue, and defiance of constitutional rights weaken and discredit government, and injure none so much as the people who are unfortunate enough to have their common life and their common affairs so tainted and disturbed. We can have no sympathy with those who seek to seize the power of government to advance their own personal interests or ambition. We are the friends of peace, but we know that there can be no lasting or stable peace in such circumstances. As friends, therefore, we shall prefer those who act in the interest of peace and honor, who protect private rights and respect the

restraints of constitutional provisions. Mutual respect seems to us the indispensable foundation of friendship between states, as between individuals.

'The United States has nothing to seek in Central and South America except the lasting interests of the peoples of the two continents, the security of governments intended for the people and for no special group or interest, and the development of personal and trade relationships between the two continents which shall redound to the profit and advantage of both, and interfere with the rights and liberties of neither.

'From these principles may be read so much of the future policy of this government as it is necessary now to forecast; and in the spirit of these principles I may, I hope, be permitted with as much confidence as earnestness to extend to the governments of all the republics of America the hand of genuine disinterested friendship, and to pledge my own honor and the honor of my colleagues to every enterprise of peace and amity that a fortunate future may disclose.'

Herein for the first time appeared Mr. Wilson's pledge that the United States was not to seek further territory in this hemisphere. This pledge was repeated with much more definiteness several months later in Mr. Wilson's speech before the Southern Commercial Congress, at Mobile, October 27, 1913, when he said:—

'I want to take this occasion to say that the United States will never again seek one additional foot of territory by conquest. She will devote herself to showing that she knows how to make honorable and fruitful use of the territory she has, and she must regard it as one of the duties of friendship to see that from no quarter are material duties made superior to human liberty and national opportunity. I say this, not

with a single thought that any one will gainsay it, but merely to fix in our consciousness what our real relationship with the rest of America is. It is the relationship of a family of mankind, devoted to the development of true constitutional liberty. We know that that is the soil out of which the best enterprise springs. We know that this is the cause which we have in common with our neighbors, because we have had to make it for ourselves.'

Thus far I have brought forward for emphasis utterances disclosing two of the essential principles of Mr. Wilson's Latin-American policy, namely, opposition to non-constitutional governments based on the personal strength of men like Huerta, Castro, and other soldier adventurers who have from time to time succeeded in overthrowing the governments of their respective countries; and the commitment of the United States not to seek territorial expansion in this hemisphere.

This Mobile speech disclosed the third essential principle of Mr. Wilson's policy. The history of Latin America is a history of exploitation of natural resources by foreign capital through concessions, almost as much as it is a history of revolutions. Especially is this true of Mexico, where the Cowdray and other British corporate interests have succeeded in seizing the control of great oil properties and of a large part of the railways. In his Mobile speech, Mr. Wilson set his face sternly against such exploitation and declared that the United States would rejoice to take part in emancipating the Latin-American states from it. He said: —

'There is one peculiarity about the history of the Latin-American states which I am sure they are keenly aware of. You hear of "concessions" to foreign capitalists in Latin America. You do not hear of concessions to foreign capitalists in the United States. They

are not granted concessions. They are invited to make investments. The work is ours, though they are welcome to invest in it. We do not ask them to supply the capital and do the work. It is an invitation, not a privilege; and states that are obliged, because their territory does not lie within the main field of modern enterprise and action, to grant concessions, are in this condition: that foreign interests are apt to dominate their domestic affairs; a condition of affairs always dangerous and apt to become intolerable. What these states are going to see, therefore, is an emancipation from the subordination, which has been inevitable, to foreign enterprise, and an assertion of the splendid character which, in spite of these difficulties, they have again and again been able to demonstrate.

'The dignity, the courage, the self-possession, the self-respect of the Latin-American States, their achievements in the face of all these adverse circumstances, deserve nothing but the admiration and applause of the world. They have had harder bargains driven with them in the matter of loans than any other peoples in the world. Interest has been exacted of them that was not exacted of anybody else, because the risk was said to be greater; and then securities were taken that destroyed the risk — an admirable arrangement for those who were forcing the terms! I rejoice in nothing so much as in the prospect that they will now be emancipated from these conditions, and we ought to be the first to take part in assisting in that emancipation. I think some of these gentlemen have already had occasion to bear witness that the Department of State in recent months has tried to serve them in that wise. In the future they will draw closer and closer to us because of circumstances of which I wish to speak with moderation and, I hope, without indiscretion.

'We must prove ourselves their friends and champions upon terms of equality and honor. You cannot be friends upon other terms than those of equality. You cannot be friends at all except upon the terms of honor. We must show ourselves friends by comprehending their interest, whether it squares with our own interest or not. It is a very perilous thing to determine the foreign policy of a nation in the terms of material interest. It is not only unfair to those with whom you are dealing, but it is degrading as regards your own actions.

'Comprehension must be the soil in which shall grow all the fruits of friendship; and there is a reason and a compulsion lying behind all this which is dearer than anything else to the thoughtful men of America. I mean the development of constitutional liberty in the world. Human rights, national integrity, and opportunity, as against material interests — that, ladies and gentlemen, is the issue which we now have to face. I want to take this occasion to say that the United States will never again seek one additional foot of territory by conquest.'

Mr. Wilson's public speeches are fewer for the time he has been in office than those, perhaps, of any other President in the recent history of our country. He has found it advisable, however, on other occasions than the Mobile speech to reiterate the principles so definitely presented then. In his address to Congress on April 28, 1914, just after the landing of our forces at Vera Cruz, he said, —

'Our feeling for the people of Mexico is one of deep and genuine friendship, and everything that we have so far done or refrained from doing has proceeded from our desire to help them, not to hinder or embarrass them.

'There can in what we do be no thought of selfish aggrandizement. We

seek to maintain the dignity of the United States only because we wish always to keep our great influence unimpaired for the uses of liberty, both in the United States and wherever else it may be employed for the benefit of mankind.'

In a brief address to the newspaper correspondents at the White House, which preceded his departure for the Capitol to address Congress, the President said, —

'We are not at war with the people of Mexico. In no conceivable circumstances would we fight the people of Mexico. We are their friend, and we want to help them in every way that we can to recover their rights and their government and their laws.'

These last two quotations complete the list of the important public utterances of Mr. Wilson bearing on his Latin-American policy.

IV

Having set forth by quotation, as fully as is practicable in this paper, the policy that Mr. Wilson has evolved for our relations with Latin America, I shall now sketch the chief incidents between the Northern and the Southern republics, where an application of these principles was called for, and where the sentiment of these republics might be expected to be affected.

The timeliness of this article suggested itself several months ago, when the 'A B C' mediation of our troubles with Mexico had been initiated. That a large consideration in Mr. Wilson's mind in accepting the suggestions of mediation was the thought of its probable happy effect on our relations with the Southern republics was well known to persons close to his plans; but it was realized that the extent of this wholesome result depended in large measure on the manner in which the Niagara

Falls conference eventuated, and finally it was decided that the preparation of this article should be postponed until some conclusion had been reached in our relations with Mexico.

It cannot now be doubted that the success of the mediation and of President Wilson's Mexican policy in establishing peace with Mexico — and for a time, at least, within Mexico itself — marks a new era of good feeling between the two continents. For the mediation, though it was not entirely successful in establishing permanent peace in that Republic, certainly accomplished a great deal with respect to the constructive effect on the sentiment of Latin Americans generally.

An interesting suggestion which has been made as to the inspiration of the offer of mediation by the diplomatic representatives of Brazil, Chile, and the Argentine, and which may not be fully proved or disproved at this time, is that it really grew out of the feeling of distrust on the part of the three governments which I have described by reference to the authorities previously quoted. In other words, the 'A B C' governments entertained the idea that the United States, if as a result of the seizure of Vera Cruz it really was forced to make war on Mexico, might enter upon a war of conquest extending beyond the Southern boundaries of that republic, — a war the end of which might not easily be foreseen; and they desired by the suggested mediation to cut off all avenues to such a result.

Whatever the atmosphere in which the idea of mediation was conceived, it was avowedly only 'with the purpose of subserving the interests of peace and civilization in our continent, and with the earnest desire to prevent any further bloodshed, to the prejudice of the cordiality and union which have always surrounded the relations of the governments and peoples of America,'

that the 'A B C' diplomats came forward on April 25 with their offer to mediate the issue between Mexico and the United States.

President Wilson's reply did perhaps as much as anything that has occurred for many decades in the history of the United States to convince the Latin Americans that the United States is not seeking their territory. It proved beyond a question, even in the suspicious minds of Latin Americans, that he desired peace with Mexico, and had not been waiting for a plausible opportunity to place a dominating grasp upon the land south of the Rio Grande. There was one possible bar to the acceptance of the mediation. The dignity of the United States might have been invoked as a bar to such a settlement of serious difficulties with a government which we had scorned to recognize from its very establishment. With a vision of the golden opportunity offered for winning the friendship and confidence of Latin America, the President thrust aside this bar, although he well knew that the country at that time, freshly remembering the deaths of the seventeen men who had fallen at Vera Cruz, was not enthusiastic over the plan suggested. In reality the Latin-American diplomats stood on strong ground in making their peace offer, for potent reasons on the part of the United States would have been necessary to a rejection, lest the sentiment of all South America be aggravated.

In replying to the note of the mediators, President Wilson said:—

'The Government of the United States is deeply sensible of the friendship, the good feeling, and generous concern for the peace and welfare of America manifested in the joint note received from your excellencies, tendering the good offices of your governments to effect, if possible, a settlement of the present difficulties between the

Government of the United States and those who claim to represent our sister Republic of Mexico. Conscious of the purpose with which the offer is made, this Government does not feel at liberty to decline it. Its own chief interest is in the peace of America, the cordial intercourse of her republics, and the happiness and prosperity which can spring only out of frank, mutual understanding and the friendship which is created by common purpose.'

He ended his reply with the hope that the peace interchanges might 'prove prophetic of a new day of mutual co-operation and confidence in America.'

There were, in the Niagara Falls interchanges, delicate issues involved for the mediating governments as well as for the United States and Mexico. It was absolutely necessary, for the sake of preserving and promoting the amity which had been given primary consideration by President Wilson in agreeing to the mediation, that no demands be insisted upon which might by inference have the effect of reflecting this Government's views on domestic conditions in any of the three intermediary countries. This consideration necessitated the relinquishment by the United States of its hope for a commitment of the Mexican representatives to a programme of land-reform legislation which had been in the President's mind as a necessity to the ultimate peace of Mexico. Realization that each of the three governments acting for peace had the same internal issue at home made it mandatory that, for the sake of the well-being of their own governmental administrations, they should not be called upon to take sides or encourage from either standpoint diplomatic argumentation respecting this issue.

There are other incidents of minor importance which group themselves about the Mexican problem, and which

as such should be mentioned in this paper. One of them is the selection of Brazil as the nation whose diplomatic and consular representatives should look after the interests of the United States in Mexico during the time when diplomatic relations between the two countries were severed. The action of the United States in requesting this service from Brazil was a token of the confidence in the friendliness of that republic and a sort of recognition of her sisterhood, and it was accepted as such on the part of Brazil.

It was a happy coincidence that in the weeks that followed shortly after the Niagara Falls conference, the President should be called upon to sign the act of Congress raising the American legations in Chile and the Argentine to the rank of embassies. Mr. Wilson made a pleasant little ceremony of the signing of this bill. He invited Minister Naon of the Argentine, Minister Suarez of Chile, and Ambassador da Gama of Brazil to be present. In an informal speech which followed the affixing of his signature, the President said, —

'I want to look forward, if I may, to the closer relations with our sister Republics whom we so honor and are glad to be associated with; and in the present circumstances, when you have so thoughtfully and graciously offered to show our common interest in the peace and righteous government of America, it is especially fitting that the thing should occur.'

As ranking second on the list of those important constructive acts of the Wilson Administration which certainly will affect Latin-American sentiment toward this country favorably, should come the signing of the treaty with Colombia at Bogota on April 6. The administration has given every evidence of a resolve to push this treaty to confirmation by the Senate. It already

has been approved by the Colombian Senate. The treaty was referred to by the President, in transmitting it to the Senate, as one 'between the United States and the Republic of Colombia, for the settlement of their differences arising out of the political events which took place on the Isthmus of Panama in November, 1903.'

I shall not attempt here to defend the treaty from the political criticisms which have been directed against it by members of Congress, or to disprove Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's declaration that it is 'blackmail.' It will suffice to say that the establishment of the administration's determination to have the treaty made effective between the two countries will do much to smooth out an important obstacle in the way of a constructive Latin-American policy.

Whatever Mr. Roosevelt's views respecting the part played under his responsibility by the United States in the 'political events on the Isthmus of Panama in November, 1903,' which resulted in the acquirement of the Canal Zone by this government, there is no considerable division of opinion on this subject in Latin America. The people of Latin America generally accept the view that the revolutionary movement which established the Republic of Panama was deliberately fostered by American interests with the approval of the Roosevelt Administration.

General Reyes, from whose book I have quoted friendly comment upon the attitude of his blood-kin toward the United States, was in command of the military expedition which the Colombian government dispatched to reestablish order in the Isthmus at the outbreak of the Panamanian revolution. In his narrative of the happenings under which he says Colombia was deprived of her sovereignty, General

Reyes declares that the success of the revolution was made possible solely by the act of the American cruisers under Admiral Coghlan in preventing the Colombian force from landing. He points to the recognition of the new republic two days after it had declared its independence of Colombia, and to the agreement fourteen days thereafter upon a treaty guaranteeing the rights of the new republic and providing for the construction of the canal. In conclusion, he says, —

'The claims of Colombia in this matter do not merely embody monetary compensation for the material losses involved in the dismemberment of her territory. They include as a paramount consideration a recognition of the moral wrong inflicted upon her, and, by reflection, upon all the other Latin-American countries, by an attack upon her territorial integrity, solemnly guaranteed at an earlier period by binding treaty obligations of the United States.'

With this view permeating the Latin-American mind, the wisdom of eradicating it through the treaty signed at Bogota cannot seriously be questioned from the standpoint of the constructive purposes which the President of the United States has in mind. The treaty negotiated at Bogota meets all the requirements of Latin-American thought so far as it is practicable to do so. It furnishes financial reparation in the form of \$20,000,000 in gold, and of special privileges in the use of the canal and the Panama Railway; and in Article I it makes this more important concession: —

'The Government of the United States of America, wishing to put at rest all controversies and differences with the Republic of Colombia arising out of the events from which the present situation on the Isthmus of Panama resulted, expresses, on its own part

and in the name of the people of the United States, sincere regret that anything should have occurred to interrupt or to mar the relations of cordial friendship that had so long subsisted between the two nations.'

This sentiment is thus reciprocated by Colombia:—

'The Government of the Republic of Colombia, in its own name and in the name of the Colombian people, accepts this declaration in the full assurance that every obstacle to the restoration of complete harmony between the two countries will thus disappear.'

Another achievement of the Wilson Administration which will have a lasting effect in conserving the good results which by other means may be gained between the United States and the countries of the Western Hemisphere is the negotiation of the Bryan peace treaties with eleven of our sister republics. The republics which have signed these treaties with the United States since the inauguration of Mr. Wilson are Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Peru, Uruguay, Paraguay, Venezuela, Bolivia, Panama, Guatemala, and Salvador. The result of these treaties is practically to insure that there will be no war between the United States and countries in this hemisphere.

The treaties provide that in the event of international differences which under ordinary circumstances might necessitate a recourse to war, a year shall be allowed for an investigation of the issues by an international commission.

The vital provision of each of these treaties, to quote from that with the Netherlands, which is regarded as representative of the entire group, is contained in Article I, which sets forth this agreement:—

'The High Contracting Parties agree that all disputes between them, of every nature whatsoever, to the settlement

of which previous arbitration treaties or agreements do not apply in their terms or are not applied in fact, shall, when diplomatic methods of adjustment have failed, be referred for investigation and report to a permanent International Commission, to be constituted in the manner prescribed in the next succeeding article; and they agree not to declare war or begin hostilities during such investigation and before the report is submitted.'

Article III provides that the international commission shall complete its investigation and report within a year after the date on which it shall declare its investigation to have begun, unless the high contracting parties shall extend or limit this time by mutual agreement.

The *American Journal of International Law* is of the opinion that while war with many of the nations with which the United States has become signatory to the Bryan treaties is unthinkable, the very existence of such treaties with these nations 'is an invitation to other nations, with whom war is not unthinkable, to investigate before they fight, or rather to investigate instead of fighting.'

Secretary of State Bryan bases his confidence in the efficacy of the treaties in preserving peace upon the belief that the calm, dispassionate judgment of mankind is on the side of peace, and that the one year provided in which this judgment may assert itself will suffice in nearly every international dispute to avert war. 'We know well,' said he recently, 'the proneness of nations to act under excitement, and a period of investigation permits the restoration of deliberate reason.'

In some measure at least the trade between two countries reflects the sentiment between them. The same thing may be said with more confidence of the trade relations between two continents.

Let us see how this works out with regard to the United States and South America. According to a recent compilation of Director John Barrett of the Pan-American Union, the twenty Latin-American countries of Central and South America conducted in 1913 a foreign commerce valued at \$2,870,-188,575. Of this total, the imports were valued at \$1,304,261,763. The imports from the United States, despite the geographical propinquity of this country as compared with the position of Germany and Great Britain, the other great manufacturing countries from which the Latin Americans were making purchases, amounted to more than \$5,000,000 less than those from Great Britain and exceeded those of Germany by about \$100,000,000. These divergences were less impressive, however, than those of the previous year, and are accepted as indicating a development of American trade with South America.

It may be said without a violation of this government's neutrality in the European war, and without infringing on the diplomatic proprieties to such an extent as did A. Rustum Bey, Turkish Ambassador to the United States, by a similar utterance, that the war has furnished the United States its opportunity. The output from the European factories will necessarily be diminished for many years to come. The demand of the Latin-American markets, it follows, must depend more and more on the United States. It is a matter of gratification to realize that the American government, and American commercial interests as well, are fully alive to this opportunity, and are preparing with careful haste to reap the benefits which it is believed will be conferred mutually upon the two continents.

Most important probably of the steps which have been taken with the view of developing our trade with these

countries is the launching of President Wilson's plan for a government-owned merchant marine. The newspaper press assumed upon the announcement of this plan by the President that it was designed chiefly to furnish means of transporting American cereals and manufactures to the belligerent nations of Europe. Persons who have watched the minute developments with respect to this plan which have followed in the months since it was launched are convinced, however, that the larger purpose that the President has in mind to serve, after it has been ascertained that our European commerce will be cared for, is the promotion of our trade with South and Central America.

A short time after the administration Merchant-Marine bill had been introduced in the House, the President in a conversation at the White House expressed the belief that our commerce with Europe would be able to look after itself; and he spoke significantly of the possibility offered by the government-owned marine for developing 'new avenues of trade.'

It is fortunate that at this time there should become available a special appropriation of \$50,000 to be used by the Department of Commerce in promoting trade with South and Central America by extending commercial agencies such as had been initiated by the Taft Administration.

This opportunity offered by the war is not without its responsibilities for the United States, as has been pointed out by both Secretary of Commerce Redfield and Mr. Barrett, the Director of the Pan-American Union. These men have declared that first of all, in order that the United States may extend its trade with South America in these troublous times, there arises the necessity that American bankers extend a financial helping hand to these countries. The war has not impaired

their ultimate purchasing strength, Mr. Redfield points out, but their present buying strength and credit resources have been affected adversely, and he urges that the policy for which there is most immediate necessity is one of helping South America to regain her credit and thus laying the foundation of a permanent trade.

The action of the National City Bank of New York, however, in establishing important branches at Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, and Montevideo, gives evidence that the banks of the country are alive to this need.

Not least among the efforts of government officials to develop friendly intercourse between the United States and Latin-American countries is the recent undertaking to establish a flat two-cent rate for letter postage throughout the Western Hemisphere, and to conclude money-order conventions which will stimulate trade with Latin America. The Postmaster General has indicated a willingness on the part of the government to sacrifice the revenue that would be lost through a reduction of the postal charges from the United States to those countries, out of consideration for the impetus that would be given toward the building up of direct and frequent mail interchanges.

The United States does not now do any money-order business with Argentina, Brazil, Venezuela, Panama, Colombia and a number of the less important Latin-American republics. Negotiations have been undertaken for concluding conventions with the postal authorities of these countries by which direct money-order interchanges can be made to the advantage of all concerned. These efforts of the Post Office Department, while not in themselves likely to bring any immediate important result, are a part of the movement being made for bringing the countries of this hemi-

sphere into closer touch and sympathy, and they cannot in the long run fail to aid this general purpose.

v

Certainly it is too early now to attempt to form an estimate of the results of the efforts of the Wilson Administration toward establishing a 'new era of good feeling' between the two Americas. These efforts have laid the foundation for large results in the future, and their accomplishments cannot now be foreseen. It can be said, however, and with proper regard for the principles of conservative judgment, that the unity of high purpose running through all these recorded happenings, unless obstructed by events which are not now anticipated, will do much to overcome the racial and sentimental antipathies which have held back the development of the relations that should exist between the greatest democracy and those other governments which are founded on the same principles as our own.

The policy which Mr. Wilson has laid down is destined to be regarded as remarkable in the history of international politics. It is based on a new precept — that it is possible for great neighboring powers to continue prosperous and great without attempting to overlord one another. He has advanced the idea that the United States, in order to carry to the fullest consummation its destiny of political and commercial prosperity, need not become the suzerain nation of the Western Hemisphere. His is a precept that has been entirely absent from the diplomatic history of the United States as well as from that of Europe. Doubtless it will take a considerable time for it to permeate the minds of those controlling the destinies and friendships of the Latin-American republics.

AFTER THE WAR

BY G. LOWES DICKINSON

At a time when the issue of the war is still doubtful, it is impossible to speak with any confidence of its probable effects upon Europe and the world; for the kind of settlement that is possible will depend upon where victory falls. The Germans, so far as one can understand from the utterances of their representative men, are fighting for a German hegemony of Europe, in order that they may pursue the task — whose hopelessness all history demonstrates — of destroying by force the 'culture' of the non-Germanic nations and imposing upon them their own. Such an attempt would mean perpetual war, and would end by reducing Europe to the level of the Balkan States. On the other hand the Allies profess to be fighting, not for territory or for hegemony, but to 'crush German militarism.' No object could be more desirable, but the important question is, how to do it. There is talk, irresponsible of course, of 'crushing Germany' in order to crush German militarism, and even of imposing upon her by force a new form of government, expelling the Hohenzollerns and democratizing Prussia. But it is clear that no nation will patiently take its form of government from foreigners and enemies; and that such a solution, too, would only perpetuate war. If militarism is to be crushed it must be crushed in all countries, the victorious as well as the vanquished. Will it be, and can it be? Let us try to estimate the forces and the possibilities.

First, what do we mean by militar-

ism? Conscript armies, in the first place, and huge navies. But that is only the outward sign. The inner spirit is the will to dominate by force, evoking everywhere the fear of domination.

These two things go together. Every country, of course, claims to be always on the defensive. But every country, or every group of allies, believes the others to be aggressive, or there would be no need of defense. The truth indeed is that, in all countries, there are militarists and anti-militarists; the militarists believing in force, desiring to extend the power and territory, or perhaps the 'culture,' of their country by force, and believing that every other state has the same purpose and attitude; the anti-militarists believing that no country has any interests that are worth pursuing by war; that all real interests are common to all peoples; and that all disputes between states can be and should be settled by judicial process. In the conflict between these principles the militarists have always won. They win partly because they are so strongly entrenched in the governments of the continental states; partly because, having made war, which they can always do before the people know they are making it, they can count upon an immediate outburst of passion, sedulously nourished by the press, to carry them through to the issue.

The question, then, that we have to ask is, whether this war, like all previous ones, is to end in a mere truce leading up to a new war, or whether we

may hope for a permanent change in the spirit and organization of Europe. This question cannot be answered with any confidence. But some of the tendencies in either direction may be appraised.

On the side of militarism are all the bad passions evoked by war. Before the outbreak, all the great permanent forces of civilization were working, as they always must do, toward an ever-increasing coöperation and understanding between the nations. Militarists, of course, were doing what they could to counteract this; publicists and historians and professors, especially in Germany, were preaching the necessary and eternal antagonism of races, states, and cultures. But the ordinary business of life was working against all that. The democratic parties especially, in all countries, were pacifist; and this was specially true of the Socialists. In France and in England literary and cultural influences were becoming more and more humane and less and less chauvinistic. And the community of interest of trade and finance, as well as of labor, was more and more being recognized.

The war has changed all that for the moment. When nations go to war they feel it necessary to hate the enemy; and they have no difficulty in finding excuses. The expressed sentiment in England toward Germany, and in Germany toward England, is now one of sheer unadulterated hate, not only of the governments, of the Kaiser on the one hand, and Sir Edward Grey on the other, but of all the individuals of the nations concerned, merely because they are German or English. All sense of fact has disappeared. It is unpatriotic to doubt German atrocities in England, or French or Belgian or English atrocities in Germany. I have myself seen letters and postcards full of the foulest abuse, written to a man

who had sent a letter to the press pleading for some kind of evidence before such things were believed.

All this popular fury is, of course, made the most of by the press. And it is difficult, even in the liberal organs in England, to get inserted any expression of reason or humanity toward the enemy. The Germans, indeed, by their methods of warfare give little chance to those who endeavor to remember and remind others that Germans are men like other men. And the hatred felt in England for the Germans is fully reciprocated in Germany against the English. The war, in fact, which was represented in Germany, before the English went into it, as a war of defense against Russia, appears now to have taken in German public opinion the form of a war of revenge against England.

As for the feeling of the Belgians and French, whose countries are invaded, whose cities and villages have been destroyed, whose non-combatants have been slaughtered, they may be better imagined than described. No better evidence can be given of the trend of sentiment than the fact that M. Maeterlinck, the preacher of universal tenderness and justice, has written to the press a letter breathing nothing but revenge.

All this, of course, is grist to the militarist mill; for militarism depends upon the perpetuation of fear and hatred and revenge. But how deep these feelings go, how widespread they are, how long they will last, it is difficult to estimate. Collective feelings are changeable in proportion to their shallowness. If proof is wanted, one has only to remember the rapidity with which the hatred of the English by the Boers has given way to very general loyalty; or to reflect that the same Germans whom we English now exclude from the company of nations were our friends fifteen years ago, and the same French whom

we now love were our enemies. The intense hatred now existing on the part of the Allies against the Germans, and *vice versa*, need not therefore be permanent or even long enduring. It need not make impossible a right settlement of Europe. But it must make it more difficult. For it will make the victors short-sighted and pitiless, and the vanquished bitter and rancorous. Further, the war may increase the belief in armaments, instead of destroying it, as it rationally should. In England, for example, many people say, and more think, that the moral of the war is that we ought to have had a conscript army. This, they will even add, might have prevented the war! So obstinate, in the face of its refutation by all history, is the extraordinary delusion that you can produce peace by preparing for war. But all illusions die hard, and it is the interest of militarists to keep this one alive.

The growing hatred on which I have dwelt may make it very difficult to get fair consideration for a reasonable and permanent settlement of Europe. If the Allies are victorious there will be an immense desire to 'punish' Germany, to the neglect of all other considerations. And a peace conceived in that mood will be pregnant with a new war. Still more, if the Germans win, will they perpetuate the present unhappy organization and spirit of Europe. For they believe in it; that is, their rulers and thinkers do. And further, their hatred of England and desire for revenge against us is at least as great as ours against them. The possibility, therefore, that this war may increase and perpetuate militarism is not to be lightly dismissed. Indeed the worst curse of war is that it has to make settlements by force. And no settlement by force is ever permanent. For it can never be accepted as just.

On the other hand, there are power-

ful influences working against militarism. In the first place, the war, one hopes, is a final exposure of war. No one even attempts to find in it any romance. No one pretends there is any chivalry. Personal courage and endurance, indeed, are required and are forthcoming to a degree almost incredible. But it is the courage to lie still and be torn to pieces by shrapnel, or to wait in a warship day by day, week by week, in hourly expectation of being blown into fragments by a mine or a submarine. Man is fighting not against man, but against machines. And the full horror as well as the madness of this must needs, one thinks, come home at any rate to the combatants. Outside England, the combatants are the nation. Never before have so many men, women, and children experienced the horror and brutality of war. Never before, in fact, has war been so horrible and so brutal. Even the idealists of war — whom one feels to be of all idealists the most pernicious and the most contemptuous of facts — must see what this thing that they have been glorifying really is. It will be difficult henceforth to pretend that war is anything but the greatest of follies and the greatest of crimes.

Further, the economic consequences of war must end by making themselves felt. It is true that they will not be felt to the full until the war is over, when millions of combatants return to try to take their place in civil life. Then it is that the cruellest pressure will begin; then that the mass of people will realize how all hopes of social reform and social justice have been destroyed for generations by the waste of war. Then too, perhaps, governments will be faced by general anarchy; and civil conflicts arise more formidable and disruptive even than the war in which we are engaged. But even before the end, the pressure of economic distress

will increase more and more. So far as it is possible to foresee, this war will be one of exhaustion, that is to say, it will be a question what nation can longest stand starvation. Those words are easy to write, especially for a member of the 'comfortable classes.' What they mean in misery to the masses who have been dragged into this madness by the incompetence and cynicism of governments, let him try to estimate who has the experience and the heart to do so.

Everything then points to the conclusion that this war will be an exposure of war on a more gigantic scale than ever before. The reaction will be proportionate to the effort. But then, the reaction may come too late. For if the peace settles Europe once more on the wrong basis, Europe will move as fatally toward another war as it has moved during the past thirty years. The militarists need not then make efforts; they can sit and wait. They will have their war again in due time.

Now, the kind of settlement that will be aimed at or obtained when the time comes will depend on the spirit and temper, not only of the belligerents, but of the neutral powers. And neutrals are better able than the combatants can be to estimate the kind of peace that has a chance of preventing a repetition of the catastrophe. That is why it is important that they should be thinking about the problem, even while the belligerents are unable or unwilling to do so.

Without considering, for the moment, what it is premature to anticipate, — where victory will ultimately lie, — we can see that the settlement of Europe may be approached from two radically different points of view. The first is that from which past settlements have been approached after the wars of the past. It presupposes that war is to recur sooner or later, and merely tries to put the victor in a good

position and the vanquished in a bad one for the future struggle. It thinks of states, not of the people of states. It regards territory as transferable without regard to either the interests or the desires of the people inhabiting it, but exclusively with regard to the ambitions or fears of the governments appropriating it. It leaves Europe a collection of 'sovereign' states bound together by no common authority, and free, each of them, to pile up armaments against the others for use on the next favorable occasion. To make peace on principles of this sort will be the first instinct and desire of the monarchs and diplomats who will want to have the handling of it. That it will be so made is the great and imminent danger of Europe and of the world.

There is, however, quite a different possibility inherent in the new conception of society which is implied in democracy everywhere. This conception was admirably expressed by Mr. Asquith, when he set forth at Dublin, on September 25, his view of what the Allies are fighting for. The words are perhaps the most important and significant pronouncement ever made by a responsible statesman, and they cannot be too widely circulated.

'I should like, beyond this inquiry into causes and motives, to ask your attention and that of my fellow countrymen to the end which, in this war, we ought to keep in view. Forty-four years ago, at the time of the war of 1870, Mr. Gladstone used these words. He said, "The greatest triumph of our time will be the enthronement of the idea of public right as the governing idea of European politics." Nearly fifty years have passed. Little progress, it seems, has yet been made toward that good and beneficent change. But it seems to me to be now, at this moment, as good a definition as we can

have of our European policy. The idea of public right! What does it mean when translated into concrete terms? It means, first and foremost, the clearing of the ground by the definite repudiation of militarism as the governing factor in the relations of states, and in the future moulding of the European world. It means, next, that room must be found and kept for the independent existence and the free development of the smaller nationalities, each with a corporate consciousness of its own. Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland, and the Scandinavian countries, Greece, and the Balkan States, — they must be recognized as having exactly as good a title as their more powerful neighbors — more powerful in strength and wealth — to a place in the sun. And it means, finally, or it ought to mean, by a slow and gradual process, the substitution for force, for the chaos of competing ambitions, for groupings and alliances and a precarious equipoise, of a real European partnership based on the recognition of equal right, and established and enforced by a common will. A year ago that would have sounded like a Utopian idea. It is probably one that may not, or will not, be realized either to-day or to-morrow. But if, and when, this war is decided in favor of the Allies, it will at once come within the range, and before long within the grasp, of European statesmanship.'

If really this is what the Allies are fighting for and what they will stand for if they win, their victory will mean a new era in history. It will mean the end of militarism and therefore the end of war; it will mean the end of the sovereign, and therefore Machiavellian, state; it will mean in a not remote future the United States of Europe. That this is what all the common people want in all countries, if only they could be made to understand the issue,

I have not the smallest doubt. Those who do not want it are the men brought up in the old bad traditions of Europe. There are plenty of them in England as well as in the continental countries. And they are reinforced by all cynics, all faithless men, all men without generosity or hope, all pedants of exclusive national 'cultures.'

That there may be any chance of the peace settlement being carried out according to Mr. Asquith's ideas, not only is it essential that the terms of peace should be dictated by the Allies, and not by the German Powers, — for the German Powers do not even pretend to have similar aims, and their whole tradition and philosophy is against them, — but also that these terms should be settled in public, under a strong and constant pressure of popular control. It is essential, also, that neutrals, who have no ambitions for themselves, but who have a deep interest in the peace of Europe, should be influentially represented; and especially that the President of the United States should exercise a commanding influence supported by the great weight of American opinion.

A general and all-round reduction of armaments, under the control and guarantee of an international council; the reference of all disputes, without exception, to arbitration; no transfer of territory in Europe without the consent of the people, fairly and freely ascertained by an international authority, — these, and these only, are the principles that can guarantee the future peace of Europe and the world.

To carry them out in detail will be enormously difficult. But the first and essential step is to get them accepted. For that purpose public opinion will need to be aroused in all countries in an unprecedented degree; for the forces working in the other direction — the forces of revenge, cupidity,

skepticism, fatigue, all that has hitherto maintained the intolerable martyrdom of Europe — are very strong and very firmly entrenched in the press, in 'society,' and in the chancelleries and foreign offices of Europe. Against them we have to invoke the new spirit of the world, the spirit of coöperation, of reason, of that divine common sense which is the essence of religion. All these

forces are for the moment silenced among the belligerents. But they are suppressed, not killed. They are ready to awake in new strength from this horrible nightmare. Meanwhile, in America and the other neutral countries they will and must be more active than ever. For to these countries the conscience of mankind looks for its expression.

BRITISH POLICY AND THE WAR

BY HENRY W. MASSINGHAM

I

AMONG the minor consequences of the war must be reckoned its temporary obliteration of the British party system. For the first time since the great modern alignment of parties took place, and nearly thirty years after the first definite impact of the 'caucus' on our political life, the government of this country is being carried on, not only in the name of the whole nation, but with its informal assent. The administration has indeed ventured to carry just so much of its political programme as depended on its ante-war pledges to Irish Nationalists and Welsh Nonconformists and the powers it drew from the Parliament Act. There its functions as an organ of party end. That is obvious from its own reading of the situation. It has entrusted the control of the War Office to a soldier without politics, thus breaking an old Liberal tradition, and dislocating the Cabinet for purely Liberal or advanced social legislation.

Nor do any present means exist for restoring the normal atmosphere of our politics. The framework of party is broken. The organizers have shut their offices, and joined the Red Cross committees. Parliament itself is incomplete, for many members are at the front, and, save for emergency purposes, you cannot legislate through a Rump. Neither could it be dissolved on a party issue.

The only instrument of a change would be gross failure in the conduct of the war, followed either by an election on that issue, or by the formation of a 'Ministry of Talents.' Such a government could no doubt make a peace, or carry on the war, or raise almost any issues but those dividing parties last July. Thus a campaign 'drawn' after many months of bloody conflict might create a commercial peace party, backed by a coalition of financial interests, Radicals, and Labor men. But it might well evoke a passionate national sentiment in favor of a 'fight to the finish.' Such a situation would be

bound to break Liberalism, and would not find Conservatives undivided. One can at once imagine two or three figures at the head of a strong war administration. Palmerston formed such a ministry, and Mr. Churchill obviously suggests himself as a powerful figure in it.

Should the end come with Germany undefeated, her military organization in continued control of the state, and her navy intact, the national instinct might veto a peace against almost any conceivable pressure by 'moderate' statesmanship to secure it.

There is another consideration which deeply affects the future of party relationships in Britain. It is not only the balance of power in Europe which has gone for ever. The passing of Home Rule creates the need of a new Parliamentary regulator. The Liberal-Irish coalition cannot subsist on the precarious aid of forty-two votes which will be left to it when the Dublin Parliament begins to sit. Who could control such a party? What would be its terms and attitude? Irish Nationalism has never reached a real political and economic solidarity. It existed for a single definite end, and sought and maintained its Parliamentary alliances accordingly. For the future, if it can make terms with the Protestant North, it must study Ireland as a partner with Britain, not as a suitor bargaining with governments which may long lack the coherence of the great organizations as we have known them. The position of the Labor party is almost equally fluid. To-day it rests partly and most strongly on organized trade-unionism, partly — and weakly — on Socialist sentiment, and roughly speaking is divided on the diplomacy of the war (although hardly on its conduct) in proportion to the force of these two elements. In other words, it is a single wave, just rising at certain points along the pre-

sent level of national feeling, but not distinctly representative of it.

Yet it is this section of the community, now conspicuously at its weakest, which is most likely to undergo a dramatic change according to the fortunes of the gigantic catastrophe which overhangs Europe. A great victory for the Allies would bring their ideals, which are those of the Radicals, — ideals of a world-organization for peace, based on a more or less open diplomacy and a general scheme of arbitration, — within the region of practice. An inconclusive end, followed by the discharge from the army of hundreds of thousands of men, with no immediate prospect of reabsorption in the labor market, might re-create revolutionary socialism as a passionate antagonist of conscription, and bring about a total change in the personnel and leadership of the Parliamentary Laborites. Since the Napoleonic wars no such sudden and heavy draft has been made on British citizenship. A succession of armies of one hundred thousand men each have been suddenly called for from the factory and the soil. They were recruited, not from the low-paid labor of the slums and cornlands of England, but from the flower of our industrials. Men felt that the old atmosphere of things was shaken, and that these voluntary conscripts of European liberty could not be treated like the starvelings of Pitt's wars. So a movement arose for a more generous scale of pay, for pensions, separation and disablement allowances, and for removing these tokens of the nation's gratitude from the meanness of inquisitorial charity.

There was the further question of the position of the trade unions during the period of acute and widespread unemployment. Here again reformers felt that it would never do to let trade-unionism perish under an unexampled strain on its funds. Why not therefore

apply the Insurance Act, the Workmen's Compensation Act, to the business of keeping the soldier-workman and his family during the war and after it, not only in modest comfort, but in the status of an independent citizen, and make the trade unions, rather than the distress committee, the medium of the state's relief of unemployment? On the whole, this idea of public duty to the new levies seems likely to prevail, and the Labor party has had its share, though not a dramatic share, in accrediting it. If it holds, our economic structure may hold too.

But should widespread distress follow the end of the war, because our statesmen failed to realize the tremendous stake that the people have willingly put into it, he would be a bold prophet who would see a vision of Britain subject to her old controls, exercised by opportunist parties, in the hands of Liberal or Conservative leaders. England is no longer the home of the 'squalid wretchedness' which Byron described in the House of Lords in 1812. The horrors and oppressions which followed the year of Waterloo no longer exist; but neither does the submissiveness of the voteless soldiers who then returned from Belgium to take starvation at the hands of the country they had saved. Now, indeed, the nominal directing power rests with the masses. But as in the great states all the executives work on the pivot of secret action in foreign affairs, this power of direction means in practice little more than that of a scant and quite ineffective Parliamentary representation. Even with us, most of the effective instruments of our foreign policy, such as the concerted 'conversations' with French generals in 1912, and the defensive treaty with Portugal, were unknown to Parliament, and the meaning of the Belgian treaty of 1839 was quite unrealized.

The people, indeed, judging the character of the war on a broad front of normal and political issues, and feeling with fine instinct the call of national danger, approved the general purposes of the war when they knew of them. But it is necessary to realize that when all is over, our government, like every one of its neighbors, will have to make its account with a democracy unschooled in 'real politics,' and yet suffering unspeakably from its enforced ignorance of them. If revolutions devour their own children, wars also have a way of destroying the ministers who make them.

II

But this is speculative politics, and we in Britain had for the moment to deal with the situation in which the country, caught in a whirlwind, looked for shelter, first to the existing administration, and then to those central forces which alone can effect a swift organization for war. It judged at once, and judged rightly, that the organ of defense must be a Liberal government, drawing in auxiliaries from the Right and from the Left. The issue which Germany forced to the front was the one which practically united the democratic parties. Belgium was a ward of Gladstone; her independence was the point in his later career in which he diverged most sharply from the teaching of the Manchester School. Here was a definite conception of public right. It must be set up again or be smashed to fragments; no third course was possible.

No one asked for war; no one wanted it; no one expected this country to be drawn into it when the conflict seemed to involve merely a struggle between Russia and Austria for the hegemony of the Near East. If the nation had been asked whether it was converted to Con-

tinentalism, whether it had followed the slow turn of the wheels of foreign policy which had finally caught us in the sweep of the eighteenth-century doctrine of the 'Balance of Power,' it might have said, 'No,' or 'No — Yes.' German militarism spared it the trouble of answering by instantly pouring out on the world a double portion of its spirit.

British public opinion had never realized what an organized military nation was, or how it would act. Therefore after the first fortnight of the Belgian invasion, discrimination as to the causes of the war practically ceased. It could only be visualized as an act of moral, as well as physical, devastation. Human horror at such conduct became mixed inevitably with our prevision of what such a thing would do to us when it had smashed Belgium, drawn France within its orbit, commanded Antwerp, dominated the Channel ports, including Calais and Dunkirk, and left no truly independent nation of standing between the Vistula and the mouths of the Seine. 'Finita est Anglia' is not the kind of epitaph that a proud people would choose to prepare for its tombstone.

Neither could British democracy see the liberties of Western Europe perish in the ruin which has been meted out to its own ward. We did not promise to go in even when France, through two of her most powerful public men, urged us that, if we stood aloof, the war must in effect turn France into a German vassal. It is hardly a secret that Mr. Lloyd George, with other members of the Cabinet, hesitated over their first reading of the Belgian case. Had Belgium asked only for diplomatic aid, had she suggested that she was prepared to make terms with Germany, or to let the German torrent flow quietly over her borders, war might have come, but not through this Cabinet.

The government as a whole yielded only when, the treaty of 1839 having been hastily torn up, the Belgian appeal became an urgent call for help. Shutting out the appalling issues of the war, and looking only to that appeal, it is impossible to imagine any government rejecting it, or any state of public opinion allowing them to reject it and to remain in office.

In effect, the decision rested with four men — Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Churchill, and Sir Edward Grey; for the secession of any one of them would have broken up the government. It has been said by the small dissenting minority that the war is a war of Liberal Imperialism, and it is true that, if we count heads, and associate them with abstract policies, we may reckon the Imperialists in the inner circle of the cabinet as three to one. But time, changes of attitude and circumstance, and the growing antagonism of England and Germany, due to the development of the German fleet, had largely obliterated the distinction between 'pro-Boers' and Imperialists. The two sections united to give self-government and federal dominion to South Africa. Both were content to accept Mr. Asquith's skillful and placable leadership in succession to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's. The breach was to some slight extent reopened when the processes of developing the Entente, reorganizing the fleet, and redirecting its face to the North Sea, set in together.

The situation was not managed with great skill. It was novel and disquieting. Germany was a half-read riddle. Was her true genius military or commercial? Each view was strongly held. Our Foreign Office had no new method to substitute for its traditional secrecy, and the presence of the Secretary of State in the House of Commons — for the first time since the days of Russell

and Palmerston — gave Parliament no larger measure of knowledge and control of exterior policy than it possessed before. It lacked an organ of authoritative inquiry; since the death of Sir Charles Dilke it happened also to be peculiarly deficient in private members equipped for the study of foreign affairs.

Events have made us all wiser, and to-day we should agree that a frank statement of the German peril might have cleared the thunder-laden air. But the public was not taken into the government's confidence. It was unaware either of our offer to Germany in 1912¹ of abstinence from all share in an aggressive war, or of Germany's significant response in the shape of a demand for a practically unconditional neutrality. It is open to question whether the Cabinet as a whole was acquainted with the case against German militarism; it

¹ First revealed by Mr. Asquith in his speech at Cardiff: 'We laid down — and I wish to call not only your attention, but the attention of the whole world to this, when so many false legends are now being invented and circulated — in the following year, in the year 1912, we laid down, in terms carefully approved by the Cabinet and which I will textually quote, what our relations with Germany ought, in our view, to be. We said, — and we communicated this to the German Government, — Britain declares that she will neither make nor join in any unprovoked attack upon Germany. Aggression upon Germany is not the subject, and forms no part of any treaty, understanding, or combination to which Britain is now a party, nor will she become a party to anything that has such an object. There is nothing ambiguous or equivocal about that. But, my Lord Mayor, that was not enough for German statesmanship. They wanted us to go further; they asked us to pledge ourselves absolutely to neutrality in the event of Germany being engaged in war, and this, mind you, at a time when Germany was enormously increasing both her aggressive and defensive resources, and especially upon the sea. They asked us — to put it quite plainly — they asked us for a free hand so far as we were concerned if, and when, they selected the opportunity to overbear, to dominate the European world. To such a demand but one answer was possible — and that was the answer we gave.' — THE AUTHOR.

is not at all doubtful that the indictment framed against it in 1909, when the competitive race in dreadnoughts began to culminate, was not the true indictment, for we were never in real danger of being outbuilt by the German shipyards. Rumors of the 'conversations' with French and Belgian generals did indeed prevail. But they were gleaned from hints dropped by French statesmen: while the menace to Belgian independence remained almost completely hidden.

A great reward might conceivably have waited on a bolder, less reticent statesmanship. Germany could have been formally challenged on Belgium, and have been offered a guarantee of peace in return for the satisfaction of Europe and England. This in fact was the substance of Sir Edward Grey's offer to her last July. But such a boon to civilization could only have been won by breaking down the counsels, at once crooked and violent, which finally swayed her policy.

However, it is a far cry from blaming the timidity of British policy to accusing it of deliberate aggression. The Haldane mission to Berlin, the movement for international disarmament, in the Liberal party and the British churches, the deputations to Germany, ought to have convinced her statesmen that peace with England could be had for the asking, and did probably convince the German Ambassador and the more moderate guides of her diplomacy at Berlin. There was passion in the early rivalry of the fleets; but in 1914 the country, if still uneasy, was strongly pacific. Mr. Churchill talked, but he offered terms of naval adjustment.

The Cabinet had successfully resisted conscription, and at no time, I think, did it contain more than two undeclared advocates of it. The proportional superiority of the fleets had indeed been increased, and the Committee of

Defense had worked out a successful scheme for the handling and equipment of the Expeditionary Force. But both steps were in the line of our traditional naval and military policy. The military force itself was small, — about one hundred and sixty thousand men, — and in view of the building of the strategic German railways on the Belgian frontier, pointing to an invasion along the Liège-Namur line, the contingency of a Continental landing could not quite be kept out of view. But I repeat that no government calling itself Liberal could well have engaged in a Continental war save in the face of some such contingency as actually arose, — namely, the complete breakdown of good faith and treaty obligation in international life, and the menace of an unchallenged supremacy in Western Europe of a single highly aggressive, perfectly organized, military state.

This is obvious when we consider the composition and the political problems of the Cabinet. The Prime Minister belonged originally to the Imperialist group, though he might always have been called a moderator in it. His personal association with Sir Edward Grey has always been close, as that of his predecessor was slight. But his easy and considerate rule was from the beginning based on the principle of a balance between the more numerically powerful Imperialists, and the weaker Radical and Gladstonian group, which on the whole commanded the country through the energy and personal force of Mr. Lloyd George. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had his policies, and they were expensive policies. The estimated combined cost of Old-Age Pensions and State Insurance for 1914–15 is over twenty and a half millions sterling. The final cost is hardly measurable, and to it must speedily have been added the burden of the great

pending scheme of housing and land-settlement.

These were the main preoccupations of Liberal and Radical Britain when the storm of last July burst upon it. The country was prosperous, but the government's finance was fast breaking down under the double burden of armaments and social reform. No one who knew Mr. George would ask him to sit for a portrait of the meekest of the Apostles, and in the alarming silence of German diplomacy in the Morocco crisis of 1911, the Prime Minister commissioned him to speak a word of warning to Berlin, which there and elsewhere awoke echoes of thunder. Pacifists thought that he had conceded too generous estimates of the needs of the army and navy. But his interest never for a moment lay in the starvation, or even the temporary obstruction, of social reform, and up to the verge of war moderation both in estimates and in policy was a leading note of our statesmanship.

Mr. Churchill was a statesman of a different type and lineage. He had come to Liberalism on the Conservative issue of free trade, and with a reputation for brilliancy of rhetoric and power of literary statement unsurpassed, save by the Prime Minister, in our modern Parliamentary speech. In the Colonial Office he did well and played a part of some consequence in the settlement with the Boers. His earlier essays as a Radical, and in the work of the Board of Trade and the Home Office, were less successful. His succession to the Admiralty alone satisfied his ambition, and gave scope to his administrative skill. The key of his policy, and of the rapid development of the four features of British naval strength on which it rested, — dreadnoughts, light cruisers, submarines, and aviation, — was his belief in the inevitability of an Anglo-German con-

flict, and of a German provocation to England, and a challenge to treaty law, in the shape of an invasion of Belgium.

No one will say that the expression of this conviction was always measured or prudent. But it was persuasive enough to convince the Radical Chancellor and his colleagues that the rising bill for the navy could not be cut down. Social reform and armaments, therefore, ran together in a desperate race for primacy, which was unconcluded when the war broke out. No basis for Germany's charge of a plot to engineer or even to aid an aggressive war against her lay in this distribution of the political fund of the nation. Rather it represented the conflict, as old as modern Liberalism, between the idea of a pacific state, absorbed in the endeavor to raise the physical and moral standards of its citizenship, and the pessimistic view that under the pressure of European militarism, as governed by Germany, no such development was possible.

Sir Edward Grey himself, an Imperialist and a Whig, a critical student of German diplomacy, but not an impassioned Jingo, lent his aid to both schools in turn. I conclude therefore this brief analysis of political tendencies by repeating that 1914 found the country in two minds as to the chances of avoiding war, but with a deeper desire to escape from it than at any period since the climax of the Anglo-German confrontation. Our Foreign Office had little but praise for Germany's seconding of Sir Edward Grey's campaign of peace during the Balkan war. Germany had been more than 'correct'; and England entered on the earlier phase of the short and terrible encounter of July last in the firm belief that Berlin was prepared to offer another sacrifice to peace.

She was soon undeceived. The power of England to keep the peace fell from her hand as soon as it was clear

that Germany was prepared to give Austria 'a free hand,'¹ and that the irresistible force coming from Berlin was one of propulsion, not of restraint. When again Germany's military policy pointed to the ruin of Belgium and the absorption by her of the three small independent States of western Europe, the never-long-dormant passion for nationality awoke, and the whole country, almost irrespective of political attachments, approved the war. It had had enough of propaganda by 'shining armor' and 'mailed fists.'

III

If, therefore, we remember that this was the mood in which our people accepted the war, we have a clue to the spirit in which they hope to end it. So far as the post-war diplomacy of the three great combatants of the Allies is concerned, I believe that its present exchanges of feeling and policy point to a moderate settlement. Even Russia has allowed it to be understood that she desires no spoil in the shape of German territory, and that her aspirations in the East point not to Constantinople as a neo-Russian capital so much as to the more modest and also traditional aim of a free passage through the Straits.

France has obvious reasons for desiring to avoid a war of exhaustion. For us, again, the idea of peace has come to centre round one field of vision: disarmament, and the enlargement of the sphere of international action. If the Allies fail, or half-succeed, a peace concluded with the Germans on French and Belgian soil, and with the Russian advance stayed on the frontier of Silesia, leaves Europe encumbered with a fresh crop of unreaped but ripening

¹ 'We therefore permitted Austria a completely free hand in her action towards Servia.' — *The German White Book*.

hatreds, and us, with still uninvaded soil, either plunged straightway into conscription, or engaged in a life-and-death struggle to avert it. The people would enter on that struggle in a mood of war-weariness and war-hatred in which every European nation would share, and an issue in favor of forced service would destroy the national unity, totally alter the character of our political institutions, and undermine the case on which, with a good conscience, the country embarked on a conflict for the ending of the Prussian military spirit. It is enough to repeat that, in my view, no existing British party would survive it without a fundamental and probably a revolutionary change.

But as the country assumes and believes in a victory for the Allies, it is of the utmost consequence to ensure that its deep underlying mood should find embodiment in the terms of peace. It is obvious that nothing which provides for a mere resumption of the war of naval estimates — 'the war of steel and gold' — would find an assenting party, for that implies the destruction of progressive England. But it is equally out of proportion to insist that the Allied powers should press for a cut-and-dried solution of the problem of armaments

on the crude lines of destruction of the German fleet and naval arsenals. It would be far more pertinent that when the Prussian 'domination,' to use Mr. Asquith's phrase at the Guildhall, is ended, the Allies should summon and provide for a European Conference. To this assembly Germany, unlike the France of 1815, would necessarily be a party. The Conference would, of course, be a temporary instrument. But it would be specially charged with the constitution of a European or rather a world-Parliament, on which in turn would devolve the settlement of a new scale and a restricted use of purely national forces. Such an issue in itself excludes the notion of a dismembered Germany, taking over from France the seeds of revenge implanted by the Treaty of Frankfort. It is to this general end, with increasing agreement as to means, that Liberal sentiment in France, England, Belgium, and even Russia — mindful of the assistance offered by the Kaiser in 1905 for the crushing of the Russian revolution — is moving with no uncertain step.

The one hidden factor is the attitude of Germany after the war. It is there that the supreme danger and uncertainty of the situation rest.

TSINGTAU: THE SEQUEL TO PORT ARTHUR

BY GUSTAVUS OHLINGER

I

'THE Asiatic considers only superior force, and respects those only who he knows will use this superiority to the utmost limit. This respect we have won for ourselves in a signal manner, and it will bear fruit in the future.'

With this vaunt Count von Waldersee greeted his countrymen upon his return, in 1901, from Peking, where he had commanded the German East Asiatic Expedition. As an estimate of the Oriental the statement may well challenge criticism. Its importance lies, however, in the insight which it affords into the principles which have dominated German policy in the Far East.

German ships and subjects made their first appearance in China and Japan under British protection. In 1842, by the Treaty of Nankin, England had forced from China recognition for her subjects, and the United States and France followed her example with similar treaties two years later. A decade later still, Commodore Perry opened Japan to foreign intercourse. But it was not till 1860 that a Prussian squadron, on a diplomatic mission representing thirty-three German states, appeared in Eastern waters. Through the assistance and influence of Townsend Harris, the veteran American minister, a treaty was negotiated between Prussia and Japan. The other states of the Confederation were not included in the treaty, the Japanese plenipotentiaries, who were appalled by the long roster of names, not being prepared to

grant treaties by wholesale. Similar assistance was rendered by the British and French representatives in the negotiation of a treaty with China. This treaty, in a secret article, obliged the Prussians to forego for a period of five years the right of diplomatic representation in Peking. During this interval, as before, the subjects of the various German states were glad to avail themselves of the protection afforded by the officials of friendly powers.

In 1866 the first Prussian minister arrived in Peking. He took up his residence in an exceedingly unpretentious building adjoining the British legation grounds. With 1871 there naturally came an accession of prestige, but for many years Germany's position was well represented by the humble quarters in which her diplomatic representative was lodged. Bismarck regarded the lack of vital interests in the Near and Far East as elements of advantage, allowing Germany to maintain a neutral attitude in the disputes of the European powers until such time as she could play her stake at the best odds. Moreover, a conciliatory foreign policy was necessary, in order, as he says in his *Memoirs*, 'To win the confidence, not only of the smaller European states, but also of the Great Powers, and to convince them that German policy will be just and peaceful, now that it has repaired the *injuria temporum*, the disintegration of the nation.' As expressions of this policy he explains the conciliating attitude of Germany with reference to the Caroline Islands and

Samoa. Until his retirement, therefore, Germany had no well-defined purpose of her own in the Orient, and politically she was a mere makeweight to the general policy of Great Britain.

But this period had not gone by without protest against such a *laissez-faire* attitude. Von Brandt, who represented the German government in Peking for nearly twenty years, repeatedly urged a more aggressive policy. He was particularly interested in the acquisition of a colony or naval station on the Asiatic coast, and this formed the subject of frequent memoranda to his government. At one time he visited the Island of Yezo, the northernmost of the four large islands of the Japanese group. He was at once impressed by its natural resources, its suitability for German immigration and settlement, and its desirability as a colony. These features he set forth in a lengthy report to his government, in which he stated that the island could readily be acquired by purchase, or, if need be, 'by force.'

II

With the accession of the present Kaiser there came a marked change in policy — a change which was emphasized by the disagreement with Bismarck and the Chancellor's retirement. The utterances of the Kaiser became the watchwords of a new era and a new spirit. The young Emperor conceived it to be his duty 'to extend and enlarge that which his predecessors had bequeathed to him'; 'Germany,' he said, 'must not be crowded out in the universal pressure toward the East' [Drang nach Osten]; Germany must have her 'place in the sun.' He would make himself an Oriental potentate, thereby emulating his imperial grandmother, who appealed to his imagination most profoundly as Empress of India.

Fortunately for his purposes, the Kaiser had inherited from the first Emperor and his Chancellor a long-standing friendship with Russia, and, with this, also a tradition of Russian greatness and power. The work of the Russian empire-builders was then drawing near completion. In 1858 the Czar's dominions had been extended along the left bank of the Amur River to the Pacific Ocean; in 1860 the maritime province of Manchuria, between the Ussuri River and the sea, was ceded by China, together with the use of the harbor of Vladivostock; in 1891 the construction of the Trans-Siberian railroad had been begun and the whole scheme of railroad development and territorial absorption had been launched which, in the schemes of Russia's statesmen, was to end only with the complete Russianization of Manchuria and Korea and the predominance of Russian influence throughout China. With this neighboring power, so far-reaching in policies, so irresistible in its advance, the Kaiser threw in his fortunes. For the next decade the threads of German policy in the Far East were closely interwoven with those of Russia. Every step taken by either power received the support of the other, and the advance was rapid.

The understanding was first put into practical effect during the Chinese-Japanese War. For many years the question of suzerainty over Korea had been a matter of dispute between the two neighboring empires. China had regarded Korea as a vassal state from time immemorial; Japan, realizing the designs of Russian policy and the weakness of the Chinese government, sought to establish Korea as an independent state. The real issue was between Japan and Russia, though it took the form of a war with China. Hostilities broke out on July 25, 1894; after a number of disasters, China was compelled

to sue for peace and Li Hung Chang was sent to Shimonoseki. The negotiations between these two powers, much to the disappointment of Germany, France, and Russia, were kept secret, Japan having no doubt detected a desire to interfere and being resolved to confront any protest with the *fait accompli*.

Her surmise was correct. When, on April 8, 1895, it became known that the cession of the Liaotung Peninsula formed one of the articles of peace, proposals for joint action to avert this result were sent by the Russian government to Berlin, Paris, and London. Germany and France assented, and on April 22, the ministers of the three countries in Tokio made representations to the Japanese government urging the retrocession of the peninsula, 'such territorial acquisition,' in their pious phrase, 'constituting a menace to the peace of the world.'

The answer of the Japanese government was delayed and might in the end have been unfavorable, had there not gone abroad the impression that the representations of the three powers, though couched in friendly terms, expressed a settled course of action. During the peace negotiations, the Russian fleet, assembled at Chefoo, made a demonstration which could leave no doubt in the minds of the Japanese that they were prepared to block any advance to Peking. Two German cruisers were also in the same port. To this was added the fact that the army and navy after the exertions of the past few months were not in a position to undertake new tasks.

Feeling that they had no other choice for the time than to bow to the inevitable, the Japanese government on May 10, 1895, notified the three powers of its compliance. The victors were obliged to satisfy themselves with an indemnity of 30,000,000 taels and promised

to withdraw their troops from Port Arthur and Wei Hai Wei within three months after the payment of that sum. At the last moment Japan attempted to secure an assurance that the Liaotung Peninsula would never be ceded to any other power; but for some reason, which became apparent only in the subsequent aggressive policy of Germany and Russia, the attempt was unsuccessful.

III

With Japan foiled, the two powers were free to pursue their separate designs. By the Cassini Convention Russia secured the right to build her railroad across Manchuria, and also a contingent interest in Port Arthur and a possible lease of Kiao-Chao Bay. Germany immediately began preparations for the seizure of some harbor on the Chinese coast. An expert was sent to the East to report on some point that would satisfy the requirements of a naval station. At various times in 1896 and 1897 German gunboats visited Kiao-Chao Bay and took soundings and observations. This point was finally selected and its acquisition was definitely determined upon. The plan was communicated to the Russian government and received its approval. This was clearly stated by the Foreign Secretary, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, in a speech in the Reichstag toward the close of 1896. The interests of Germany and Russia, so the minister declared, were not confined to the European continent, 'and these extra-continental interests,' he continued, 'will in all probability furnish us an opportunity of acting in harmony with the power with which we coöperated last year.' Further confirmation of the thorough understanding between the two powers is found in the fact that the acquisition of Kiao-Chao by Germany was not regarded as in-

fringing in any way the rights in this same territory which Russia had acquired by the Cassini Convention. Everything was ready for the final coup when, by a happy providence, on November 1, 1897, two German missionaries were murdered in the western part of Shantung Province.

It happened that the unfortunate victims were members of a Catholic society which but a few years before had been expelled from Germany. This fact was now overlooked. In fact, the outrage was most opportune in furnishing Germany with a pretext for the execution of plans which had long been awaiting consummation. On November 10, 1897, a German squadron under the command of Admiral von Diederichs — he of Manila fame — arrived at the entrance of Kiao-Chao Bay and took up a position commanding the barracks and forts, and on the 14th a landing party took possession of the bay and the territory at its mouth, in the name of the German Emperor. On December 3 the large city of Kiao-Chao, twenty-five miles from the entrance to the bay, was captured, and the Chinese garrison compelled to evacuate. Cargoes of lumber and material began to arrive, and any idea that the German sojourn would be a short one was sufficiently refuted by the substantial barracks and dwellings which were rapidly erected.

With German forces already in possession, negotiations were opened at Peking. The German demands included: (1) An indemnity of two hundred thousand ounces of silver; (2) the rebuilding of a chapel; (3) the repayment of Germany's expenses incurred in the occupation; (4) the dismissal of the governor of Shantung from the public service; (5) The punishment of the murderers; (6) Germans to have the sole right to develop railroads and mines in Shantung Province and to

have a lease of Kiao-Chao as a naval station.

On November 20 the first meeting between Baron von Heyking, the German minister, and the members of the Chinese Foreign Office took place. The Chinese requested that the negotiations be deferred until Kiao-Chao Bay had been evacuated by the German forces. This was met with a decisive refusal. The request was repeated at a subsequent interview, and met with the same answer. On the ground that information in regard to the negotiations was getting abroad, the German minister now demanded that further conferences take place in his legation. Li Hung Chang and his colleagues were therefore compelled to submit to the humiliation of repairing to the legation to discuss this outrage upon Chinese sovereignty. Finding their opponent unyielding, the Chinese negotiators waived the evacuation of Kiao-Chao, and contented themselves with the request that Admiral von Diederichs be instructed to act with moderation, as disaffection was brewing among the people. About this time it was reported that the Emperor had signified to the Grand Council his willingness to accede to articles 1, 2, and 5 of the German demands, but that as regarded the rest, he would lose his life and throne rather than give way to such preposterous claims. In their extremity, Li Hung Chang and his colleagues, recalling the friendly assistance given in 1895, had recourse to the Russian and French legations, but found these deaf to their entreaties.

Contemporaneously with the seizure of Kiao-Chao it had been decided in Berlin to dispatch a squadron to the Far East with reinforcements and supplies. This expedition was entrusted to Prince Henry, the Kaiser's brother. In December, on the eve of the departure of the expedition, occurred the ban-

quet at Kiel, which has since become memorable. In a toast to the departing Prince, the Kaiser pointed out to him the objects of his mission:—

‘May every European in those distant regions, may every German merchant, and above all may the foreigner on whose soil we are or with whom we shall have to deal, be made aware that the German Michael has finally planted his shield with the device of the German eagle upon the soil, in order once for all to give his protection to all who may ask it. And may our countrymen in those regions, be they merchants, or be their business what it may, rest assured that the protection of the German Empire implied by the German ships of war will be steadily vouchsafed them. But should any one essay to detract from our just rights or to injure us, then up and at him with your mailed fist, and if it be God’s will, weave for your youthful brow a wreath of laurel which no one in all the German Empire will begrudge you.’

The Prince in reply, addressing His Majesty as ‘Most August Emperor, Most Mighty King and Lord, Illustrious Brother,’ spoke of the momentous epoch that had come to the nation and its deep significance for the navy, and assured him that neither fame nor laurel would have any charm for him. ‘One aim draws me on — it is to declare in foreign lands the gospel of Your Majesty’s hallowed person, to preach it to every one who will hear, and also to those who will not hear it. This gospel I will have inscribed on my banner, and I will inscribe it whithersoever I go.’

Meanwhile negotiations were proceeding in Peking. After wearying discussions leading to no conclusion, the Chinese negotiators finally, on January 2, 1898, assured Baron von Heyking that on the following day they would give him a definite answer. Instead of

this, they appeared with all manner of excuses, alleging hopeless dissension among the members of the Tsungli Yamen. Thereupon the minister stated that he could have no further dealings with them, and the Chinese left the legation in great trepidation. On the next day Baron von Heyking appeared at the Tsungli Yamen. The interpreter of the legation read a speech in which the minister referred to the consequences of further protracting the negotiations, and declared that the time had come for them to decide upon their course. The speech made a strong impression, and was received in deep silence. At a sign from Prince Kung, one of the ministers rose and stated that his government would accede to all the German demands.

The Kiao-Chao Convention was finally signed on March 6, 1898. The preamble reads: ‘The events connected with the mission in Shantung Province having been settled, the Imperial Chinese Government considers it fitting that it should in a special manner evidence its appreciation of the friendship which has always been manifested by Germany.’ The Convention then goes on to state that, with the object of fulfilling the natural desire of the Kaiser to possess, like other powers, a naval station on the Chinese coast, the Emperor of China leases to Germany for a period of ninety-nine years the entire area of Kiao-Chao Bay at high water, including its islands, the islands commanding the entrance to the bay, and the lands on either side of the entrance within certain boundaries. Besides the above territory, within which Germany was to exercise full sovereignty, the Convention provides for a neutral zone surrounding the bay and extending inland fifty kilometers from high water. Within this zone China retained sovereignty, but no measures of any kind were to be taken without the con-

sent of the German government. The special privileges accorded Germany in Shantung included: (1) Concessions for three lines of railroad, one connecting Kiao-Chao with Chinan-fu, the capital, in the western part of the province; another connecting Kiao-Chao with Ichou-fu in the south; and a third connecting Ichou-fu and Chinan-fu; these lines to be constructed by a German-Chinese company. (2) The exclusive right to develop mines within a zone extending for fifteen kilometers on either side of the lines of railroad above described. (3) Preference to be given to German manufacturers and capitalists in all enterprises for the development of Shantung Province.

IV

The Kiao-Chao affair marks so decided a change in the relations of the powers to China that in order to appreciate its significance it is necessary to point out briefly the various phases through which those relations have passed since their inception. As already noted, foreign intercourse was first put upon a formal basis by the Treaty of Nankin, concluded between England and China in 1842. Previous to that event foreigners were treated as barbarians, as possessing no rights whatever, and were subjected to all the indignities that Chinese officials could cast upon them. Nor did the Treaty of Nankin bring about an immediate improvement. The Chinese were not prepared to regard foreign states or their representatives and subjects as in any degree their equals. The records of the treaty as well as of the subsequent treaties with the United States and France were relegated to provincial archives as unworthy of imperial notice, and the officials in their intercourse with foreign representatives did everything in the way of evasion, de-

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lay, and petty indignities, to manifest their contempt.

The intolerable attitude of the Chinese government brought on a second war. This culminated in 1860 in the occupation of Peking by the allied French and British — an event which marked the next phase in the relations of China with the powers. New treaties were made, and the Chinese government was compelled, at least outwardly, to abandon its previous position and to treat foreign governments on a basis of equality. Henceforth their representatives were allowed to reside in Peking and to negotiate directly with the Imperial Government through a Board of Foreign Affairs, known as the Tsungli Yamen, which was specially created for the purpose. Foreign governments, in their turn, though the weakness and imbecility of Chinese officialdom had been amply demonstrated, continued to treat China with all the deference due to a first-class power and a recognized member of the community of nations. Great concessions, it is true, were obtained by some of them from China, but the government was at least permitted to maintain the appearance of freedom of action, and its dignity was preserved. The period from 1860 to 1897 may therefore be characterized as one of mutual recognition on the part of China and the powers of their equal rights and dignities as independent states.

With the seizure of Kiao-Chao these relations passed into still another stage. The precipitate and inconsiderate action of the Germans proclaimed to the world that China was beyond the pale of international comity, and that henceforth she was to be regarded as the legitimate spoil of western powers. Within a month the example of the Germans was followed by the Russians at Port Arthur. In December, 1897, the Russian fleet took up its winter quarters in

the harbor, and with the prize already in her possession, Russia opened negotiations with the Chinese government. On March 27, 1898, three weeks after the signature of the Kiao-Chao Convention, an agreement was concluded which placed Russia in possession, not only of Port Arthur, but of Talienwan and the adjacent territories and waters, for a period of twenty-five years. Five days later Great Britain acquired the right to occupy Wei Hai Wei for such time as Russia might remain in Port Arthur. In the same month, France obtained a lease of the Bay of Kwang Chow Wan on the southern coast of China, opposite the Island of Hainan. Even Italy, a power which so far had hardly been heard in Chinese affairs, instructed her naval officers to select some desirable harbor and then began to clamor for the possession of an inlet on the coast of Chekiang. The Empire, indeed, seemed to have become the unhappy victim of an exciting game of grab among the powers. As the Empress Dowager expressed it in a decree published early in 1900: 'The various powers cast upon us looks of tiger-like voracity, hustling each other in their endeavors to be the first to seize upon our inmost territory.'

All these accumulated disasters the officials and the educated Chinese traced directly to the seizure of Kiao-Chao. The assurance with which the Germans had planted their standard upon Chinese soil was a painful wound to Chinese pride. That stood forth as an example of colossal highhandedness, and supplied the precedent and excuse for all these subsequent aggressions. The antipathy toward foreigners latent in their minds was stirred to a bitter enmity, which awaited only an opportunity for expression.

So far as the common people were concerned, it is not likely that without other causes the seizure of a few ports

would have been sufficient to instigate them generally to acts of violence. So long as they were not interfered with, the people in the interior would doubtless have gone their way, leaving their countrymen in the immediate neighborhood of the alienated territories to adapt themselves to the new conditions as best they could. But the Kiao-Chao Convention provided for special mining and railroad concessions throughout the Province of Shantung. A district sacred to the traditions of Confucius, which previously had seen but few foreigners, now became the field of operation for engineers and prospectors. To the natives the strangers seemed to be asserting very substantial proprietary rights over the entire country.

Railroad construction was carried on with a peculiar disregard for their prejudices and even for their rights. Shantung, like the other provinces of China, is dotted with graves which are regarded by the people with a religious veneration. These were frequently violated. The railroad embankment in places was constructed without adequate provision for drainage, and large areas were inundated during the heavy rains. More than once during 1899 and 1900 the operations were interrupted by armed resistance. The whole countryside would rise in revolt, expel the engineers and workmen, and fortify their villages against a return of the intruders. Usually a body of German troops with machine guns would be dispatched to the disaffected district, and the road would be cleared after severe skirmishing. In fact, the mailed fist was rapidly becoming a stern reality to a large part of the population of Shantung.

v

The hostility to the Germans, and incidentally to all foreigners, now took tangible form in the society which has

since come to be known as the Boxers. It is unnecessary to recount the dreary list of murders, attacks, and pillagings which crowded the years 1898 and 1899 as harbingers of the storm which was to break in fury in 1900. Suffice it to remark that with but few exceptions these outbreaks occurred in Shantung Province, within an area which is roughly bounded by the routes of the three lines of railroad provided for in the Kiao-Chao Convention. From this area it spread westward to Szechuen, and early in 1900 north to Chihli. By June, 1900, the legations in Peking were cut off from the rest of the world and were in a state of siege. A few days later Baron von Ketteler, the German minister, was murdered while on his way to the Tsungli Yamen. He had been singled out by the Chinese for special vengeance, and he undoubtedly fell a victim to the high-handed policy which Germany had pursued.

While the occupants of the legations were fighting for their very lives against fearful odds, and while Admiral Seymour was vainly endeavoring with his inadequate force to cut his way through to Peking, the British government approached the other powers with the proposal that in view of the extremity of the situation the Japanese government be requested, on behalf of the powers, to embark at once an army sufficient for the immediate relief of Peking. The proposal received the cordial support of the United States. Russia and Germany, however, held aloof, arguing against giving any power 'a mandate for separate action on any special condition or any claim to a preponderating voice in guidance based upon the relative amount of force supplied or the services rendered to the common cause.' The fact is, Russia discerned in the crisis an admirable opportunity for perfecting her schemes in Manchuria. The Kaiser saw in it the

means of gratifying his aspirations for increased power and prestige. Humanitarian considerations had to wait upon the demands of German and Russian policy.

In the meantime Germany was preparing an expedition which should eclipse any foreign army that had ever appeared in the Far East. A force of seventeen thousand men, drawn from all branches of the service, and known as the German East Asiatic Expeditionary Corps, was organized. On July 27, 1900, the first transport sailed from Bremerhaven, the Kaiser bidding the men farewell in the following words: 'Remember when you meet the foe that quarter will not be given, and that prisoners will not be taken. Wield your weapons so that for a thousand years no Chinese will dare to look askance at a German. Pave the way once for all for civilization. Good-bye, my comrades.'

There were now present in North China, in varying strengths, German, British, French, American, Japanese, Russian, Italian, and Austrian contingents. As all were ostensibly pursuing the same object, namely, the relief of the legations, circumstances seemed to point to a united command. Thereupon the Russian government approached the powers with the suggestion that a commander-in-chief over all the allied forces in China be selected. The suggestion, however, was coupled with the stipulation that the united command should apply only to the troops engaged in Chihli, Russia reserving to herself the right of independent action in the portions of the Empire bordering her own territory and her railroad, leaving other powers similar freedom of action 'where their own territory and special interests were more immediately concerned.'

The proposal was an important part of the Russo-German programme, and

never did two powers play into each other's hands more effectively. The situation, too, was favorable. It was claimed that England would never consent to placing her troops under either a Russian or a French commander; on the other hand, neither Russia nor France would consent to British leadership. As a matter of principle, the United States would not undertake the task, as it would lead her too far afield from her announced policy. Japan, an Asiatic nation, could hardly lay claim to the chief command over troops the majority of whom were European. By a process of elimination, the choice seemed to fall on Germany, not because the German commander would be the most acceptable, but because less objection could be raised to his appointment than to any other.

By the end of July the Kaiser and the Czar had agreed upon the appointment of Field-Marshal Count von Waldersee as commander-in-chief of the allied forces. The appointment was announced to the world, with special emphasis upon the fact that it had received the approval of the Czar. In his farewell speech to the count, the Kaiser again alluded to the subject by saying, 'It is of great significance that your appointment from the outset received the support and approval of the Emperor of all the Russias, the mighty ruler who makes his power felt throughout the continent of Asia. This again shows how closely united are the traditions in arms of the two empires.'

Admiral Seymour was compelled by insurmountable obstacles to abandon his expedition to Peking. By August 7, however, reinforcements had arrived at Tientsin, and a new force composed of Japanese, Russians, British, Americans, and French took up the march to the capital. On the 14th they reached Peking and the legations were saved. The first ships of the German East

Asiatic Expedition were hardly under way when this news was flashed around the world. Before the German commander-in-chief had started, the United States, Japan, and England were already preparing to withdraw their troops from the North. When Count von Waldersee arrived at Taku toward the end of September, he met the transports of Japan and the United States preparing to reëmbark their contingents. The United States took no part in the subsequent military operations, if they can be dignified by this term, nor were our troops ever placed under the orders of the German commander. In fact, except for the usual bands of marauders, there was no one left to fight. With the capture of Peking the Boxer hordes had vanished like the morning mists. There seemed little for the Germans to do except to make themselves comfortable in winter quarters and digest their chagrin as best they could.

On October 17, escorted by officers and men from the various contingents, Count von Waldersee made his public entry into the capital. Before the relief of the legations the Empress Dowager, the Emperor, and the entire court had fled, and the count now decided to take up his headquarters in the Winter Palace. This occupies the western portion of the imperial inclosure in the centre of the Manchu city of Peking. It is separated from the rest of the palace grounds by a lotus pond which is crossed by two bridges, one of marble, the other of wood.

The ceremonial of the court had reserved the wooden bridge for the exclusive use of the Emperor himself, nor had any one been allowed to enter the imperial inclosure except on foot. But now the deserted courts of the palace resounded with hoofbeats, and the sacred precincts were thronged with German soldiers. Count von Waldersee

crossed to the Winter Palace over the wooden passageway, while a salute was fired from the marble bridge. These measures had the desired effect on the natives. Long after, in remote regions of Mongolia, where the German name hitherto had never been heard, it was said about the camp-fires that a German general was now Emperor of China; for did he not live in the palace at Peking?

The only military operations having been concluded before the arrival of the expeditionary corps, the German troops were obliged to content themselves with police duty. An expedition to the city of Paotingfu and another to the city of Kalgan were organized. Numerous patrols were sent over the province. These soon degenerated into the so-called punitive expedition which became a feature of the German occupation. Every petty officer seemed to have a cartel to devastate the country and levy on the inhabitants. Villages that had been used as Boxer headquarters, or where arms were discovered, were burned to the ground and the inhabitants killed or driven away. Of the indemnities collected, no estimate can be formed. An assault on a German soldier, a reported conspiracy, or the grievances of native Christians, furnished sufficient excuse for demanding money payments or for proceeding to harsher measures.

The necessary result of the German policy was a condition of anarchy which soon prevailed throughout the Province of Chihli. Though no attempt was made to replace it, the Chinese civil authority was prostrated. The native troops upon whom the government relied for the suppression of disorder and brigandage had been driven out of the province in pursuance of Von Waldersee's programme. The officials were not even allowed to keep arms and ammunition. Nor could they be

expected to inspire a respect for authority among their own countrymen when their own dignity was liable to be assailed at any moment by foreign officers and soldiers. Repeatedly magistrates were haled before military officers, their conduct was inquired into, and they themselves were subjected to punishment.

The German soldiers soon wearied of the life in China. The duty to which they were assigned was a disappointing anticlimax to their anticipations of stubborn encounters and hard-fought fields which would go down in history along with the exploits of 1870. By the spring of 1901 all the other contingents had been withdrawn. The Germans were thus left in conspicuous isolation and their departure could not long be delayed. In June Count von Waldersee left Peking and preparations were made to bring back the expedition.

With regard to its ostensible object — the suppression of disorder and the restoration of peace — the expedition had been an unqualified failure. It arrived on the scene too late to be of any practical service, and the policy pursued by Von Waldersee intensified and prolonged the disorder in North China. The return of the court to Peking, which was generally regarded as the preliminary to a final settlement, was delayed by the presence of the German troops. The ulterior object of the expedition — to furnish a striking object-lesson of the power and resource of Germany — was undoubtedly attained. Districts in which the name of Germany had never been heard were made acquainted with the Kaiser's soldiery, and long afterwards ruined hamlets and gaping walls were eloquent reminders of a new name in the peasant vocabulary. In the final adjustment the entire expense for the expedition was saddled upon China, thus greatly burdening her resources and

delaying a return to normal conditions. The German indemnity was exceeded only by the Russian, and nearly the entire amount of the 272,000,000 marks was represented by the cost of this unnecessary and baleful expedition.

VI

The German Expeditionary Corps, far out of proportion to the other contingents or to Germany's real interest, pointed to ulterior objects. These soon became apparent. As a result of the agreement reached in London in 1898 between the German and British railroad syndicates, the Yangtze valley had come to be regarded as the sphere of British influence, while the Province of Shantung was assigned to Germany. The British government, however, declared its unalterable purpose of maintaining the principle of the open door. In 1900 the two governments subscribed a memorandum in which they pledged themselves to preserve equality of opportunity for all nations in Chinese territory. The news of this agreement was hailed with enthusiasm in Japan. The government saw therein the opportunity for joint action with Germany and England in arresting the Russian advance. At its request the Japanese government was permitted to subscribe the declaration on the same basis as the original signatories.

The memorandum, on its face, seems to contain a declaration of principles applicable to all Chinese territory. From the first, however, all well-informed organs of public opinion in Germany repudiated the idea that it had any application to Manchuria. Some journals, generally regarded as officially inspired, went so far as to say that the agreement formed an important part of the Russo-German programme, and that it left Russia free to work out

her plans in Manchuria while keeping the way open for her to the heart of China, whither Russian influence was being extended by the construction of the Peking-Hankow railroad,—the latter ostensibly a Belgian enterprise.

The German expedition was vital to this programme. It enabled the two governments to hold in check Great Britain, Japan, or any other power that might protest, while Russia pursued unmolested her schemes of assimilation in Manchuria. On the arrival of the German troops, Russia, ostentatiously disclaiming any designs upon Chinese territory, announced her intention of withdrawing her forces. They were withdrawn—but to Newchwang, the seaport of Manchuria. From this base the Russian troops moved northward to meet two armies that were sweeping southward from Siberia. By the end of the year every important strategic position between the Yellow Sea and the Amur River had been occupied by the Czar's forces, the railroads were lined with troops, the Chinese telegraphs appropriated, and Manchuria, to all intents and purposes, was a Russian province. Thereupon a convention sanctioning these aggressions was demanded of China. The terms proposed immediately aroused a storm of protest. The United States issued a circular note stating that it was inexpedient for the Chinese government to make any separate agreement with any power while the negotiations for an adjustment of the Boxer troubles were still in progress. The Anglo-German agreement was called to mind, and popular opinion in England and Japan looked to it as a bulwark against the threatened appropriation. Germany now came to the support of her confederate. Whatever delusions might have been entertained with regard to the scope of the agreement were soon dispelled by Count von Bülow. In a

speech in the Reichstag, the Imperial Chancellor announced that the agreement had no application to Manchuria; that there were no German interests there; and that nothing could concern Germany less than the fate of that province.

The Russo-German conspiracy was thus revealed. The German East Asiatic Expedition had been organized and sent out as a part of a general scheme of aggression. China paid the entire expense, and in return was to have the privilege of seeing other powers held in check while she was despoiled of her northern provinces. By its means the Russian annexation of Manchuria was to be accomplished and the German Empire in Northern China founded, with the possibility, in the end, of a German viceroy or resident in Peking. Only the complete collapse of the Boxer uprising, which removed any pretext for the continued presence of the German army, together with the decided stand taken by the United States, prevented the consummation of the plan.

In Japan, however, the sense of injury caused by the action of Germany in 1895 was intensified. She had assisted in robbing the nation of the fruits of her victory only to facilitate their appropriation by her rival.

But the issue was now clear before the world — a China with closed markets partitioned out between the powers, or a China with territory intact developing an enlightened nationality and patriotism and offering equal opportunity to all. On the one side were ranged Germany and Russia; on the other, the United States, England, and Japan; the opposing ideas — Russian bureaucracy, German military despotism, refined materialism, the exploitation of the inferior for the benefit of the so-called superior, the doctrine of the superman and of the mailed fist, as

against racial and territorial integrity, national enlightenment, and popular government.

VII

Events now moved rapidly. While Russia was pouring her soldiers into Manchuria and fortifying Port Arthur, Germany proceeded with equal energy to strengthen her position in Shantung. The old village of Tsingtau had been razed, and, as if by magic, a town of German architecture took its place. The harbor was developed, wharves built, and all the appliances for handling a large commerce installed. A dry dock was brought out from Germany. The railroad was pushed to completion, and by 1904 was in operation. Five million dollars, according to official accounts, which probably do not include all appropriations, were spent in fortifying the heights commanding the entrance of Kiao-Chao Bay, and a garrison of three thousand men placed behind the guns. In order that German interests might be independent of the British cable lines, the government, in conjunction with the government of Holland, organized and subsidized a new company. In 1904 a cable was laid from Shanghai to Jap, an island in the Caroline Group. At Guam connection was made with the American Pacific Cable. Another cable was laid from Shanghai to Tsingtau, Chefoo, and Tientsin. German shipping was assisted with subsidies, and German commerce encouraged by every facility the government could provide.

Japan's preparation was just as energetic, and even more thorough. Much is being said to-day of Germany's mission as a civilizing power whose destiny demands that she impose her so-called 'Kultur' upon all mankind. Germany can boast at least one foster child that has more than profited by her instruction. Japan's military sys-

tem, to its minutest details, was borrowed from Germany; during the Russo-Japanese war, she employed the same methods of espionage that are puzzling the Allies to-day; Japanese jurisprudence is the work of German professors; her scientists, physicians, and technologists are the products of German schools; in commerce she has adopted German methods, and she is Germany's most dangerous competitor in the sundry 'muck-and-truck' trade of the Orient. In fact, the very resources which Japan was to marshal, first against Port Arthur, and ten years later against Tsingtau, were developed under German tutorship. At the same time, Japan is the most striking refutation of Germany's claim to universal empire. The intellectual debt of the Mikado's people should have produced a feeling of kinship far stronger than treaties. But it is the defect of German materialism, as well as of the philosophy of the mailed fist, that it fails to awaken any spiritual response.

VIII

Sooner than was expected, the issue was submitted to the arbitrament of war. When, in February, 1904, the Japanese torpedo flotilla appeared off Port Arthur, the world knew that the inevitable conflict had begun. With ill-concealed partisanship, Germany watched the struggle. Had she dared, she would gladly have taken part. The fall of Port Arthur, the sea fight of Tsushima, and the battle of Moukden, put an end to the dream of Russian empire in Manchuria.

'Bismarck wrong again,' we can imagine the Kaiser saying to himself, as

he surveyed the Russian disaster and realized how completely the traditions of Russian military power had been shattered. The downfall of her ally left Germany isolated as the only power whose policy in the Orient demanded partition. But that policy was now obsolete. It was only a question of time when Germany would be compelled to withdraw the mailed fist. Historically, it is only a step from Port Arthur to the surrender of Tsingtau.

Meanwhile another force had been gathering momentum. The Boxer deluge had left behind it in China an awakened national consciousness which year by year sought more intelligent and effective expression. The years following 1900 were marked by an intellectual awakening, such as had never been known. The victories of Japan gave it an added stimulus. Students went abroad by the thousands; hundreds of foreign books were translated into Chinese; newspapers were established, and found everywhere eager readers.

Young China had learned that foreign railroads and foreign loans were potent instrumentalities of aggression; no more concessions should be granted, existing railroads should be repurchased, and China should incur no further obligations to European bankers. Foreign institutions were studied, and far-reaching reforms in government and in administration were introduced. Provincial legislative assemblies were established, an imperial parliament was projected, and finally, the republic was inaugurated. The new enlightenment would in the end have been just as effective as Japanese arms in opposing German policy.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE QUESTION

EVEN we who are neutrals in this war have been struck as with a bludgeon. Bewilderment succeeds bewilderment, and we Americans drift on scarce knowing what to think, much less what part to play. The magical words, 'America's opportunity,' are on every man's tongue; yet none can interpret them. In us the blood of pioneers is not yet run out. Instinctively we feel the need for action. We give gladly, bountifully, stretching out our hands to stricken Belgians, comforting them as if they were our own. We fit out our ships of mercy. We equip hospitals and ambulances. Our hands are busy, and we find solace in activity. But ever before our eyes are vaster problems. As they gradually take shape, clearer and still more clear, it is our sacred duty to face them, not haphazard, not confused, but with steady purpose and definite resolve.

Right in this nation's path must stand the peace which will conclude this war. If the Teutons win decisively, that peace will be signed in London or in Paris. Then America's opinion will not be asked. Shall it be expressed? If that day comes, that grave decision must be made, and it will determine the future of the United States. Either we shall remain a people whose ideals of liberty, of culture, and of life prove that we are indissolubly bound to the English-speaking nations of the earth, working in our individual American fashion at the vast common task of Anglo-Saxon civilization, or we must live on in isolation, striving intensively to maintain our ideals, but never

spreading them beyond our borders. Then, though we keep our own lamp burning, we must watch the lights of the Anglo-Saxon world go out, one by one, along the seven seas. There stand the alternatives. Are we prepared to face them?

If the Allies write the treaty of peace in Berlin, another problem rises in its place. Shall we acquiesce, though the mounting passion of triumphant nations force a peace more cruel than the war? Shall we watch in silence the barriers of liberalism razed before the advance of Russia's autocracy? Or shall we find means to make our influence felt on the side of wisdom and of moderation? Shall the only great peaceful power in the world help to make peace effectual? There is another choice. Are we prepared to face it?

Again, the war may not be decisive. Famine and penury may be the only victors. Then may not the treaty be the Peace of Washington? Shall not we, then, with malice toward none, so frame our powerful advice that a treaty may result conceived in the spirit — we might almost say dedicated to the memory — of Lincoln? These are the questions which destiny soon may ask. What shall our answer be?

Great nations are built on great ideas. Rome meant Law. England has meant Liberty. The high significance of Germany is Efficiency. Equal Justice and Opportunity to each is still the vision of America. Cannot that vision, which more than once in our history has seemed so near fulfillment, be steadfastly brought to pass? May we not see a generation trained to serve the state and paid in honor for that

service? May not our national conscription be not for military but for industrial service, the service of a year, perhaps, when common toil shall teach the rich the cost of labor and make the poor man wise in the economic law; when each for each shall learn democracy? Cannot we finally decide that the flag shall not follow commerce to embroil us with our neighbors, and that capital which seeks high returns beyond our borders takes its own risk? Cannot we hope that national seriousness will increase as national egoism grows beautifully less? Is it not possible to shift the scale of values and let honor and respect wait only upon achievement and character? Little by little, then, shall we renew our faith in democracy. Little by little, shall we help once more to build the civilization of the world.

THE REAL COST OF DRESSING

THE figures given in a recent article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, showing the prices women pay for clothes, are startling; but may it not be true that the real cost of dressing is not money, chiefly, but time and anxious thought? A woman spends more or less money on dress, according to her income; probably neither the very rich nor the very poor spend out of proportion to their income. Nearly all women, however, except the miserably poor who do not 'dress' at all, but simply cover their nakedness, give more time to clothes than they can afford. Whatever our condition in life, we all must live on twenty-four hours a day. Of those hours, clothes claim more than their due.

Yesterday I was calling on a friend who lives in a fashionable New York apartment. She told me she went every morning for a 'fitting.'

I protested.

'You mean in the spring and fall, when you are getting your things, don't you?'

'No; I mean every day, through the eight winter months. It's an awful nuisance. No wonder I'm a nervous wreck. I wish John would let me wear ready-made things. It's absurd, but it's a fact that I hardly ever go through the day without going either to the tailor or the dressmaker, or to try on hats or shoes or corsets. I have a good many things made between seasons, when the prices are lower. And I have to squeeze in time to go shopping; for while I buy very little in the shops, I want to see what the new imported things look like, and go to the openings. I've found a dear little Frenchwoman who makes all my lingerie,' — my friend wears lingerie, not underwear, — 'and very cheaply, too, considering the exquisite work she does, but she expects me to tell her just how I want everything done, and to choose designs for the embroidery, and to buy the lace and ribbon; and of course I try on every garment. Stockings and veils are about the only things I can get ready-made, and it takes a lot of time selecting them. Don't you think the new veils are awfully trying?'

I hurried away to conceal my ignorance of the new veils, and went up town to look up an old school friend whom I had not seen for twenty years, and who had lately come to live in New York. I remembered her as a clever girl, with a gift for music.

'Oh, dear, no, I never go to concerts and picture exhibitions,' she said. 'To tell the truth I don't do anything all day long but make clothes, and mend them, and remodel them, and go to bargain sales, and hunt up cheap dressmakers. John teases me, and says I wear my brains on my back, but he ought to be glad I'm not wearing every dollar he earns. I'm not extravagant,

and I don't run up bills or buy finery that I'd wear once and then throw away. I wash my lace blouses myself, and my silk stockings, and I make all my underclothes by hand.

'New York is mighty hard on your clothes. Of course I'm a good deal of a stranger, and I have n't many invitations, and so don't need so large a wardrobe as I did in Dallas, but still I have to dress better than I did there. The standard is higher. There never is a time when you can just put on any old thing. In New York people dress up to go to market, or to early church. When John takes me to the theatre I've got to look nice, or I could n't enjoy the play. If I walk down the Avenue in a suit that is n't just right, I am self-conscious and pessimistic. I see nothing but the reflection of my "tacky" self in the big windows. I simply must dress well, if it takes all my time. Is n't the war news awful? I've read only the headlines, but won't it be funny if next year we have to get our fashions from Berlin?'

On the way home, in the street-car, I heard two high-school girls talking.

'Did you pass in algebra? I only got 55 for a mark. Ain't it a shame! And I have n't written my essay, either. I have n't had no time to go to the Library to look up anything. Mother said I could n't go to the Hallowe'en dance without I made my costume myself, and my new shirtwaist I'm embroidering has just loads of work on it, and oh! you just ought to see my new tailor suit. I copied it from an awfully swell dress I saw in the movies, and I spent four whole afternoons chasing round before I could find a little tailor that was willing to press it, after I'd made it myself. It's some suit, if I do say it.'

I got off the car, reflecting gloomily on the vanity of my sex, stopped at a

shop on 'the Avenue' to satisfy my curiosity about the 'new veils,' bought one, after about twenty minutes' indecision, and then went home and spent an hour dressing for dinner.

'UNIFORMS FOR WOMEN'

I HAVE to confess that after reading Mr. George's article, 'Uniforms for Women,' in the November *Atlantic*, the two questions chiefly abiding with me were whether his uniform \$2.50 straw hat would be trimmed with buttercups or daisy-wreaths; and what in the world 'very doggy' might convey to the British mind. My visions of Fifth Avenue bobbing and seething with endless buttercups, of a trolley-car likewise bristling with buttercups, of a church auditorium quivering summer and winter with prayerful buttercups, were equaled only by a dream of a ball-room swaying with 'stuff of good quality, hanging in straight folds,' which is to say, many meal-sacks all in the same color, of some excellent durable material like tweed or broadcloth. Would any of these costumes be 'very doggy,' I wonder?

But it is not fair by Mr. George's intention and conclusion to mock too lightly at him for betraying a delightful masculine ignorance of feminine A B C's; though he plans for us a wardrobe so frugal that we should almost have to go to bed while its articles were washed and pressed, and even denies us our faint echo of the bright jewels that have shone on the necks of queens and tinkled on the wrists of gypsies since the world was young. For he is beyond argument in his main contention that many women, rich and poor, spend an unreasonable and criminal amount of time and of money on their garments. Fashion is a witless and noxious goddess. The appearance of her devotees is often neither modest nor

useful nor beautiful, and the effects of her worship reach far into the economic and social problems of the day. It is true that a 'mental baseness' develops in those women whose sole ideal is to keep up with the style, — to be 'smart'; just as it does in those men whose end in life is money, money, and a bigger, newer automobile than any-body else has.

But it is hard to believe, as Mr. George would have us, that woman's determining motive for dress is 'to insult and humiliate her sisters.' Women are not all cats. If they are, why is Mr. George a Feminist, looking forward to a world inspired and controlled by these same feline monsters? There are many women, faithful in their homes and in the business world, who dress fashionably for the same simple reasons that constrain a man to wear a clean collar and get a shave and a shine with ordinary regularity. It is true that false social standards demand far too much of them, but that is not the fault of their own selfish vanity.

No doubt to these women, usually the best and most efficient of their sex, any relief from the overstrain after silly conformity would be welcome. Therefore, — taking them as true and reasonable representatives of feminine ideals, — why not, indeed, a uniform? Trained nurses, deaconesses, Salvation Army lasses, wear their garb without self-consciousness and loss of whatever charm is theirs by nature. Why is it that the idea of a rigidly standardized uniform for all women strikes us as so impossible that we are laughing at it before we have given it the thought it deserves?

I think that the most general reason for our laughter is at the same time the most compelling one. It's the 'natur' of the critter' that seems an eternal obstacle in the way of regulating women's clothes or motives. Probably men's

clothes could be much more strictly uniform than they are, and no one would wink an eyelash; but women's? As a young husband said with a smile when his wife apologized for some needless pleasant vanity, 'Why not? I was n't marrying a man, was I?'

It is true that the male birds and beasts, and the almost equally primitive male human animals of savage tribes, surpass the female in gayety of feathers and crests, beads and stripes; but as the race emerges from its childhood, the eternal youth of the spirit seems to be left largely in the keeping of women. They retain the shining, shifting, fluent quality that is their characteristic strength and weakness, even while they try to grow in power and wisdom. The woman who does not love color and ornament and certain happy elemental playthings is not often the one to whom men and children turn for affection and understanding.

Uniforms for women? Put them all in neat hats, and navy-blue orphan-asylum suits with short skirts and stout boots (that is my vision, perhaps an offensive one to Mr. George, whose pardon I pray), — young and old, fat and thin, dark and fair, — it is so funny that once more I forget that the suggestion is intended to remedy a real and biting evil.

When would the standardization begin? The very babies in their bassinets must conform, too. Wouldn't every little girl in the city be out in the Public Gardens sticking dandelions in her hair, and robbing the tulip beds, just to find something to 'dress up in'? And would n't many a sensible woman have a secret uncensored collection of silken wrappers and soft slippers, into which she might slide with a sigh of relief, as if she were coming back to herself from the worthy and direful uniform? Or would no secret 'flimsies' be

allowed: only a stout gray blanket wrapper, for each woman the world over?

The financial side of the argument seems presented less cogently than it might be, because Mr. George draws his statistics of the cost of dress from the extreme expenditures of society women, and the silly ones who deliberately ape them. He might have asked the wife of the Professor in the Small College how much the evening gown that she wears to the Faculty receptions costs. The woman who teaches, who nurses, who paints or writes or does social work, — what has she to do with thousand-dollar evening gowns and furs worth a king's ransom? Between the rich with their extravagance and the cheap poor with their equal folly, lies a great class of women who, it is true, would like to dress well if they could afford it, but who address themselves to life with no less joy and zest because they cannot. A few statistics from them would bring Mr. George's figures down to a more moderate scale. It is not fair, in such a quest, to cite any individual case as typical. The lady of multitudinous night-gowns and she of feathery shoes are not on the calling-list of most of us who read the *Atlantic*, though no doubt we could find their equals if we set out to search.

No, — a uniform. no matter how wisely chosen for use and beauty and economy, would not solve the difficulty. If it were not perfectly standardized, — more so than men's costume, — it would fail of its purpose from the start. If it were, it would make the world a little more of a factory and a little less of a flower garden. And more than all, no uniform will produce more efficient, thoughtful, unselfish, and high-minded women. You cannot effect such changes from the outside in.

It must go deeper than a uniform. It must be that the very spirit of

women shall be set free from the gripping, frivolous hand of Fashion. Some great inward illumination must show them their responsibility as the physically creative and spiritually unifying element in society, and must make them willing to share more of men's cares with their hearts if not with their heads. Then they will see life as a wider stage than a platform for their own peacock struttings, and they will need no uniforms. Their clothes may be beautiful or ugly, costly or cheap as gunny-sack, but they will never be at the expense of any one's good or joy or progress.

The millennium? Yes. But I do not think it any less likely to come than the day of uniforms.

It is not possible to keep from laughing, graceless as my laughter is. A Feminist world in gaiters: I see it solemnly and efficiently on parade. My private Millennial Feminist world is full of white and russet and green and blue and rose and gold, with many a jewel-gleam and soft silken shimmer: an impossible world, I know.

But away with boots and gaiters and hats by the million! Away with stuff hanging in endless straight folds! Votes for Women, — yes, surely in good time, — but uniforms! The stars in their courses cry out, and laugh!

UNIFORMS FOR MEN

MR. GEORGE'S wholesale condemnation of the female sex in regard to dress, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, interested me very much. He imputes the same motives, desires, and greed to us all, in all walks of life. I should like to ask him if he has ever contemplated the Service wife.

He says that he would any day exchange his lounge suit for the uniform of a guardsman. In the light of this statement it is interesting to compare

the comparative expenditures on dress of army officers and their wives. Take for example the pay of a junior lieutenant in our United States Cavalry — \$1700 a year. He is required to have the following uniforms (and with constant wear in the saddle these do not last as a civilian's business suit does):—

Two olive-drab uniforms: one heavy weight, \$50, and one light weight, \$45. Olive-drab overcoat, \$75, and cap, \$4. Two pairs russet boots, \$20 each; one pair black boots, \$25. Blue uniform, \$50, and cap, \$12. Mess jacket, \$40. Cape, \$50. Full dress, \$100. Social full dress, \$100.

All compulsory! Also there are numberless incidentals, and the officer must own a few civilian suits as well. There is, too, a constant change in regulations. For instance, last year's cap will not do for this year; and recently the army gave up khaki for olive drab. Gold lace shoulder-knots cost \$15, and are easily tarnished and must be replaced. Will there be much left over to give the Army wife a chance to dress extravagantly?

I ask Mr. George to visit any army post. He will find there happy women simply dressed, content to see their lords — well-groomed and gorgeous chanticleers — strutting in uniforms.

THE HOUSE AND THE HILL

It is an old New England hillside. I say 'old' because it usually feels old to me. Its patches of low huckleberry bushes, to be sure, bear every year new and shiny berries, the wild roses straying over its rocks bloom as fresh and sweet as if the whole hillside had been late-created, as though God had only thought of it last May. But those same berry patches have been here for generations, and the gnarled little rose-bushes which bear the tender blossoming shoots are, perhaps, as old as the

giant chestnuts near them. The chestnuts themselves are more obviously old, though they toss their creamy plumes of blossom each July afresh, and the rocks — the hillside, being truly of New England, is almost all rock — are older still.

Now and then, walking slowly up one of the faint cow-paths that wind among huckleberry and sumach, I have picked up an Indian arrow-head lying under a ledge as though dropped there but yesterday. It is as if a wave of the retreating past had swept up and licked about my feet, and I am set wondering about the past yet more remote — so remote that its waves can never stir me with even the tiniest left-over wave of reminiscence.

I have always loved the hill. I felt that I knew it well, and through knowledge and affection had, in a sense, earned the right to call it mine. One day, I set up a little canvas house upon it — one room only, with windows on all sides. And when I entered it and looked out upon my hill I found that something had happened. The hillside had become 'outdoors.' It had become this in a new way because I had created, in its midst, 'indoors.' Hitherto, as I wandered here, or sat on its rocks, or lay on its thinly grassed sides, I had thought little about its aspects, I had never really held it from me to think about it at all; I had been a part of it, like the wasps among the berries or the bees among the roses. But now suddenly I found that I was holding it away from me.

Perhaps I had lost something; certainly I had gained something. For, as I looked out through the wide, low windows, I found it more beautiful than it had ever been before — more vivid, more thrilling. There was the Western outlook, — the hillside falling steeply away toward the gay green of the swamp meadow below, the lane

winding at its foot up the opposite hill toward the huddle of gray roofs under dark maples. I had never noticed how the lane 'composed' with roofs and maples and swamp. There was the Southern, — sloping in a tenderer curve, past wood-edges pushing in on both sides, toward the distance where a deep green hill rose into the sky. There was the Eastern, — a level pasture full of rocks and huckleberries and bounded by woods whose shadows baffled the eye. There was the Northern, — the rock ledges of silver-gray, rising rough against the blue, with deep-green cedars set stiffly about, and clumped thorn-bushes which in the autumn would be gay with berries. It seemed as if I had never really seen cedars until I saw them framed by the window of my house — delightful New England trees that they are, prim and uncompromising, rough and yet conventional, a little scratchy even to the eye, yet full of a real distinction in the completeness of their individuality. And sensitive! Responsive in their color to every change of the sky or season, responsive in their delicate sea-weed-like tips to each breath of wind, and swaying to the bigger gusts with their whole stiff, spiring height.

Yet it is not the first time I have had this experience. Often, as I have walked along a country road, idly pleased with the world about me, I have passed an old barn, with great doors flung wide, front and back, so that one could look through them to the meadows behind. It is the same country I have been passing, — fields, bushes, fence-lines, a bit of hill and sky, — but the great doorways framing it in timbers and shadow create thereby a certain enhancement of its values, so that invariably, looking through, one gets one's impression with something added, — a heightening of perception that is strangely arresting.

What is it that the big barn doors do? They limit, of course, they cut a little piece out from the wholeness of things, they say to us, 'Never mind the rest, take just this, look at it in just this way — and now see how beautiful it is!' They play the artist to us for a moment, forcing upon us our point of view, selecting our subject, adjusting the lights, and — perhaps greatest service of all — suggesting to us, or rather, imposing upon us, that sense of distance that is so necessary a part of the æsthetic experience.

This, too, is done for me by the broad, low windows of my little hillside house — this and something more. For the house gives zest to the hillside, as the hillside to the house, by its contrast of within and without. Outdoors means more to me by reason of having indoors too.

These things have set me pondering — pondering upon the virtues of limitation and the powers that inhere in bonds. Parallels are dangerous things to play with, yet I am tempted to play with one now. We are in a generation that jeers at dogma and is impatient of creeds, yet may it not be that these have done for races what the open barn door does for the passer-by? Engulfed in the cosmos, infinitesimal part of the great whole, we have no real awareness of it. But frame it in dogma, confine it in a creed, and it becomes ours in a certain vividness of apprehension born of the artificial limits we have set up. True, the race pays a price; it gives up all but the small moiety that can be viewed through that special creed. But the traveler, also, would not linger forever before the same barn door. He passes on, enriched. And so the races have passed on from creed to creed, and in each have found, in some sort, both riches and poverty, enlightenment and ignorance.

It is true with all thought, all feeling,

the entire circle of experience. As soon as we define, as soon as we express, we gain something, though we perhaps also give up something. In order to achieve, we must forego. No one, I fancy, ever wrote a poem or painted a picture without being aware, at least dimly, of a vast something that he was giving up. When artists feel this very keenly, struggling against it, striving for the gain without the loss, we sometimes perceive it and call them symbolists. But for us there is no loss, only great gain. For us, all great poems, all pictures, all works of art, are as great doors flung wide, as windows looking North or East or South or West, framing some part of the beauty of the world which without them we should never so deeply perceive.

But there is a further parallel which I would fain play with. My little house, giving me my centre of indoors from which, or even because of which, to enjoy the widening circles of outdoors — it is a symbol to me of my own individuality. The supreme joy, some say, is to lose one's self in the infinite. Perhaps, but let us not forget that there would be no point to this if we had not first a self to lose. It is a joy to me to

gaze out of my windows, to go out of my door and enter into the great sea of outdoors that surges up even to the canvas walls of my little house. But these walls are what give its own color to my joy. So it is, too, with the barriers of myself. I should be loath to let them down, slight though they seem, and poor though that within may prove when scanned for its own static values. For how can we appreciate anything save through difference? And what can the infinite be to me unless I can approach it from something that is not infinite?

It is idle to reason about such things, yet still I play with my childish symbols. I even picture myself, a tiny house, flying through the Cosmos — so small, so unimportant, yet so persistently and joyously finite, so inalienably and joyously possessed of its own indoorness, in the midst of that wide outdoors. It is a presumptuous fancy, yet when I frown upon it, it only smiles back at me — the fancy that without this element even the hillsides of Nirvana might lack piquancy, — that even upon their limitless reaches I must needs maintain the walls, frail but valiant, of my own self.